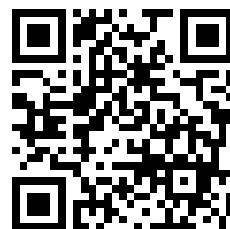

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Our little ones, stories and poems

Our little ones





OUR LITTLE ONES.



MOTHER'S KISSES.

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Our Little Ones

Illustrated Stories and Poems for

LITTLE PEOPLE



LONDON

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW

EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK

1887

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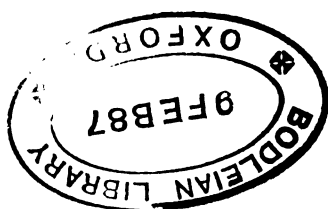
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OUR LITTLE ONES.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

KISSES for the lovely dimples,
Two wee lily-cups are they ;
Kisses for the mouth so precious,
Sweeter than the new-mown hay.

Kisses for the eyes so merry,
Violets all dipped in dew ;
Kisses for the pink-white fingers,
Prettier the earth ne'er knew.

Kisses for the head so silken,
With its little birdlike ways ;
Kisses for the brow so snowy,
Where a shadow never strays.

Kisses—one wide world of kisses !
Could I have enough, dear, say,
Though I kissed you, kissed you, kissed you,
Yes, for ever and a day ?

GEORGE COOPER.

JACK-IN-A-BOX.

WHEN Roy was three years old he was a dreadful rogue. It took the whole household to keep him out of mischief.

He would climb to the top of the pantry. If the gate was left open he would run away. Once he started down town to find his father. The policeman picked him up and took him to the station-

house. When his father found him, he was eating his dinner. He was sitting at a long table eating "free soup." He had a piece of paper tied round his neck for a bib.

"You naughty boy," said his mother, "to eat that dirty soup!"

"Twas good," said Roy.

His favourite sport was to open the little drawers of the sewing-machine. Spools were the best kind of play-things. One day he and the kitty played with them for an hour. The thread and silk were all over

the room. No wonder his mother slapped his hands. But he would soon forget a little whipping. The key was lost; so every day or two the drawers would be upset on the floor.

Among his Christmas presents from his grandma was a Jack-in-a-box. Roy was always afraid of it. Every time Jack would jump up and grin at him, Roy would scream. If he saw any one take down the box, he would run away screaming. No one could coax him to touch it.



His mother had punished him two or three times for meddling with the sewing-machine. Once he ran the needle into his finger trying to sew. Then she thought of Jack. So she set Jack-in-a-box on the sewing-machine. She kept it there all the time. Roy did not want to play with the drawers again.

L. A. B. C.



DOLLY'S BROKEN ARM.

MAMMA, do send for Doctor
man,
And tell him to be spry:
My dolly fell and broke her
arm;
I'm so afraid she'll die.

I thought that she was fast
asleep,
And laid her on her bed;
But down she dropped upon the
floor.
Oh dear! she's almost dead!



Poor dolly! she was just as
brave,
And did not cry at all.
Do you suppose she ever can
Get over such a fall?

But when the Doctor mends her
arm
And wraps it up so tight,
Then I will be her little nurse,
And watch with her all night.

And if she only will get well,
And does not lose her arm,
I'll never let her fall again,
Nor suffer any harm.

H. L. CHARLES.

THE PET LIZARDS.



▲ MONG Uncle Will's pets were some gray lizards. A great many of these little fellows are found near his house. They are four or five inches long. They are nice and clean to the touch, and make amusing pets.

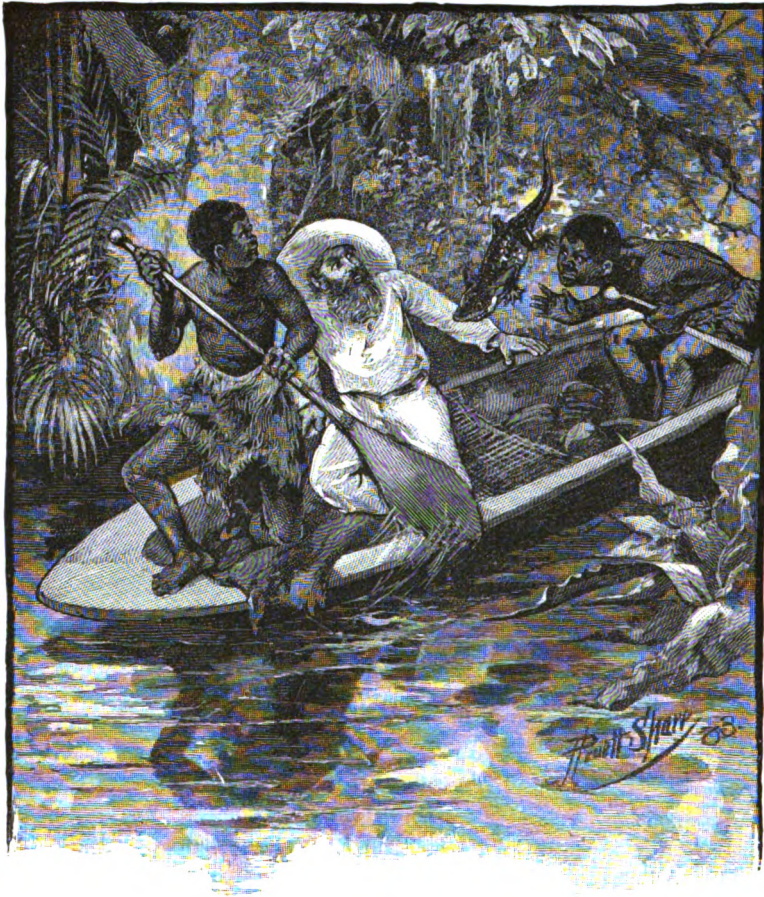
You will see them sitting on the walls and fences, in the sun. You can catch them easily, if you know how. You must go up to them very slowly. If you make a quick motion, they are off. When you get near enough, grasp swiftly a little before the lizard's nose. If you grasp at the spot where he is, you will only catch the end of his tail. Now a lizard drops his tail off as easily as a boy loses his jack-knife; so if you catch only the lizard's tail, you lose the rest of the lizard. One of Uncle Will's lizards had a broken tail, but he seemed just as happy for all that.

If you are kind to the lizard, and tickle him gently with your finger, he will soon be tame. He will catch flies on the table, and will also come and take insects from your hand.

In the tropics the lizards are more nimble. It is harder to catch them. Here is one good way. Take a long, slender switch. Then approach the lizard softly. When you are near enough, hit him a blow with the switch. He will tumble over; and while he is scrambling you can pounce upon him. But look out! He is not tame yet, and may bite you. To be sure, it will not hurt much. The lizards in the tropics are green, and golden, and red, and purple, and, indeed, all colours. They are beautiful creatures, and may be tamed like their gray cousins.

But sometimes they are very large and fierce. I was once sailing in a canoe with some Indians. We passed beneath a tree. A lizard

nearly as long as a broom-handle leaped down from a branch. If I had not bowed my head he would have hit me. As it was, he struck the side of the canoe and fell into the river. One of the



Indians cried out, "He mean bite!" Whether he meant bite or not, I cannot tell. All I know is this: I should not want a lizard, with such a great mouth and such sharp teeth, taking flies from my hand; should you?

KHAM.

THE LITTLE GRASS-SELLER.

THE Indians and negroes of warm countries carry heavy loads. They acquire great skill and strength in this way, and can support heavy burdens that a white man could hardly lift. Not only do they bear them upon their backs, but even upon their heads. I have had my trunks carried upon the heads of negroes, in the mountains of the West Indies, for many miles. As they practise this mode from the time they can walk, they balance almost any object upon their head without holding it with the hands. Always, in going to market, they place their produce in a basket, or tray, on the tops of their heads, and walk gaily along, swinging their arms free. Even a small thing, like an apple or an orange, they carry in this way, they have got so into the habit of it. This practice has given them strong necks and broad, straight shoulders.



The American Indians, though they can also carry great loads on their heads, yet prefer, as a rule, to carry them on their backs. In Mexico they take the load upon the shoulders and keep it in place with a broad cotton or leather band around the forehead. They will trot many a mile in this way, and never complain of being

tired. I say they will trot ; and so they do, for their gait is much faster than a walk.

South of the United States is a country called Yucatan. It pushes itself into the Gulf of Mexico, and lies near to Cuba. Here it was that I saw men and women used as beasts of burden. Going along the country roads at night, I have met hundreds of them coming in to market. Some of them had walked forty miles. By leaving their homes at sunset, they would reach the market-place in the city next day. They walked in the night, because the scorching sun by day was worse than a load. Not only men and women, but children, boys and girls, carry burdens. Some, not more than ten years old, would have their share to carry.

As little grain is raised there, and only corn is used for food, grass and hay for the cities must be brought from a great distance. The labourers who brought it looked, a little way off, like walking haystacks. You could see only the feet of some of them, the grass covered them so. Even the children brought great bundles. From under some of them sweet girl-faces would look out at me ; from others, the faces of little boys, toddling along under as much as they could bear. Some had no clothing on above the waist ; some wore simple cotton garments, and carried their hats, if they had any, in their hands. None of them had stockings, though some wore leather sandals, tied on with rope.

Of course, with so much work to do, these boys and girls cannot have much time for school. They learn very little ; but most of them can count, and many can read. The best thing about them is, that they are honest, and always clean. Their shirts and frocks are coarse, but white ; and their manners are perfect. They seem to show by their behaviour that they come from a great people. In truth, learned men tell us that the people of Yucatan were at one time the wisest in America. They built temples and palaces that now cover many acres with their ruins. No one knows when they were built, but they are great and grand.

FRED. A. OBER.

INSECTS' WINGS.



THERE is nothing more delicate than the wings of insects. They are like gauze, but they have a framework that makes them quite firm, just as the leaves on the trees are firm from the little ribs that are in them.

These wings are all covered with hair. You could see it under the magnifying-glass, but not without.

In some small gnats the hairs spring from each side of the veins, like butterflies' feathers, or like blossoms on the twigs in spring time.

Even the wing of a common fly is very beautiful. Did you ever notice that if you take a butterfly by the wings, a coloured dust is all over your fingers? Then the wings are left transparent where they have been touched. If you should put some of this dust on a slip of glass and examine it, you would find that each

particle is a little scale of regular form, and sometimes most beautifully shaped. But the insect flies just as well without the dust.

Besides his regular wings, the fly has others for sails. They are all lifted by a great number of little tough muscles in his sides. Thus he moves in the air and darts away. Before he goes he "plumes" his wings, just like a bird.

MRS. G. HALL.



THE FIRST BIRTHDAY.

ONE little year with its changeful hours,
 Blossoming meadows and wintry showers,
 Shadow and sun.
 Shadow and sun, and rain and snow;
 Morning splendour and evening glow;
 The flying minutes,—how fast they go!—
 And the little year is done.

What has it brought to the baby, pray,—
 The princess who holds our hearts in sway?
 A queenlier air,
 A merrier laugh for lips and eyes,
 A deeper frown of grave surprise,
 A hundred ways that prove her wise,
 And sweet as she is fair.

Kiss her once for the year that is done,
 And once for the year that is just begun,
 And softly sing,—
 "The years that are coming so fast—so fast—
 Each brighter and happier be than the last;
 And every hour that goes hurrying past,
 New gifts to our baby bring!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.





A VERY FUNNY COLT.

I wish you could see our coltie. He is the nicest pet that ever was. He is so gentle that when he lies down on the grass to rest, little baby sister and I can lie beside him, with our heads on his soft side, as long as we like. Anna sucks her thumb; and I wish you could see her, lying on the grass, with her head on the colt's side, and her thumb in her mouth.

Sometimes Prince, the colt, and Fido, our big black dog, have a romp together. They run races, and play "Tag," and "Pussy wants a corner," just as we do.

If I go out in the yard, and do not play with Prince, he will put his head on my shoulder, or poke his funny nose into my face. He wants to say, "Why, Allen! are you going to forget me?" Then he will hunt for a lump of sugar in my hand or pocket. After that we have a race or a roll together.

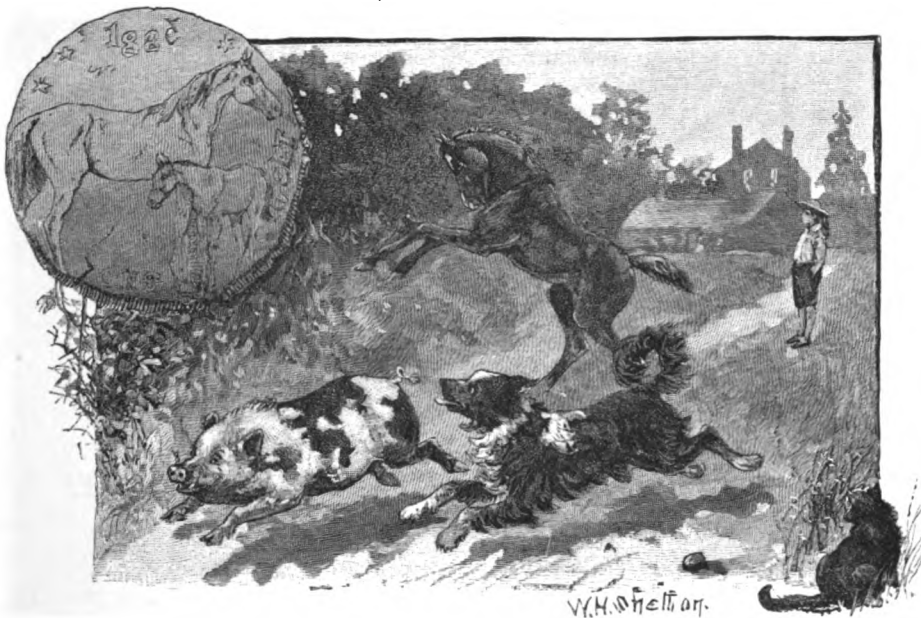
One day a strange pig got into our yard, and papa sent Fido to

chase him out. Prince thought he must go too, and the poor pig was frightened almost to death. He wasn't used to being chased by a colt, you see.

The other night I coaxed Prince up to the piazza to show some ladies how nice he was. He felt real funny, and he began to try to kick at me, in just the most comical way. He doesn't know how to kick like other colts, he is so gentle. He would work his heels, and make a funny noise, like colt-laughing, and say in colt-talk, "Now, Allen, I am going to k-i-i-ick!" His heels would come up just a little bit. Then he would whisk round and smile, as though saying, "Wasn't that clever?"

Then in a minute more he would fix his heels again, and say, "N-n-n-ow I'm going to k-i-i-ick!" And we would laugh till we cried, to see a colt kick that didn't know how. It was as funny as hearing a rooster learning to crow, or seeing a trick mule in a circus.

ALLEN GARDNER.





THE WISE CAT AND THE FOOLISH ONE.

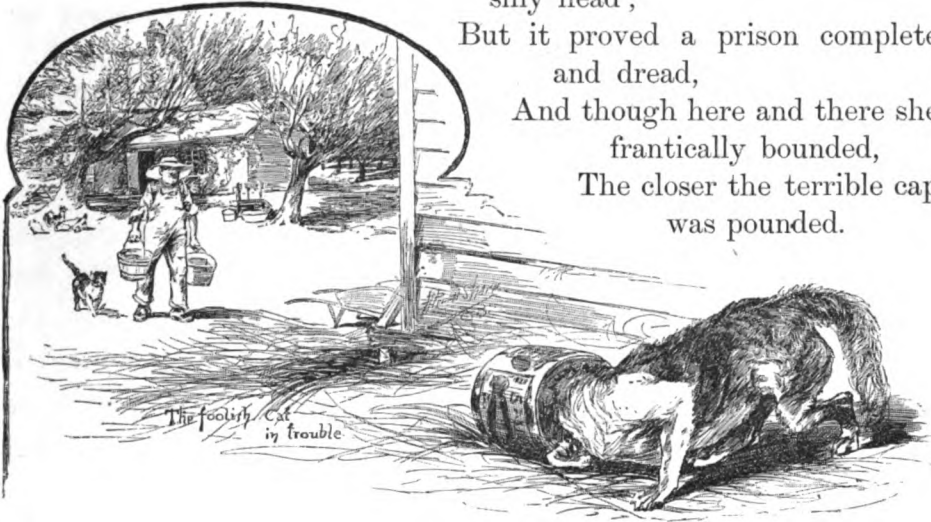
IN the cosy kitchen the wise cat sat,
And she was glossy and sleek and fat.
Under the table she spied a can,
And swift to the shining vessel she ran,
Which some fish for the evening meal had held :
About its mouth she carefully smelled,
Then put in her paw and swept it around
Till many sweet morsels of food she found.
So you see by her wisdom the wise cat won
A nice little lunch, and no harm had done.

That goes without saying; but how shall I tell
 Of what a sad fate to the foolish one fell?
 This cat to a deep hollow chancing to stray,
 Where the can from the house had been thrown away,
 Was starving for supper, and thought some to win
 From the few flakes of fish that she saw within.

So she hurriedly thrust in her whole
 silly head;

But it proved a prison complete
 and dread,

And though here and there she
 frantically bounded,
 The closer the terrible cap
 was pounded.



Exhausted at last, she was just forced to lie
 Quite still by the barn till a man happened by,
 Who, pitying her, by dexterity
 Succeeded in setting the poor creature free.
 Now pussy the wise, who had followed the man,
 Seemed slyly to smile as this deed she did scan,
 As much as to say, "What an ignorant cat!
 I managed the matter much better than that."
 But I think had she been as hungry and cold,
 She too might have grown as reckless and bold.

A. H.



THE STOLEN LITTLE ONE.

A TRUE STORY.

Two little girls went shopping with their mamma. While she was at the end of the shop, Julie, the youngest, ran to the door. Her mother was too busy to notice her, but Julie's sister Mattie was



watching her. She saw a tall woman pass the door, and snatch up little Julie. Without a word to her mother, Mattie ran after them.

Away they went down the street. The woman would soon have outrun Mattie, but her screams attracted the attention of a policeman. He followed too. They came up with the woman as

she was darting into a cellar. Mattie told the policeman that the bad woman had stolen her sister Julie. He soon took both children home. Their mother was overjoyed to see them, and praised Mattie for being such a brave little girl. She never let Julie go out of her sight again, when she took her out on the street.

PINK HUNTER.

NELLIE'S BLEEDING HAND.

MRS. THORN was making grape jelly, and her little Nellie stood watching her.

Soon she passed out of the room for a moment, leaving a pan of the pressed pulp on the floor.

A few minutes later she heard a loud scream, and Nellie came running to her, holding up one hand and crying as though in the greatest pain.

"Oh, see, see," she cried, "I have hurt my hand so bad! Oh! oh! oh!"

"Why, how did you hurt it, Nellie?" asked her mamma.

"I must have cut it. Oh dear, dear, see the blood!"

"Well, don't cry so, but tell me how you cut it," said Mrs. Thorn, as she brought some water to bathe it.

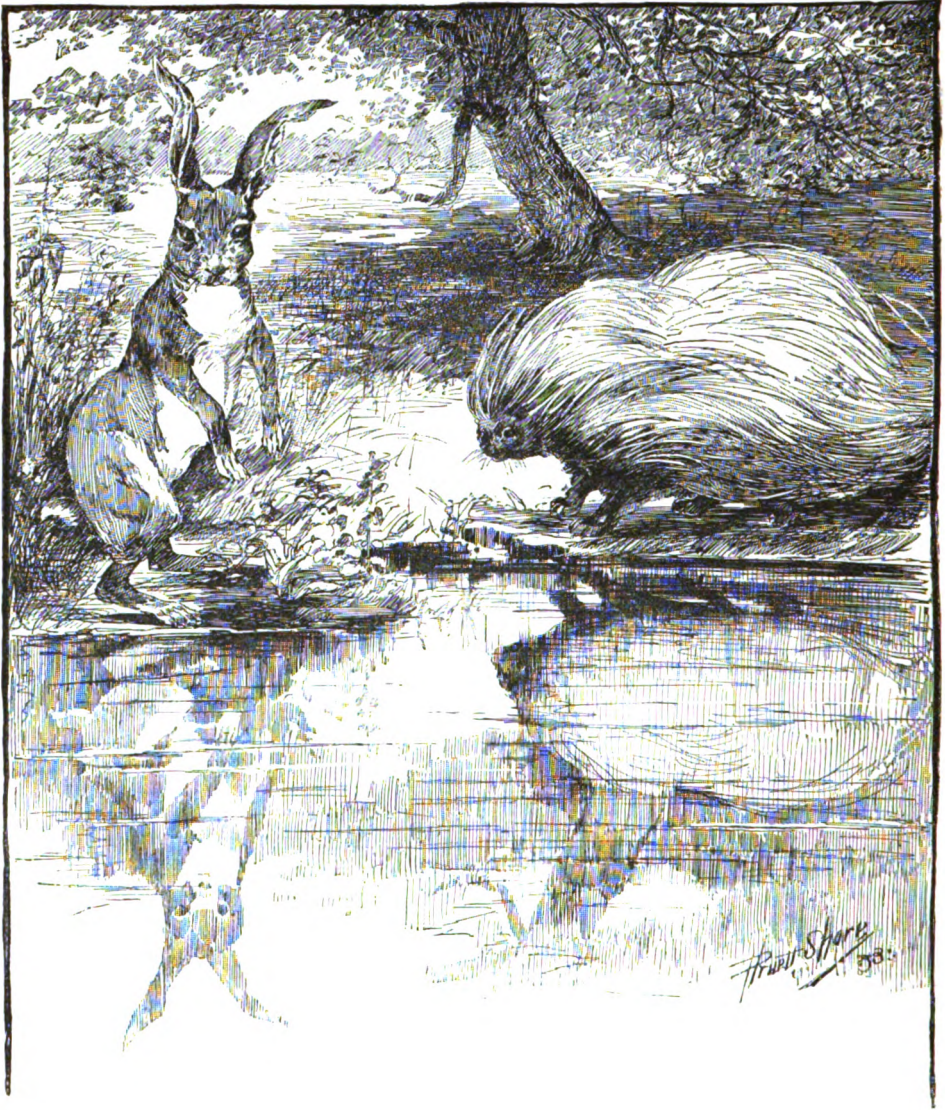
"Oh, oh! I 'most fell. My hand went in the pulp. Oh dear, dear, there must have been a knife in the pan! Oh, oh, how it hurts! O mamma, just see the blood!"

Mrs. Thorn could not help smiling now, for she saw that it was the sight of the "blood" that made it so painful. So she washed off the grape juice, and the hand was perfectly well.

Nellie could not believe for a long time that her hand was not cut, and she looked all over it several times to find the place. But at last she was forced to own that it was only her fright that gave her the pain.



CHARLES H. HILL.



THE RABBIT AND THE PORCUPINE.

THE rabbit inquired of the porcupine,
“Did ever you see ears floppier than mine?”

The porcupine said to the rabbit, “But few
Can furnish nice quills of the style that I do.”

But neither vain one of this wonderful pair
Considered the other remarkably fair ;

What each one thought was his own special charm
Was that which was likely to do him much harm.

The ears of the rabbit, when foes make him fly,
Are especially handy to catch him by.

Though quills make the porcupine silly and vain,
The creature is killed these same quills to obtain.

BELLE W. COOKE.

SAND HOUSES.

DICK and Madge lived in a pleasant park, and when the weather was fair they played out all day.

They had fine times in a pile of sand which was put near, where some men were building a house.

Dick made sand pies and cakes, and Madge baked them in the sun. When they had made a good many, they would have a party. They always invited Dog Flash ; but Flash never ate anything. He would bark



and make a fuss when Dick tried to put a sand cake in his mouth.

One day Dick built a big sand house, with a door at one side. He called it a fort, and he brought out his toy soldiers and marched them into it. Just as they were all in, the fort came down with a rush, for Flash had come along and sat down on the top of it. Of course all the soldiers were buried.



"Now, Flash," said Dick, "you must pick all those soldiers out."

Flash seemed to understand; for he scratched the soldiers out of the

sand one by one, and put them in Madge's lap. Every time he found one he would bark and wag his tail, as if he thought he had done a very smart thing.

But one morning when Dick and Madge went out to play in the sand they found a man mixing it with lime, making mortar for the walls of the new house. So they could not build any more houses, and had to play on the lawn with Flash instead.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

TED'S BIRTHDAY.

"TED," said Mrs. Fenn, "will you go to the confectioner's for me?"

"Oh, dear," said Ted, who was making sand pies in the yard,

"I'm so busy. Can't cook go?"

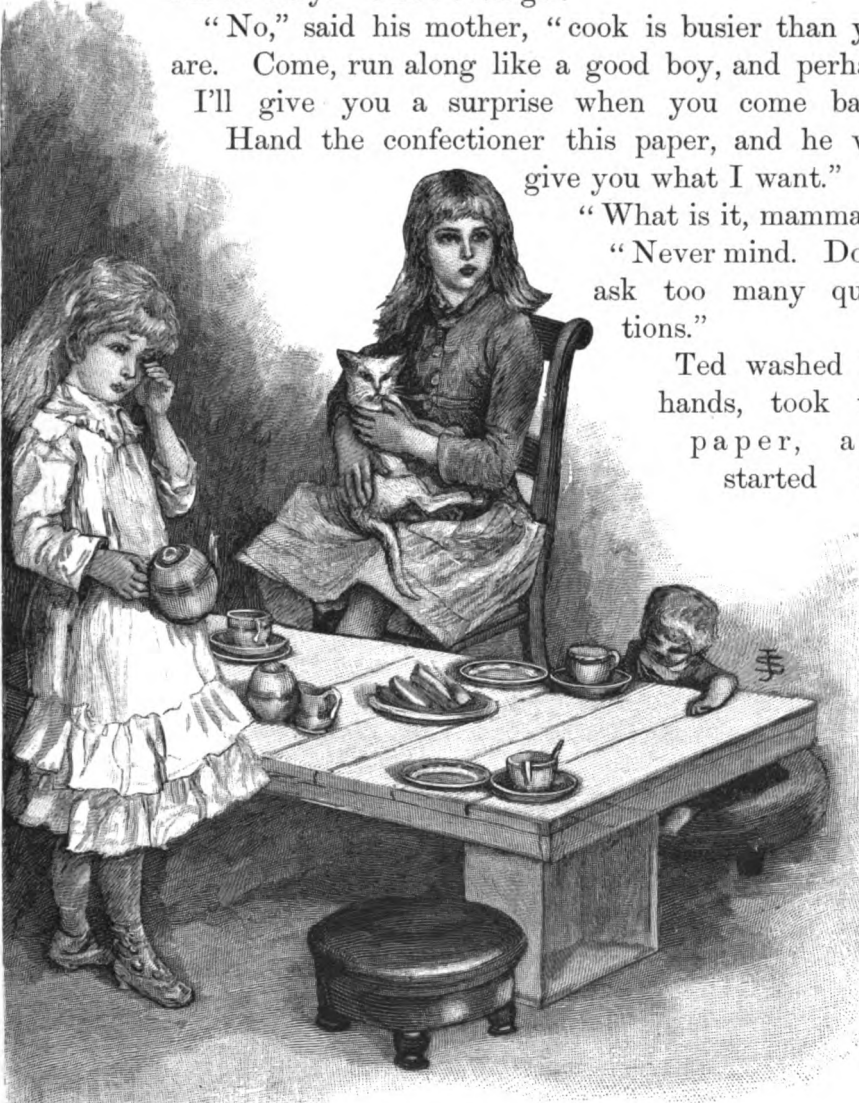
"No," said his mother, "cook is busier than you are. Come, run along like a good boy, and perhaps I'll give you a surprise when you come back.

Hand the confectioner this paper, and he will give you what I want."

"What is it, mamma?"

"Never mind. Don't ask too many questions."

Ted washed his hands, took the paper, and started off.



As soon as he had gone, two little girls came out from a closet where they had been hiding. They were Ted's cousins, Milly and Madge. They had come to

spend the afternoon with him, because it was his birthday. Ted's mother was going to give him a party, and the little girls had brought their doll's dishes.

As Ted was walking home with the bundle the confectioner had given him, he thought he would peep in to see what it contained. Marshmallows! Oh, how round and fat and white they were! If there was anything Ted liked in the shape of candy, it was marshmallows.

"I wonder if they are good," he thought to himself. And he tasted one to see. It slipped so quickly down his throat that he had to take another before he could decide. And then he took another. He felt very wicked; but he kept on taking marshmallows until they were all gone, and he held the empty bag in his hand.

Milly and Madge waited for Ted until they were out of patience.

"I saw him come in and go upstairs," said cook.

The little girls and Mrs. Fenn looked for Ted in every room of the house, and called to him until they were tired; but they couldn't find him. So the little girls put on their bonnets and went home.

As Mrs. Fenn was going upstairs after supper, she heard the sound of sobbing. It seemed to come from the clothes-basket on the landing. She looked in, and there was Ted.

She took him out and talked to him kindly about his sin, and he promised never to be so naughty again. But it was a long time before he forgot that he had spent most of his birthday in the clothes-basket.

BURNY FLORENCE.





HOW MISTRESS SPECKLE CELEBRATED THANKSGIVING DAY.

'Twas early in the morning
Of the glad Thanksgiving Day,
And the people on old grandpa's farm
Were joyous, blithe, and gay ;
For the dinner was preparing,
And the folks from out of town
Were hastening home to help us eat
The turkey crisp and brown.

We children were exploring
The red-roofed barn for eggs,
And climbing up to the rafters, with
No fear of broken legs.
For the boys were bold and daring,
And the girls—were Tom-boys, too ;
And the hens looked on in wild amaze,
And round about us flew.

Said our youngest pet and darling,
“ I'm so glad I'm not a hen ;
For they don't have a Thankful day,
Nor dinners, nor”—just then
Up rose our gray old speckle
From her hidden nest near by,

And passed us with a merry cluck,
And crested head on high ;



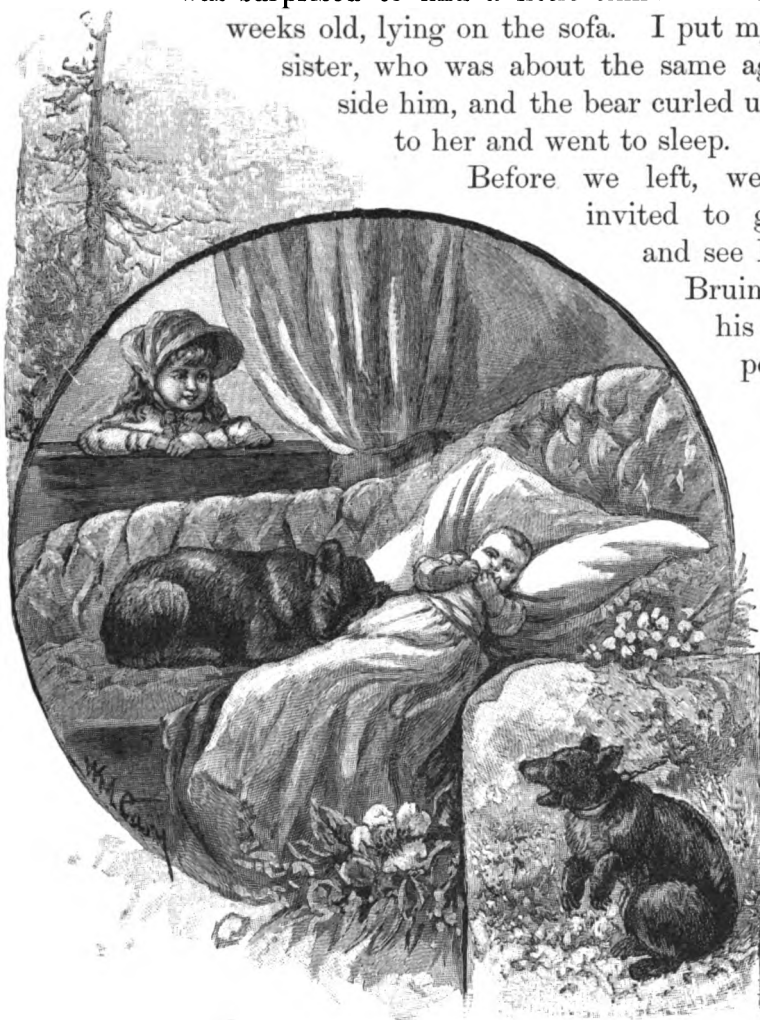
While close behind her followed
The darlings hatched that day,—
Twelve dainty, downy, fluffy chicks,
Some yellow and some gray.
“Cluck, cluck,” said Mrs. Speckle,
“Here’s one thankful hen, you see.
Who says that this is not a glad
Thanksgiving Day for me?”

MARY D. BRINE.

THE BABY BEAR.

ONE day we stopped at the Hot Springs, about five miles from Helena, in Montana. When I went into the reception-room, I was surprised to find a little cinnamon bear, six weeks old, lying on the sofa. I put my little sister, who was about the same age, beside him, and the bear curled up close to her and went to sleep.

Before we left, we were invited to go out and see Master Bruin eat his supper. A



large pan of bread and milk was placed before him. He put his forepaws into the pan, drew out the pieces of bread and ate them. Then he lapped the milk.

For a while he was allowed to run all over the house and grounds.

He soon found where the sugar and molasses were kept, and helped himself so freely that he had to be secured with a chain.

Not long ago Bruin slipped his chain from the pole to which it was fastened, and climbed a tree.



The chain caught on a branch, and he found himself hung up in mid-air. The proprietor of the Springs heard his cries. Hastening out, he found Bruin kicking violently, and striving to reach the body of the tree.

After a great deal of trouble the bear was taken down, and was glad to find himself once more on solid ground.

During the summer we often called to interview "his Bearship." After we



knew of his liking for sweets, we made it a point to take some candy with us. He seemed to know us, and to watch for our coming. Standing erect, he would walk around us, hugging us with his forepaws. Then he snuffed at each pocket, to find where the sweets were hidden.

Sometimes he showed his savage nature, for he would snap and snarl if the promised treat was withheld.

When the cold weather came, Bruin hid away in a large hole for his winter sleep. He did not show himself again until the warm days of spring.

GRACE C. FISK.



This same generous fay,
for a maiden, one day
Built a house, out of diamonds
But thieves took it all, and gold
Away at one haul,
And left the poor maid in the cold.

Then the boy and the maid,
Sat down in the shade,
And cried with so hearty a will,
That they floated for years, will,
On a river of tears,
And I've heard they are
floating there still.



KITTY'S TIPPET.

KITTY's birthday came in winter-time, and grandma sent her a fur tippet. It was white, with black spots, and had blue ribbons to tie. Kitty liked it very much, it was so warm and soft and pretty. She wore it to church, to grandma's and auntie's, and on many a merry sleigh ride. Sometimes she would pet it, as if it were alive, and call it, "Poor pussy, pretty pussy."

Mamma told her always to put her tippet in the closet when she took it off. Kitty did not mean to disobey, but one day she was in a hurry and forgot; Fanny Grey was waiting to play with her. She threw the tippet on mamma's bed, and ran downstairs.

Pretty soon Kitty's little dog came into the room. His bright eyes espied the tippet. "Ho," said he to himself, "here's a pussy now! Won't I play with her!"

So he ran up to the furry thing—"Bow, wow!" Then he backed a little way, and sprang at it. The new pussy wouldn't move. He didn't know what was the matter. She couldn't be so fast asleep as that!

"Bow, wow! I'll try again." So he jumped and danced, and pawed the tippet till he pulled it off the bed. He rolled over and over with it till it was all wound around him.

Kitty's mamma came into the room. She saw the strange thing rolling about on the carpet. White fur and brown curly hair were all mixed in a ball. A pair of bright eyes peeped out, and then came a tiny white paw.

"Charlie, you rogue!" said she. And she shook the tippet gently, and rolled him out. It was scratched a little, and the blue silk lining was torn. But she did not scold the little dog. She called Kitty upstairs, and showed her the tippet.

"You naughty dog!" said Kitty; and she lifted her hand to cuff him. But mamma caught her hand.

"It was not Charlie's fault," she said; "a careless little girl left it in his way. The dog did not know any better, but the little girl did. Whose fault was it, Kitty?"

"Mine," answered Kitty. "I'm sorry."

Mamma took her work-basket, and mended the blue silk lining very nicely.



"Try to remember next time," said she. And Kitty did try, and kept her tippet nice a long time.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.



IN THE ORCHARD.

APPLES red and apples green,	In the spring the trees were white,
Apples rich and ripe, are seen	Apple-blossoms, such a sight !
In the orchard near the road, —	Little apples filled the trees,
Apples, apples, by the load !	Fanned all summer by the breeze.

Little apples grew and grew,
 Living on the rain and dew ;
 Now the fruit in great rich stores
 Harvest in the orchard pours.

Glad the farmer's swelling heart !
 Glad the little children start
 For the orchard, where they play
 " Picking apples " all the day.

UNCLE FORRESTER.



A DONKEY-LOAD OF ROSES.



A DONKEY-LOAD OF ROSES.

THIS donkey, with his great load of roses, lives in Persia. It is a country away off in the East. Those beautiful Persian rugs you see in the shops come from there.

The girls that are leading him, and those that are following with bunches of roses in their hands, are all Persian girls. They belong to the mission school. The missionary lady who teaches them is very fond of her little Persian scholars, and they are just as fond of her. They found out that her birthday came when the roses were in bloom. Persia is a wonderful country for roses. The gardens and hedges everywhere are full of them.

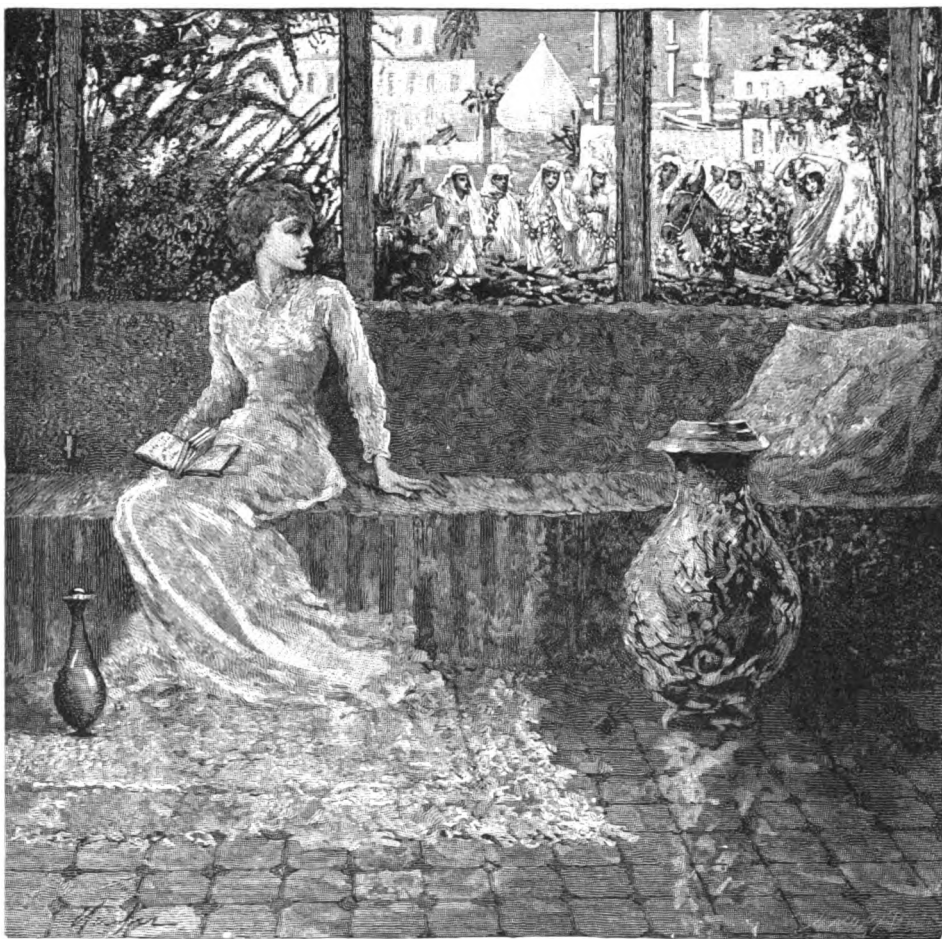
These little girls wanted to make their teacher a birthday present. They were too poor to buy pretty things in the bazaars. What should they do?

One of the bigger girls said their teacher loved them, and they loved her. She was sure she would value a present, even if it did not cost much.

So the girls agreed to give her a lot of the finest and sweetest roses they could find. The father of one of them had a donkey that should carry the birthday present.

Bright and early on the birthday morning the teacher looked out of her window. Such a procession as she saw coming towards the mission school-house!

The girls were all dressed in their best clothes, with red and white roses in their hair. Two of the older girls led the donkey by the bridle, one on each side. The gentle little creature seemed as pleased as any of them, to carry such a sweet-scented load. The two baskets, or panniers, across his back were filled with roses.



Round his neck was a wreath of lovely rosebuds. His bridle was trimmed with roses. He looked like a big moving bouquet of roses.

The smaller girls, who walked two and two behind, carried roses in their hands. Altogether it was a lovely rose procession that reached the school-house door just as the dear teacher came out to meet them.

After wishing her many happy returns of her birthday, they carried in the roses. Soon every vase and cup in the mission-house and school-room were filled with these sweet tokens of the children's love.

And as long as she lived, the teacher said, she should remember her birthday gift of a donkey-load of roses.

BESSIE PEDDER.

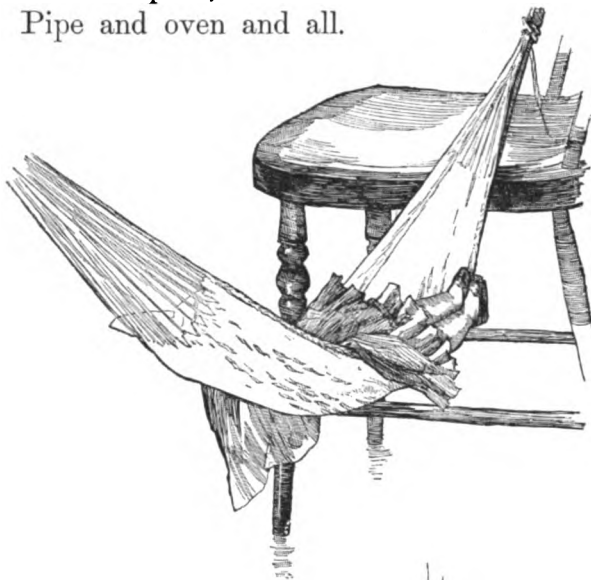
WHAT DOLLY HAS, AND WHAT SHE HASN'T.

SHE has a cab to ride in,
A carriage robe, a coat,
A crimson dress with long, long trail,
And lace about the throat.



She wears a broad sash-ribbon,
Has shoes on her little feet;
And with cloak and shawl and parasol
Her outfit is complete.

At home she has china dishes,
 Painted, gilded, and small ;
 A kitchen stove with kettles
 and pans,
 Pipe and oven and all.



And she has a bed
 and a cradle,
 And a hammock for
 a swing ;
 Indeed, this very fa-
 voured doll
 Has almost every-
 thing.

Yes, everything that a
 dolly
 Could need, as I have
 said :
 She lacks one little trifle,
 though,—
 She hasn't any head.



MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



ONCE there were two pretty young birds as blue as a piece of the sky. They thought they would keep house together in the limb of a tree. Their family name was Gnat-Snapper; but they were not in the least related to the Snap-dragons or Snapping-turtles. In fact, you never saw a sweeter, gayer pair in all the days of your life.

Their nest was very neat, and the three eggs in it were white, with a pink blush all over them, like the blush that lies on apple-blossoms.

"How pleasant it is to have a home of our own!" said the bird-wife, looking at the eggs, with a twinkle in her eye.

The husband wiped his bill. "I am glad there is no rent to pay," said he. Well, they did not know what was going to happen. They sang and were very happy, till one day when they were both gone from home a great brown bird came visiting. She walked in without knocking, and sat down in the nest. It was a lazy cow-bird, who had really no manners at all.

"I wish I had a pretty home like this, but I shall not take the trouble to make one," said she.

And the next thing she did was to lay an egg. Could anything have been more impolite? It was rather larger than the other eggs, and not pink like an apple-blossom, but brown like a ball of mud.

It was quite too bad; and when little Mr. and Mrs. Gnat-Snapper came home they were very angry and very much surprised to find a strange egg in the nest. "But we cannot help it now," said little madam, ready to cry. "And, oh, dear, if I sit on my own pretty pink eggs, I must sit on the big, brown, homely egg too!"

Yes; and so she did. Soon her own bird-babies came out of the pink eggs, and lovely blue darlings they were. But in a little while the big egg opened, and out stepped a lazy brown bird.

Papa scolded, and little madam cried.

"But we cannot help it now," said she. "And we must feed the big bird too; it will never do to let her starve."

Starve? There was no danger of her starving! Oh, how she did eat! She seized all the best food that was brought to the nest, and the other birdies had to take what was left. And then, how she did push!

"This is my home," said she to the little blue nestlings,— "this is my home, and there is no room for you. Why do you stay here and crowd me so?"

Papa scolded; but the brown bird pushed and pushed.

"We cannot help it, I suppose," said little madam, weeping. "Our darlings must go, or there will be no peace."

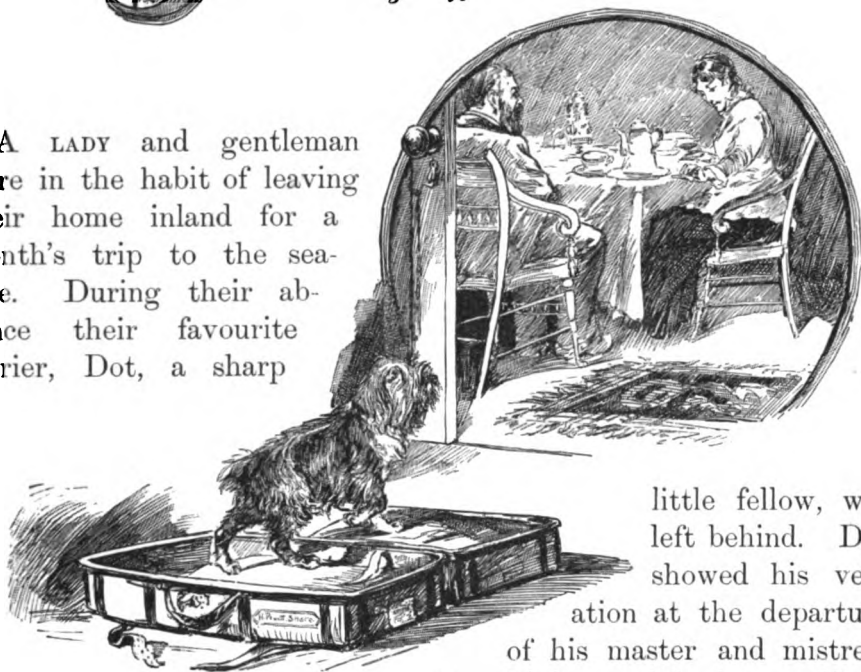
So, as soon as might be, the little blue sisters tried their wings, and one by one they flew away into the wide, wide world.

And then the little cow-bird was happy, for she had the whole nest to herself.

SOPHIE MAY.

Dot and the Portmanteau.

A LADY and gentleman were in the habit of leaving their home inland for a month's trip to the sea-side. During their absence their favourite terrier, Dot, a sharp



little fellow, was left behind. Dot showed his vexation at the departure of his master and mistress by whining and barking. Until the carriage was out of sight he was not kept indoors without some trouble.

One summer, when the lady was getting ready for the usual trip, she noticed Dot seated in the portmanteau, which was lying open in readiness to be packed. Dot refused to leave the valise, and remained in it during dinner-time. No offers of food could tempt him to get out, and it was not till he had fallen asleep that he was removed. Every year Dot thus took possession of the portmanteau, which he evidently thought was the cause of the departure of his master and mistress.

T. CRAMPTON.



ADOWN the garden path they came,
With rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
My little pets, with hearts intent
On "giving Auntie a surprise!"

Each mittened hand the handles grasped
Of Bridget's basket large and strong;
And scarce above the ground it swung,
As merrily they trudged along.

"What have you there?" I gaily cried.
Rang out their voices sweet and clear,
"Oh! something *very* beautiful!
A present for you, Auntie dear!
You'll want to eat it up, we know,
And when it's gone you'll want some more;
For nothing half so sweet as this
Was ever brought to you before!"

"Apples, or cakes, or pies, or nuts,—
What can my present be?" asked I.
"O Auntie, you can never guess,"
The children answered, "though you try!"
And on they came, the merry rogues,
With dimpling cheeks and shouts of glee,
Till at my side they stood at last,
And offered their sweet gift to me.

And would you know what 'twas I saw,
All nestled down 'mid blankets there
In that big basket? Can you guess? —
Only the baby boy so fair!
The baby brother, sound asleep,
In little cloak and hood so white!
From his new nest I lifted him,
And clasped my lovely present tight.

M. D. BRINE.

Four Runaways



ONE day last summer Grace was eating grapes. All at once she stopped and opened wide her blue eyes. Her mouth was puckered into a round O. What could the matter be?

Why, there was the bird-cage empty. One little canary was on the outside of the cage. That was Fay. She was a sick bird, and we shut her up very easily. There was Mollie walking down the porch as if she walked there every day. Dick was taking a stroll down the path by the fountain. We tried a long time to catch them. At last we did so by throwing handkerchiefs over them.

There were three of the runaways safe in the cage. Now where was Tiny Tim? We looked everywhere for him, but no Tim could we see. Just as we thought him gone for ever, we saw a little moving speck of yellow, up where the leaves were thickest. Yes, there he was, but we could not reach him.

After waiting a long time, he came twittering nearer and nearer. Two pairs of hands closed gently over and under him. Then we had him—no we didn't. Out he went between two thumbs, and we went home without him.

A week later, Grace went to see a little girl who lived half a mile away. She had a new pet, which was no other than our Tiny Tim. Two days after he flew away this little girl found him. He was

hopping feebly along by the edge of the brook. The poor little fellow was chirping for food. He was too weak to run or fly, so she took him home and fed him. Grace thanked the little girl for taking such good care of him. Now she has him in a bright new cage. He has not had another chance to run away, for the door of his new cage fastens tightly.

HELEN E. SWEET.



WELCOME, ROBIN.

WELCOME, Robin! with thy song,
Dearest of the vocal throng;
Sweet as rippling waters clear
Falls thy music on the ear.
When the bolder minstrels cease,
Softly swells thy song of peace,
Sounding like a low refrain,
After Summer's tuneful train.

As the light of Autumn weaves
Glories o'er the fading leaves,
When the Summer sighs "farewell,"
Steals thy song, a silver spell,
Luring her awhile to stay,
Clad in Autumn's rich array ;
Or, if she must soon be gone,
Thou alone dost carol on.

Though the blinding rain and sleet
O'er thy fragile form may beat ;
Or keen frosts and chilling snows
Drape the bare and withered boughs ;
Let wild Winter do his best,
Still the fire within thy breast
Burns, sweet bird, as warm and true
As thy bosom's crimson hue.

J. K. MUIR.



MOTHER GOLDEN-HEAD.

"I THINK," said Mother Golden-Head
To all her children dear,—
"I think we'd better be astir,
And see how things appear.

I heard the Pussy-Willows out
A long, long time ago.
Come, children, come, there's naught to fear
From winter's frost and snow."

Then forth she led them, one by one,
Through fields and meadows sweet;
A gayer troop of Golden-Heads
'Tis rare for one to meet.
"Good-morning, Mistress Golden-Head!"
Said modest Daisy White,
"It seems to me I never saw
You look so fresh and bright.

"Pray tell me where you've been to find
Such lovely shining hair?
There's nothing in these parts, I know,
That can at all compare."
"I think I've only been asleep;
Yes, fast asleep," she said;
"And while I slept the fairies poured
Gold dust upon my head."

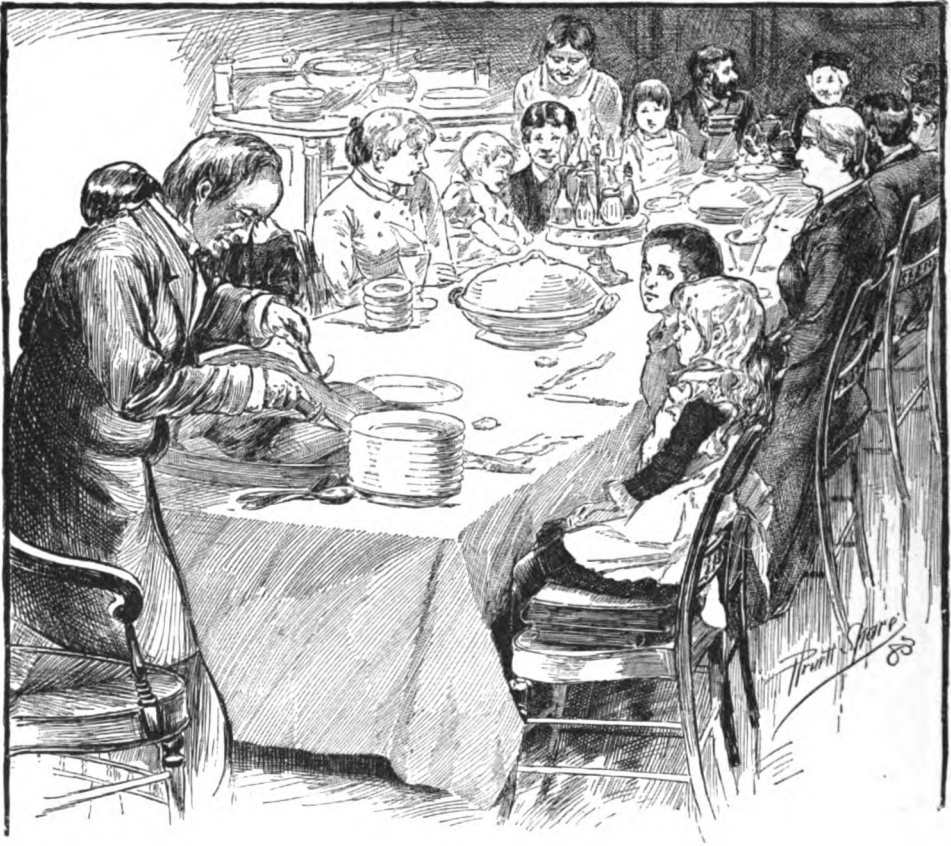
ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



LULU'S FIRST THANKSGIVING.

LULU was six years old last spring. She came to make a visit at her grandfather's, and stayed until after Thanksgiving Day, which, you know, is a day kept when harvest is all over.

Lulu had lived in Cuba ever since she was a year old. Her cousins had written to her what a good time they had on Thanks-



giving Day ; so she was very anxious to be at her grandfather's at that time. They do not have a Thanksgiving Day in Cuba. That is how Lulu did not have one until she was six years old.

She could hardly wait for the day to come. Such a grand time as they did have ! Lulu did not know she had so many cousins until they came to spend the day at her grandfather's. It did not take

them long to get acquainted. Before time for dinner they felt as if they had always known each other.

The dinner was the grand event of the day. Lulu had never seen so long a table except at a hotel, nor some of the vegetables and kinds of pie.

Lulu had never tasted turkey before. Her grandmother would



not have one cooked until then, so she could say that she had eaten her first piece of turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

After dinner they played all kinds of games. All the uncles and aunts and grown-up cousins played blind-man's-buff with them.

They had so much fun, that Lulu laughed till she could hardly stand up. After they were tired out, her grandmother told them a story.

Lulu thought she never had had so much fun. She said she wanted to come there to spend Thanksgiving Day every year.

ANSON HUNTER.



BAD.

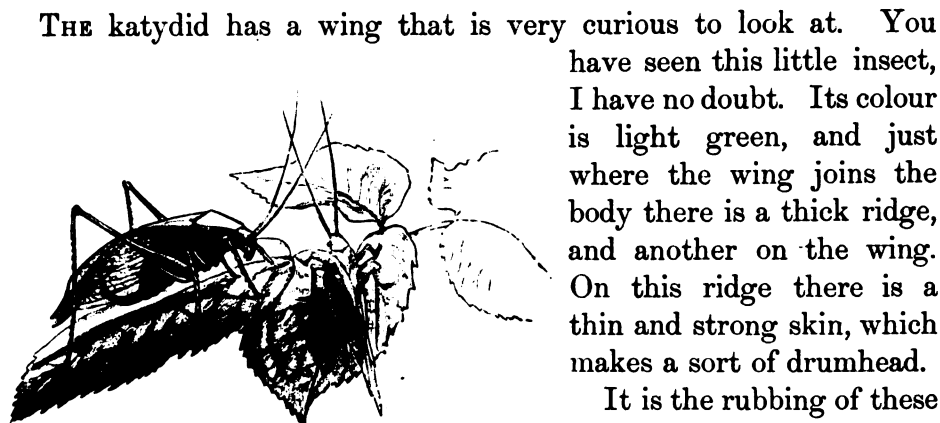
ALL among the dewy roses
 Stands our little rosebud weeping.
 Mother whispers: "Fie! for shame!
 Every one will know your name;
 See the baby roses peeping!"

Gone the pouting, gone the sighing;
 Baby sees the roses pearly.
 "Mamma, have they all been crying?
 Have they, too, been bad so early?"

GEORGE COOPER.



HOW INSECTS MAKE MUSIC.

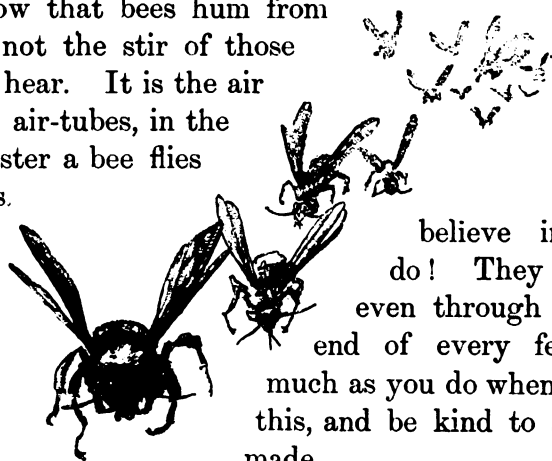


THE katydid has a wing that is very curious to look at. You have seen this little insect, I have no doubt. Its colour is light green, and just where the wing joins the body there is a thick ridge, and another on the wing. On this ridge there is a thin and strong skin, which makes a sort of drumhead. It is the rubbing of these two ridges, or drumheads, that makes the queer noise you have heard. There is no music in it, surely. The insects could keep quiet as well as not, and they must enjoy doing it.

The katydid usually makes three rubs with its drumheads, sometimes only two. You can fancy she says, "Katy did," and "She did," or "She didn't." The moment it is dusk they begin. Soon the whole company are at work. As they rest after each rubbing, it seems as if they answered each other.

Did you know that bees hum from wings? It is not the stir of those light wings we hear. It is the air and out of the air-tubes, in the flight. The faster a bee flies the humming is.

Don't you Indeed they all over them, and out to the suffer just as must remember insects God has



under their beautiful drawing in bee's quick the louder

believe insects feel? do! They have nerves even through their wings, end of every feeler. They much as you do when hurt. You this, and be kind to all the little made.

MRS. G. HALL.



Dor is afraid of the dark ; nobody knows why. It has not a sting like a wasp, nor a thorn like a rose ; but Dot is afraid of it. Perhaps there are some other children like her.

One night she was sitting with her father and mother in the drawing-room, in the twilight. She wanted her doll, which was upstairs in the nursery.

"You will have to go up for it yourself," said her mother ; "Bridget is busy in the kitchen." Dot opened the drawing-room door and looked out into the hall. It was big and dark, and the pictures on the walls were all eyes. Even the hat-tree looked as if it had grown. She shut the door and sat down for a while. Presently she opened it wide, and put a stool against it to keep it open. Still the shadows in the hall were just as thick and dark. She closed the door and went back to her seat. By-and-by she

mustered courage to go into the hall and shut the door behind her ; but she came back quickly enough. It seemed to her as if the shadows were all following her up the staircase. It was some time before she made up her mind to conquer ; then she ran up the stairs as if all the hobgoblins in the fairy-books were behind her. When she reached the nursery and groped her way about, all at once it was the same as though the room had been full of sunlight. She was never afraid of the dark again.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

TWO-YEARS-OLD IN MISCHIEF.

A CRACK in the vase, and the roses all scattered ;

A snarl in the knitting, a hunt for the ball ;
The ink-bottle shattered, the carpet bespattered ;
Dirt-pies in the hall.

The fruit on the table by tiny teeth bitten ;
Wee prints of wet fingers on window and door ;
Poor grandmamma's cap, as a frock for the kitten,
Dragged down on the floor.

Soft gurgles of laughter ; a sunshiny glancing,
As somebody flits in and out like a bird ;
Strange accidents chancing wherever the dancing,
Small footsteps are heard.

"Come, Ethel, my baby, your grave eyes uplifting,
Stand here at my knee. Do *you* know the wee sprite,
Who into some ever-new mischief is drifting,
From morning till night?"

A smile like a sunbeam, so coy and caressing,
She smiles in my face, like the witch that she is.
No need of more guessing. "My trouble, my blessing,
Come, give me a kiss!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.



TIM'S DOVE.

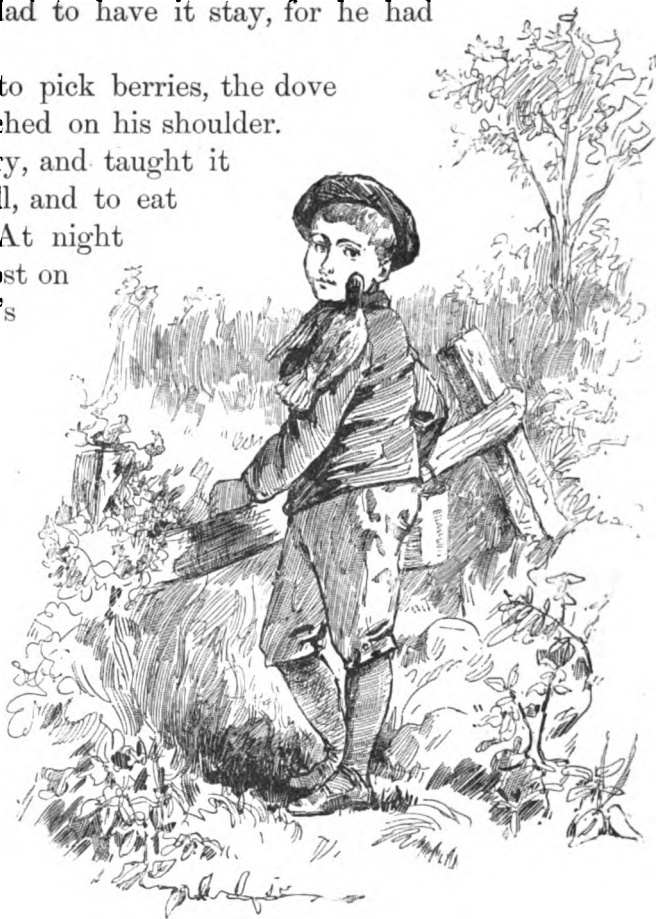
ONE day, when little Tim Ray was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets.

When he went to pick berries, the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call, and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat; but all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.



He saw a neighbour going by the house, and he ran out and put the dove in her hands.

"Please kill my dove," he said, "and make my mother some broth; she is so sick."



Then he ran into the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said that the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbour brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it, she said she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well again."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out, and said, so that his mother should not hear, that he had no more doves, and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbour could speak, there was a little rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Coo! coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



MARY AND DOG CARLO.

LITTLE Mary and her great black Newfoundland dog Carlo were a very familiar picture to me.

I often stopped to look at them as they ran about the yard. If it was a warm afternoon, they lay asleep under the large evergreen trees. Mary's light curls made a lovely contrast to Carlo's shaggy black sides. His loving gentleness made him seem as good as he was handsome.

Little Mary had a naughty habit of running away from home. Carlo would not leave her for a moment. He seemed to try to get her home again. He ran before her, keeping her from getting off the walks, and trying to coax her to turn about. Sometimes he would succeed; and then I heard his joyful bark, when he saw her once more safely in the yard. If he could not get her home, he



would never desert her. When she was tired out, she laid her curly head against his neck, ready to go wherever he led. Then you may be sure he led her home just as straight as he could go.

One day, when I came out of the gate, Carlo met me, barking and jumping about in a most anxious manner. He ran a little way, and then came back to me, as if coaxing me to follow him. I thought him too wise a dog to be mistaken; so I followed him, though a little

slowly. He seemed to notice this, and to beg me to hasten. In a moment more I saw dear little Mary toddling along the railroad track.

I felt sure that the dog's quick ears must have heard the train, which was coming around the curve. I hurried fast enough, I can tell you. Carlo had never before allowed me to pick her up, even for a moment. Now he seemed fairly wild with joy, when I caught her in my arms. He led me home in a perfect dance of delight.



After that I was a privileged friend, for Carlo never forgot that morning. To the day of his death he thanked me, in his mute, loving way, every time he saw me.

MRS. FRANCES SMITH.



INDOLENT JOE.

HAIR all a-tangle,
 His hat to one side,
 His coat-tail in shreds,
 His shoestrings untied;
 Idle and worthless,
 With nothing to do;
 No wonder folks say,
 "That's indolent Joe!"

Too lazy to work,
 Too lazy to play,
 He lolls in the sun
 The most of the day;
 Yawning and moping,
 And dreadfully slow,—
 Here is a picture
 Of indolent Joe.

FRANK H. STAUFFER.



DINNER FOR THREE.

LITTLE Eva took a plateful of dinner out into the wood-shed, to feed her kitties.

When she called them, the black kit and the gray kit both ran to the plate. They each seized a bit of meat, and began to shake it and growl over it.

“Don’t quarrel, little kits!” said Eva.

When the meat was all picked out, the kitties ran away.

“Oh, now they have wasted all the rest of the dinner!” said Eva.

But just then old Dobbin, the horse, saw the plate. He had been turned loose into the yard to eat grass. Dobbin came and put his head in at the door, and ate up every bit of the vegetables and bread.

Then Eva laughed, and clapped her hands.

“O mamma!” she said, “it is just like the story of Jack Sprat in my ‘Mother Goose:’—

“Twixt them both they cleared the cloth,
And licked the platter clean!”

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.



SANTA CLAUS AT SEA.



SANTA CLAUS AT SEA.

A LETTER FROM HIM.

CHRISTMAS EVENING.

MY DEAR CARL,—I love you so much that I must write you a few words, though I really hardly have time. My reindeer team are pawing with their little hoofs, and the wind is so high that I'm afraid half my toys will be blown away; and then what will the children say?

I filled the stockings that were hung up in Boston first, and then I came very fast overland, filling all the stockings as I came along. After San Francisco was well supplied, I had to cross the Pacific Ocean, to get to you in Honolulu. I had been riding in a sleigh; but now I harnessed my reindeer to a little boat, and they swam over here very fast. When we were nearly here, we passed a big steamer, and I went close to it to see who was there. I found one gentleman who was thinking of his little boys and loving them very much and longing to get home to them. I saw, peeping out of his coat-pocket, two little cannon; and just then I heard him say, "I wonder if I shall get home to Ernest and Carl and Kenneth and Baby on Christmas Day!" I was just about to shout out, "Oh, I know your boys, and I'll tell them you are coming!" when my reindeer began to swim very fast indeed, and, before I knew it, I was out of sight of the steamer. When your papa comes, ask him if he saw a funny little man sailing away very fast.

I think, my Carl, that you are a dear boy, but I don't like that habit you have of crying when you are playing. Boys who play hard ought to expect to get hurt sometimes, and you must try to see how much you can bear without crying.

Good-bye, dear.

Your loving friend,

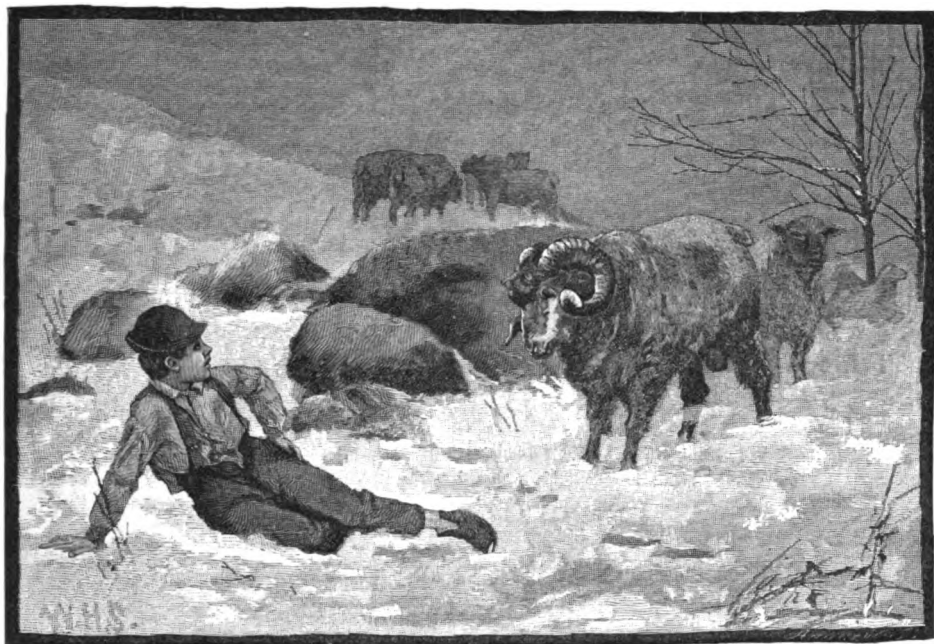
SANTA CLAUS.



THE Christmas day is dawning;
Our carols now we sing;
And pray the coming season
May peace and gladness bring.

To every one, and all of yours,
We wish a merry day,
And hope some of its pleasures
Through all the year may stay.

L. A. FRANCE.



SAVED FROM FREEZING TO DEATH.

WHEN Bobby Smart was six years old, he was left to the care of his Uncle James, who lived in the country. His aunt took him to his future home, and at the station he saw his uncle for the first time.

Bobby was lonely and sad; his uncle often treated him with harshness and even cruelty. The cold winter had come on early. Bobby was the only boy about the farm, and he had to work very hard. His clothing was unfit for the winter weather, and he often suffered from the cold.

Among the duties which this poor boy had to perform was that of tending a flock of sheep. One afternoon, when there were signs of a snow-storm, he was sent to drive the flock to the barn. He started for the field, but his clothes were so thin that he was benumbed by the intense cold. He sat down on a large rock to rest himself. He felt strangely tired and cold. In a little while he began to feel drowsy. Then he thought it was so nice and comfortable that he would stay there a while. In a very few moments he was asleep, and perhaps dreaming.

Suddenly he was aroused by a tremendous blow which sent him

spinning from his perch on the rock to the ground. Looking about him, he saw an old ram near by. The creature looked as though he had been doing mischief, and Bobby was no longer at a loss to know where the blow came from ; but he thought the attack was an accident, and in a short time he was again in the land of Nod.

Again the ram very rudely tumbled him over into the snow. He was now wide awake, and provoked at the attack of the beast. He began to search for a stick to chastise his enemy. The ram understood his intention, for he turned upon Bobby as if to finish the poor boy. Bobby was forced to take to his heels, and ran towards home.



The ram chased him, while the rest of the flock followed after their leader. The inmates of the farm-house were surprised to see Bobby rushing towards the house as fast as his little legs would allow him. His hair was streaming in the wind, and he was very much terrified. Close upon him was the old ram, kicking up his heels in his anger. Behind him could be seen a straggling line of sheep doing their best to keep up.

Bobby won the race, however. His uncle came out in time to turn the flock into the barn. It was a long time before Bobby would venture near the ram again.

Bobby knows now that but for the efforts of that old ram in

knocking him from his seat on that bitterly cold day, he would have been among the angels in a very short time. The sleepy feeling which overcame him would have ended in death.

Bobby declares that the ram knew all the time what ailed him, and that he butted him from the rock on purpose. I cannot explain it, but do know that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

MRS. F. GREENOUGH.



THE MORNING-GLORY PITCHER.

I SAW a pretty little pitcher the other day. It was covered with vines and blossoms of morning-glories. A lady showed it to me who does not play with dolls and tea-sets any more. She lives in a beautiful home of her own, with plenty of real china for real people. But she has kept this little pitcher, without a crack or flaw, since the days when she spread dolls' tables, and poured cream from it into little cups for stiff little people with bright eyes and "real hair," but with no lips to open for pretended tea and coffee.

There was a little folded paper, yellow from age, inside the pitcher.

She told me who gave it to her. It was at a children's party, where ever so many little girls were dancing about a Christmas tree, each one with a gift from this kind lady. I did not wonder she had kept the pitcher.

If you should not know about the lady who gave the pitcher,

when I tell you that her name was Catherine Sedgwick, your mother will know. She will tell you that when she was a little girl she used to get away in a snug corner of some old parlour and read Miss Sedgwick's stories for children. And perhaps she will go to the library and take down a green or brown old-fashioned book and read you about a "Poor man who was rich, or a rich man who was poor." Stories keep, as well as pitchers, when the kind people who wrote or gave them have gone where we cannot see them any more.



These are the verses inside the pitcher:—

“Here's dear Lucy P——,
So bright and so rosy,
In each of her cheeks
Is a little red posy.

“I wonder why 'tis
That her eyes are so bright?
I think it's because
The tree gives so much light.

“And ’twill show her, I hope,
 Something pleasant to see,
 Which by common consent
 Little Lucy’s shall be.”

And this is the pitcher.

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.



OUT IN THE STORM.

SHRILL shriek the winter winds,
 And through the hemlocks sigh ;
 Swift, in a wild and merry dance,
 The snow-flakes whirl across the sky.
 The trees with icy boughs
 Stand crackling in the gale ;
 Low from his kennel, snug and warm,
 Echoes old Carlo’s mournful wail.

Heap high the blazing grate,
And fill the house with cheer;
In cosy circle clustered round,
No storms we happy children fear.
Though the loud whistling blasts
O'er land and ocean roam,
We laugh and sing without a care,
Safe in our own dear sheltering home.

But listen! "Tap, tap, tap,"
Upon the window-pane.
You roguish wind, we love you not;
Pray fly away, nor come again!
Ah, look! A tiny beak!
A shrewd and sparkling eye!
'Tis Master Snow-bird's plaintive chirp:
"Feed me, kind friends, nor let me die!"

Hasten! the choicest crumbs
Pour on the window-sill.
Welcome, lone wanderers in the gale;
Come, snow-birds all, and take your fill.
He darts away in fright;
Quick, close the sash, and wait!
See, he returns on fluttering wing,
And, joyful, calls his gentle mate.

How sweet, amid the storm,
Their twitters of delight!
And, while we watch their eager joy,
How our own hearts grow warm and light!
Only two mites of birds,
Two specks on the gray sky;
Yet not one pang nor joy they feel,
Escapes the Heavenly Father's eye.

KHAM.

OUT IN THE STORM



Edmund H. Garrett



CHARLIE'S RIDE.

It was a bright, crisp winter morning, and Charlie Mason felt full of life. So he took his sled and went to the "big hill," to slide.

The road was hard and smooth, and he had a fine time with his new sled. He would walk briskly up the long hill, and then come down rushing through the air like an express train.

In a short time he grew tired of climbing the hill, and started for home. Just then his brother Hugh came along, riding on their old horse Fanny.

"Wait a minute, Hugh," cried Charlie; "I want a ride."

"How can you ride? There isn't room for two up here," returned Hugh.



"I don't want to get up there," said Charlie.

"How can you ride, then?" asked his brother.

"Wait a minute, and you'll see," was Charlie's response.

Hugh stopped the horse, and Charlie drew his sled close to Fanny's heels. Then he got on the sled, and, taking hold of the horse's tail, told Hugh that he might drive on.

"Oh, don't do that!" said Hugh; "Fanny will never drag you home that way. Besides, you are in danger of getting a kick."

"A kick! She hasn't life enough to kick," laughed Charlie.

"You can move on, and I'll take all the risk."

Hugh started the horse, but when she felt the pull at her tail she stopped. As he started her again, the gentle old horse moved on for a few rods, dragging Charlie after her. Then she stopped and refused to start.

Charlie picked up a piece of ice from the road and threw it at her.

The hard lump of ice hit her on the leg, and made her give a quick jump. This gave a jerk to the horse's tail which was more than she was willing to bear. So she gave a vigorous kick at Charlie with both feet, and then started forward at a brisk trot. Fanny's feet struck the sled and threw Charlie into the deep snow beside the road. Luckily, he was not very badly hurt. The horse's heels just grazed his head, and he came near getting a terrible blow. When he thought of his narrow escape, he saw how foolishly he had acted ; and this lesson taught him that it is not best to impose on the good-nature of even the kindest animals.

H. L. CHARLES.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

GRACIOUS and heavenly star,
Which shines on us afar,
Still, wheresoe'er we are,
Watch o'er His fold.

Calm was that holy flight
Through the far lonely night,
When first your radiant light
Spoke of His birth.

In the still midnight air,
Silent you sparkle there,
Hovering with loving care
Over the spot.

Hark ! from the cloudless blue
Sweet music stealing through.
Angels the song renew,—
“Glory to God !”

Hail, blessed Christmas morn
When Christ, a child, was born,
Let us the strain prolong
For evermore !

FANNIE M. HALL.



Hail, blessed Christmas morn
When Christ, a child, was born.

DOTTIE'S NEW DOLLIE.

DOTTIE was lost. She was getting further and further from home at every step. Her eyes looked scared and big, and her curls were in a tangle. Her hot cheeks were streaked with tears. She dragged her hat by one string, and her frock was torn.

When she was very little, Dottie had learned what to do if she should get lost. She used to say: "I'll go to my kind friend, the policeman, and tell him I'm Dottie Rand. I'll say I live in Morris Park, and he will take me home." But when the time really came, Dottie forgot it all,—the policeman looked so much bigger than she thought. She had never noticed his baton before, and she was afraid of it; so she began to cry.

Just then a woman spoke to her kindly. Thankfully Dottie told her troubles to the stranger.

"I was wheeling my dollie," she said, "when a big dog jumped upon me. He tipped dollie out of her phaeton, too. Then I ran out of the Park as fast as I could. By-and-by I tried to go back. I turned at every corner, but I couldn't find the right street. Oh, I shall never see my dear dollie again! That wicked dog has eaten her up."

"Never mind, dear. Do not cry. I will lead you home," said the woman coaxingly; "and you shall have another dollie."

Dottie brightened up and began to chatter, clinging to the stranger's hand.

"Have you any little girls?" she asked.

"Only one little girl," was the answer.

Dottie looked up into her new friend's face. It was so sad that she asked no more questions.

Suddenly she gave a shout. "There is papa! Good-bye." Putting up her lips to be kissed, she said, "I love you for being so good to me."

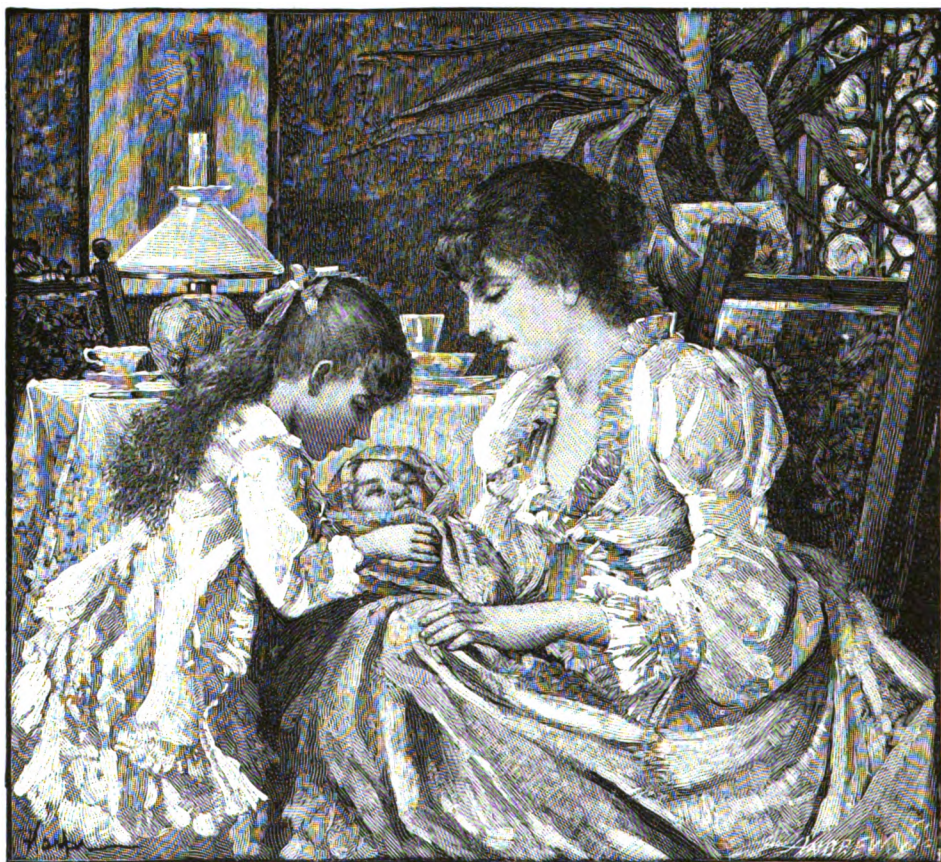
The woman stooped to kiss the dirty little face, and her eyes were full of tears. She put a package into Dottie's arms. "I am sorry that you lost your dollie," she said. "Here is another for you. Run home, Dottie, and be very careful not to drop it. It is yours to keep."



Dottie was delighted. But how big it was! She nearly fell down with its weight.

"O papa, papa!" she cried, "I've got a new big dollie for my very own."

Her papa gave her a great hug for answer. Her mamma kissed her lost child, and cried for joy over her. Then the bundle was opened. There lay a real live girl-baby,—sweet as a rosebud.



Dottie touched its soft cheek, whispering, "That good woman gave me her 'only little girl.'"

The new dollie grew cunning every day. Nobody once thought of trundling her off to an orphan asylum. There was plenty of love in Dottie's home for two little girls, and dollie was hers "to keep."

C. EMMA CHENEY.



MYSTERIOUS SANTA CLAUS.

DID you ever see Santa
Claus, Robbie?
I do wish I could; and
I've tried.
My mamma has seen him
quite often,—
If I only could keep by
her side!
Why, whenever she goes in
the parlour,
Where the stockings are
hung by the tree,
He's sure to come right
down the chimney
With some bundle or other
for me!



One day I teased my mamma
so,
That she said I might
creep in behind,
And hide in her skirts very
softly,
And peep out when I
had a mind.
But the minute we got in
the doorway
(He must be the shyest of men)
He scampered away up the chimney.
So it's no use to try it again.

No; children never can see him,
But I heard his sleigh-bells last
night;

It was after papa came to supper,
And the shutters and doors were
shut tight.
Mamma said, "There, don't you hear
it,—

The jingle of Santa Claus' bell?"
I dashed to the door like a rocket;
He was faster than that, I can tell!

I could almost have cried with vexation ;
 Till mamma said, "See where he sleighed!"
 And there, sure enough, in the snow-drift
 Were the tracks that his runners had made!
 What a very small sleigh he must have, though;
 No bigger, I'm sure, than my sled!
 And how it can carry such bundles.
 I cannot get into my head.

Nurse says Santa Claus is my
 father.

What nonsense! I've often
 been told
 How Santa Claus lives in a
 palace,
 Some place where it always
 is cold.

Papa couldn't climb down that
 chimney,

And he never could ride in
 that sleigh!

I don't think nurse knows much
 about it,—

I'll tell her so this very day.



C. ST. DENYS.

SCAMP'S VISIT TO CONEY ISLAND.

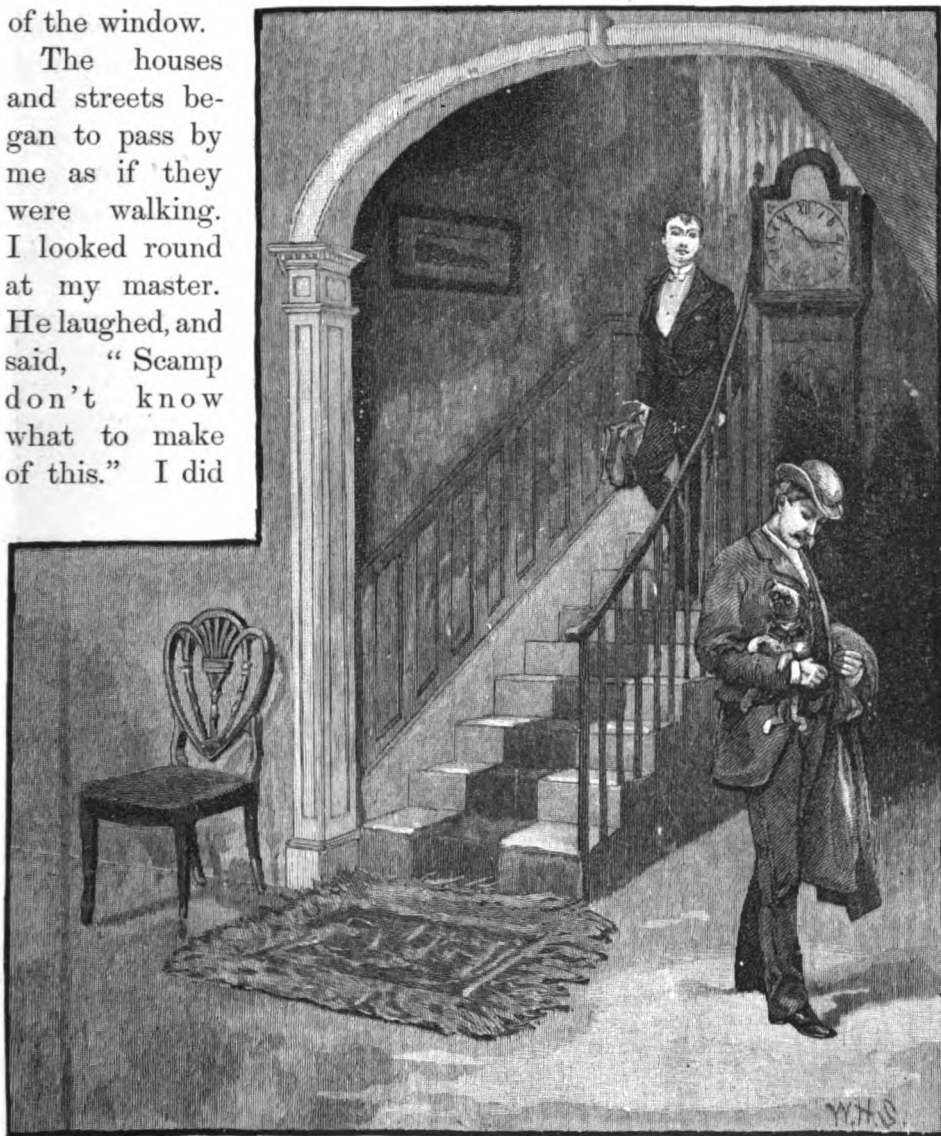


NE day my master told me to get ready to go
 away. He began packing up my neck-ribbons
 and pug-dog harness. I wondered where he
 was going. At last he took me in his arms.
 Wyatt, the waiter, carried his valise down-
 stairs, and we got into the carriage. My mas-
 ter's sister and brothers were there too.

We drove away, and at last stopped at a big
 house, and my master said, "Here's the station."
 Then we got into a sort of long carriage with seats on either side and
 a great many windows in it. My master told me it was a railway

carriage. Then something in front gave a loud scream and began to toot. "The engine is moving. We are off!" cried my master, and he let me look out of the window.

The houses and streets began to pass by me as if they were walking. I looked round at my master. He laughed, and said, "Scamp don't know what to make of this." I did



not. I looked out for a long time, until I got tired, and then lay down and went to sleep.

When I awoke, my master said, "We are at Coney Island." We

all got out, and went into the big house he called a hotel. After we had dinner we all walked out. It was very sandy, and water was running up and down on the sand. I looked at the water. I saw it away off in the distance. Then it came running in towards me, and after making a great noise, it splashed and rolled up on the sand almost to my feet. Then it went back again.

I got mad, for the water kept doing this for ever so long. My master wanted to go up the sand and see all the funny houses and people. I did not want to go, but wished to bite the water because it chased me. At last I made a dart at the water as it was running



away. I ran down the sand, when, oh! a great big wave—that's what my master called it—came up. It splashed all over me. I fell down and began to roll. My master called me, but I could not get up. The water came all over me, and I thought I should drown.

I hate water. All pug-dogs do. Another wave came up, and I know I should have been washed away if a boy had not run out into the water and caught me. My master gave me a good scolding when I got safe on land again. I can tell you I did not like my first day at Coney Island.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.



HOW LENA FED THE LAMB.

ONE morning before breakfast Lena ran into the nursery to tell mamma something dreadful. She said the dogs had broken into the sheepfold and killed ten sheep.

Lena lived on a sheep-farm, and played all day with the lambs. Now the dogs had killed old Sukey and left her little lamb. Lena heard it bleating, and knew it was crying for its dead mamma. The lamb's teeth were too small to eat grass with, and Lena was afraid it would starve to death.

"Let me give it some milk out of baby's bottle," said Lena. Mamma let Lena carry the glass bottle with the rubber top out into the field where the little lamb lay bleating.

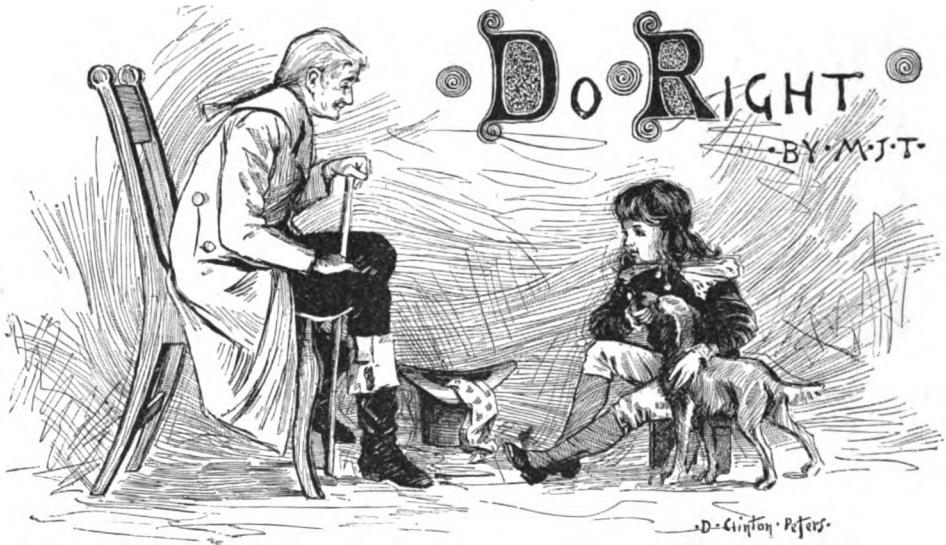
"Baa, Baa, Baa,—
I want my ma!"

cried the little lamb.

Lena put the end of the rubber tube to the lamb's mouth, and it sucked the milk just as baby did. The lamb stopped crying, and forgot all about its mamma.

Many times a day Lena gave the lamb its bottle of milk. It grew big and strong, and always loved Lena very much for her kindness.

MARY H. SKEEL.



"WELL met, my little man!
Now tell me, if you can,
The very nicest way
To spend this long, dull day."

"Well, sir, my mother says,
Of all the pretty ways
To make a dark day bright
The best is, just do right!"

M. J. T.

WHY TOMMY WAS IN BED.

THE sun was shining brightly. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon, and yet Tommy was in bed. The fact is, he had been in bed since ten o'clock. Do you want to know why? You may be sure it was not from choice, for Tommy was very fond of playing out of doors, and was always the first to get up in the morning.



But he was a very mischievous little boy, and liked to tease his little playmates.

"Oh, dear!" said his little sister Edith one day, "I wish my hair was curly. I like curly hair so much!"

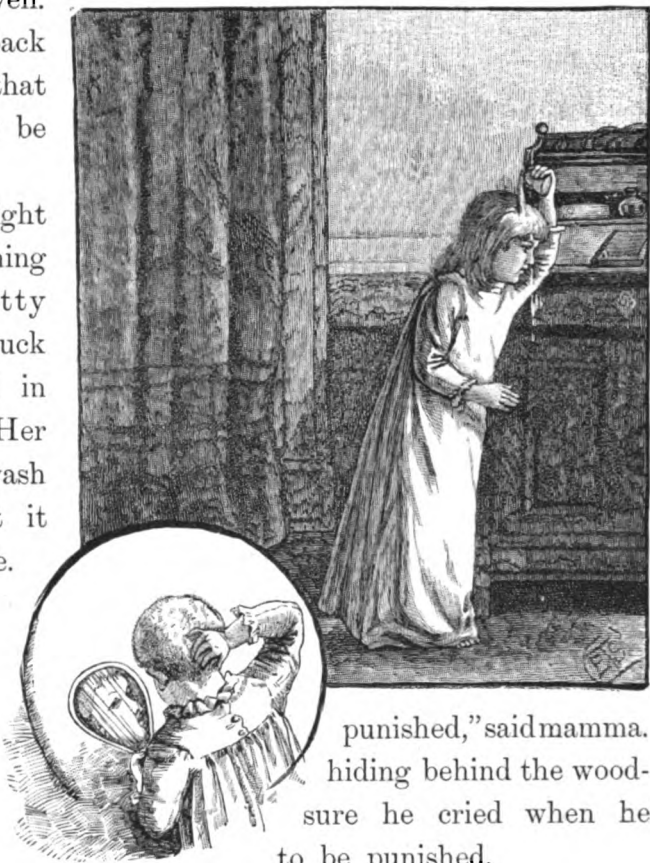
"I will tell you how to make it curly," said Tommy. "Put gum on it to-night, and in the morning it will be curled tight to your head."

Edith was only three years old, and did not know that Tommy was teasing her. So that night, after her nurse had put her to bed and had gone downstairs, she jumped up and went into the library. The gum was on a desk, and Edith emptied it over her head and rubbed it in well. Then she went back to bed again, sure that her hair would now be curly.

Oh, what a little fright she was when morning came! Her pretty brown hair was stuck tight to her head in a thick mass. Her mamma tried to wash the gum out; but it could not be done. The poor little head had to be shaved at last.

"Tom must be Tom was found pile. You may be found that he was

And that was the reason Tommy was in bed when the sun was shining. Don't you think he deserved to be there?



punished," said mamma. hiding behind the wood- sure he cried when he to be punished.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

THE night before Christmas, Ned and Mamie hung up their stockings. Ned's was red, and Mamie's was blue. Ned's was the larger, because he was two years the older; but Mamie said Santa Claus could put some of her presents under her stocking.

They woke up very early on Christmas morning. They ran downstairs, and there hung their stockings, so full that they were running over. Right under the stockings lay a large package, done up in paper and tied with a string. It was larger than Ned. They could not think what it could be. Mamma said they would have to open it and find out.

They thought they would see what was in their stockings first; but before they got half-way down to the foot they concluded they could not wait, but must open the package right off.

Papa gave them his knife. Ned cut the string. Then Mamie began to pull open the wrapper. There were several papers, for the package was very long. Finally they got to the last one. Then what a shout there was! for there lay Cousin Jack. He was red in the face from being covered up so and trying to keep from laughing.

How they did laugh, and what a merry time they had ! Jack had come the night before, after they had gone to bed. It was mamma who thought of making a Christmas surprise out of him. She did not wrap him up until just before Ned and Mamie got down, and papa had watched to see that they did not get in until all was ready.

L. A. FRANCE.

THREE YEARS OLD.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

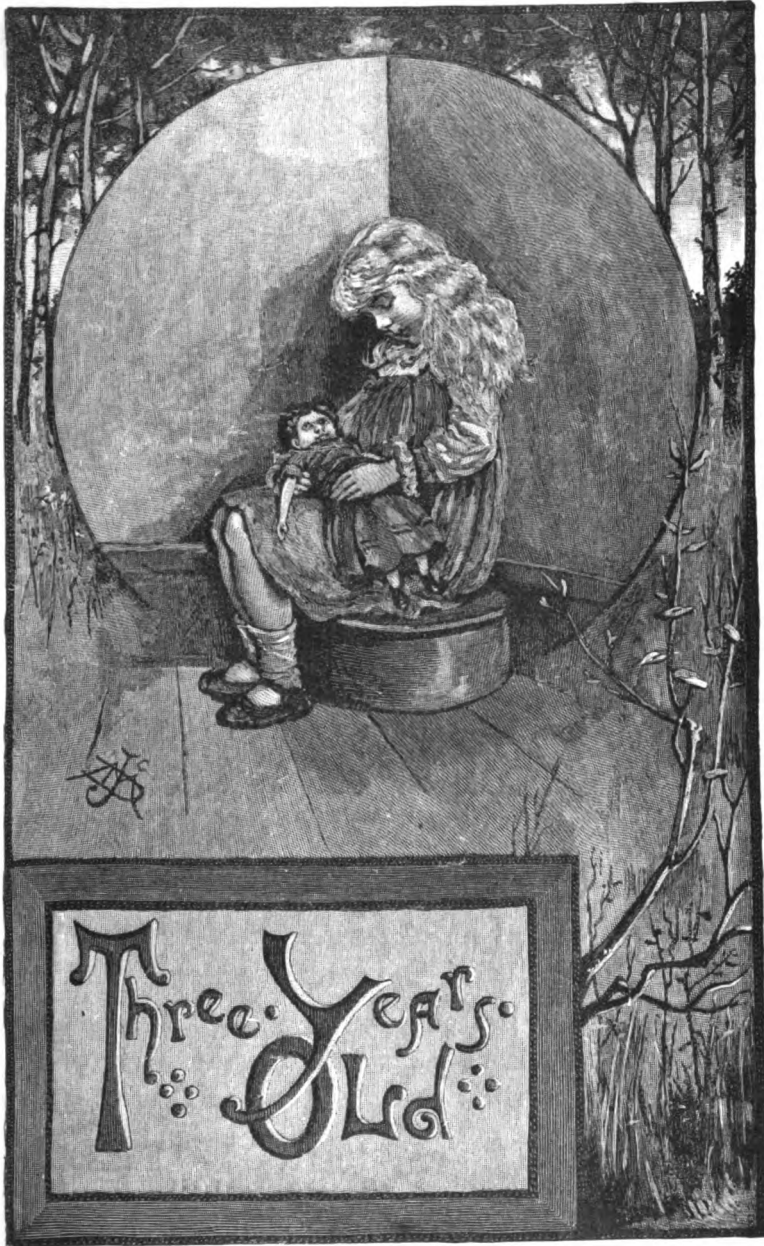
“ Oh, hush, my baby, hushaby ! ”
Croons Ethel, in the sunset glow,
Close to her dimpled shoulder pressed,
She soothes her Dolly into rest,
Soft rocking to and fro.

The restless little feet are still ;
Grave now, and sweet, the laughing eyes ;
All motherly in look and tone
She sits and rocks and sings alone,
While red the daylight dies.

“ Oh, hushaby, my baby, hush ! ”
She draws a sleepy little sigh ;
On Dolly’s cheek of faded red
Low drops the sunny, tired head,—
“ Oh, hush, oh, hushaby ! ”

The song is ended in a dream ;
Across her face the sunbeams creep,
While Dolly’s eyes wide open stare.
The little mother, unaware,
Has sung herself to sleep !

MARGARET JOHNSON.





A TAP AT THE WINDOW.

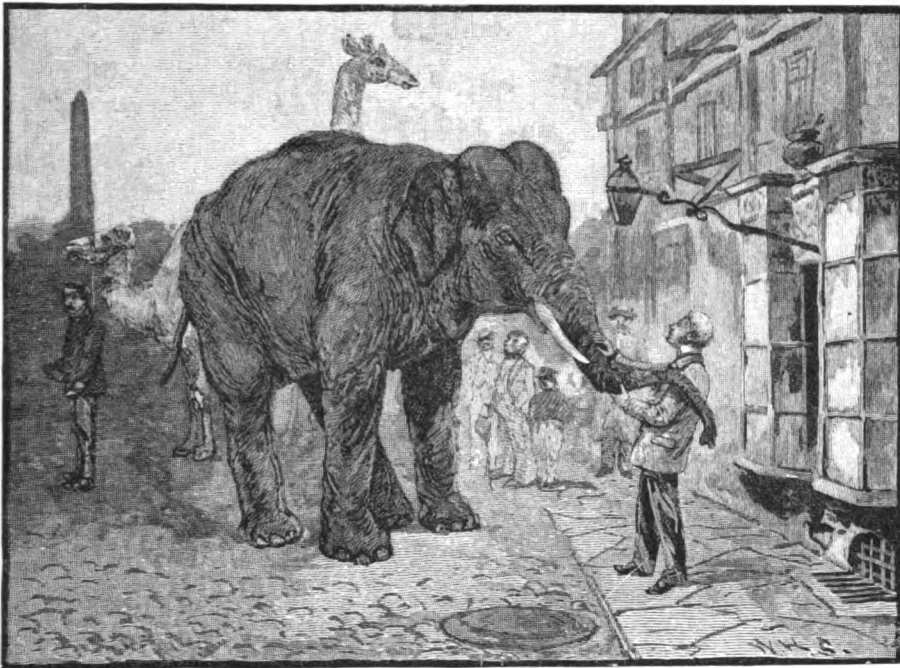
WE have no little children in our house. A noisy boy or a dear little sunny-faced girl would make very sweet music for us. But we have none, and so we have to coax the birds to come to our window. Often when the snow is on the ground they come and pick up the crumbs which we throw to them, and chirp us a thank-you. One day we heard a tapping at the pane, and when we came to see, we found it was one of our little friends who knew it was time to dine. So we gave him some crumbs, and after that he came every day, and we always loved to see him. It is better to be kind and make the dear little birds happy, than to do as some bad boys do,—steal their eggs and break down their nests.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

LIZZIE THE ELEPHANT.

WOMBWELL's collection of wild beasts was once the most famous in Europe. Among the animals was a beautiful female elephant named Lizzie. While visiting a town in England, Lizzie was taken very ill with an attack of colic. A doctor in the place brought some medicine which saved Lizzie's life.

Some days afterwards the animals were marching through the



streets. Lizzie caught sight of the doctor standing in his shop, and stopped at the door. The doctor came out to see what was the matter, when Lizzie thrust her trunk gently towards the doctor's hand. The doctor took hold of the trunk and patted it in a friendly way, to Lizzie's great delight. After a little of this caressing Lizzie marched forward again with evident pleasure.

All animals are grateful for kindness, and none more so than elephants.

T. CRAMPTON.

A CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

THERE are two little children who like play and playthings, but who live seven miles from town or neighbour, from post-office or shop, in the Indian Territory. There are only seven white women in the nearest settlement.

At Christmas, their father brought in a cottonwood-tree, and made it gay with gold and silver paper and

pop-corn. The gold paper lighted it up instead of tapers. He hung upon it all the toys he was able to get, and placed at the top a picture of Santa Claus driving his reindeer.

It wasn't much like the Christmas trees you are used to; but it delighted them, because

they had never seen anything better. If you don't know where the Indian Territory is, you can find it on a map of the United States.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.





GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK.



GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK.

It stands in the corner of Grandma's room ;
From the ceiling it reaches the floor ;
"Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long,
"Tick-tock," and nothing more.

Grandma says the clock is old, like herself ;
But dear Grandma is wrinkled and gray,
While the face of the clock is smooth as my hand,
And painted with flowers so gay

Backwards and forwards, this way and that,
You can see the big pendulum rock :
"Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock !"

The clock never sleeps, and its hands never rest
As they slowly go moving around ;
And it strikes the hours with a ding, ding, ding,
Ding, ding, and a whirring sound.

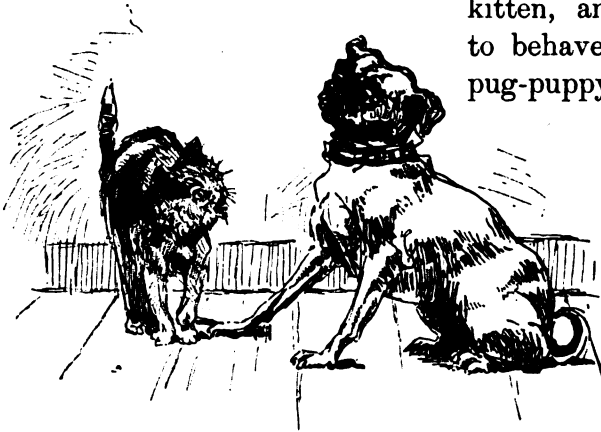
I wonder if this is the same old clock
That the mousie ran up in the night,
And played hide-and-seek till the clock struck one,
And then ran down in a fright.

Backwards and forwards, this way and that,
 You can see the big pendulum rock :
 "Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long,
 "Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock !"

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

SCAMP AND HIS PUPIL PSYCHE.*

My master's brother Alexis has got a kitten. She is a very young kitten, and does not know how to behave. Now, when I was a pug-puppy, I was quite bad. But I have learned how to behave.

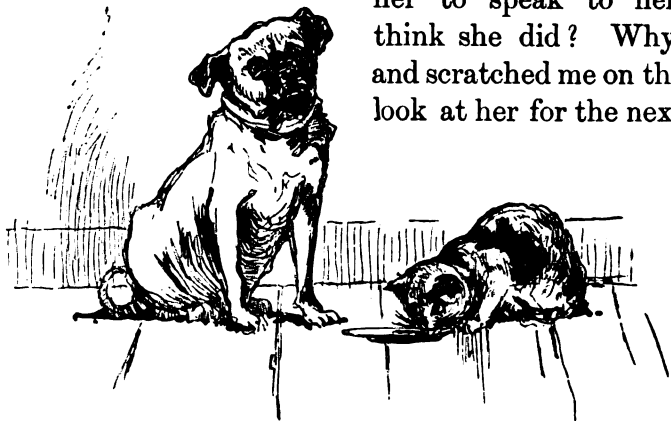


When Alexis first got this kitten she was very ill-mannered, and often scratched me. He calls her Psyche. She is white and black. The first

thing she did was to put up her back and fly at me. I knew at once that this was wrong, so I thought I would teach her better.

I went up to What do you she flew at me nose. I did not two days.

Then she said I was mad ; and one day when I was asleep she came up and began to play with my tail. I just



her to speak to her. think she did? Why, and scratched me on the look at her for the next

* Pronounced Sy⁴-ke.

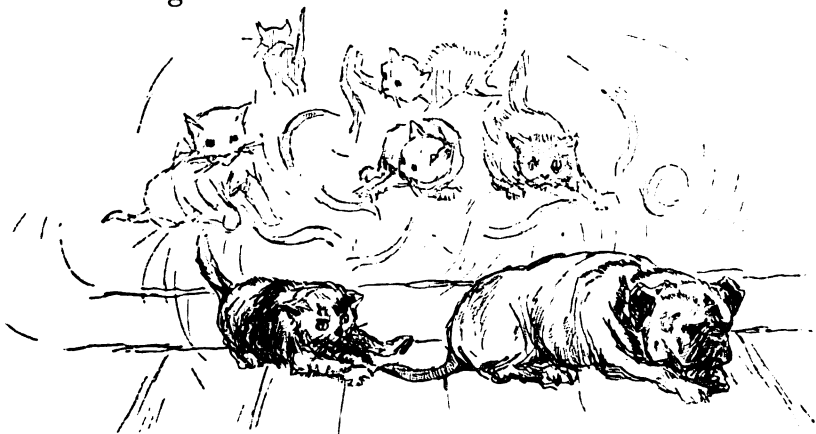
wagged it ever so hard. It hit her and knocked her down. Then she found out I was somebody. Since that time we have been good friends.

One day she was very ill-mannered in her eating. She ate too fast. I told her to lap her milk slowly, and not spill it all over the floor. She said that she ate as well as I did. Don't you think that was rude? I sat down and gave her a good

scolding for "talking back to her elders." She seemed ashamed of herself, for I have noticed she eats with more care now.

Whenever my master spoke to me, Psyche would mew as loud as she could. I told her "Children must be seen and not heard," and the next time he spoke she only sat and looked on. In a few days I will give her some lessons in talking loud and singing at her meals. When she grows up, I think she will be a model cat. Anyhow, her manners will be good.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.



HOW BIRDS USE THEIR BILLS.

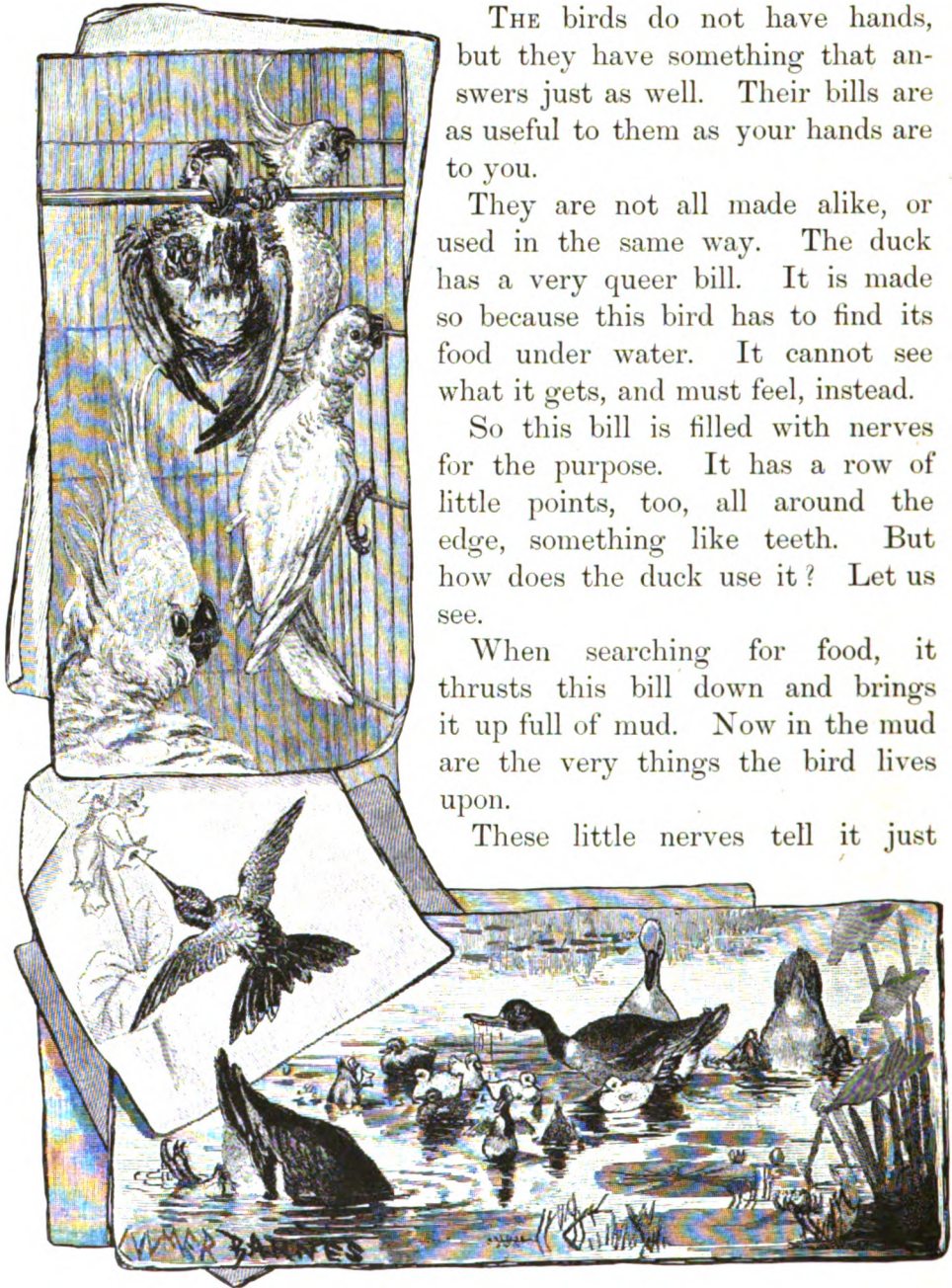
THE birds do not have hands, but they have something that answers just as well. Their bills are as useful to them as your hands are to you.

They are not all made alike, or used in the same way. The duck has a very queer bill. It is made so because this bird has to find its food under water. It cannot see what it gets, and must feel, instead.

So this bill is filled with nerves for the purpose. It has a row of little points, too, all around the edge, something like teeth. But how does the duck use it? Let us see.

When searching for food, it thrusts this bill down and brings it up full of mud. Now in the mud are the very things the bird lives upon.

These little nerves tell it just



what is good to eat. What is not good is sent out through these queer points, just as if it was a sifter. The nerves in this funny sieve take very good care that nothing shall be lost that is worth the eating.

You know all about the little birds that build nests with their bills, and what wonderful things they are. Some can sew very well with their beaks ; of course they use their feet too.

MRS. G. HALL.



THE PATH BY THE RIVER.

BELLE loves that walk by the river's side,
In summer or in winter time ;
Great vessels float on the gentle tide,
And the hill is pleasant to climb.

CHENRY.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

WHAT makes it night? I want to go
Way off behind the sky and see.
The world's as round as it can be,
Somebody told me, so I know.

You yellow Moon, how bright you are!
Have all the stars been put to bed?
And is it true, as Nursey said,
That you're the baby-stars' mamma?

And are they sometimes naughty too?
I cried a little bit to-day;
The tears would come,—where do they stay
When people's eyes won't let them through?

My dolly's in the grass out there.—
Be quiet, Wind! you rustle so,
I'm 'fraid you'll wake her up, you know.
Please hush, dear Wind!—I wonder where

That four-leafed clover is that grew
Down by the fence this afternoon.
I'm four years old, too. Tell me, Moon,
When shall I be as old as you?

The clocks are striking in the town.
Oh, dear! I haven't said my prayers.
The little birds, I think, sing theirs,—
I heard them when the sun went down.

Where did it go, and why? Some day
I'll know a great deal more, I guess,
When I'm not quite so sleepy.—Yes,
Mamma, I'm coming right away!

MARGARET JOHNSON.



(2)



HELEN'S DAISY.

HELEN STEWART was a little girl about eight years old. She lived in the city, in an old-fashioned house with a large yard. One cold day a little kitten as black as coal came to Helen's home. She crawled down a rat-hole under the barn to keep warm. Helen called her out and brought her into the house. She gave her some milk, which she seemed to think was very nice. The kitten was so pretty that Helen thought she would keep her. So she named her "Daisy." Was not that a funny name for a black kitten?

One morning Helen went to the barn to call Daisy, and found in the hay, not only Daisy, but three little kittens,—one black, one white, and the other gray. She named them for flowers,—the black one, Buttercup; the white, Snowdrop; and the gray, Violet. They grew up to be very pretty kittens, and very playful. Sometimes they wanted to play with their mother when she was sleepy. She would keep telling them not to trouble her; but they would not mind, and would pull her ears, until finally she would get up and box first one on the ear, and then another. But she did not have to punish them very often, for they were generally good.

Helen now thought they were old enough to drink milk out of a saucer ; but they did not like it. So she filled a spoon with milk ; then they lapped it up very nicely. After a while they learned to drink out of a saucer, and sometimes Daisy and her three little kittens would all drink out of the dish together. Helen gave her kittens to three of her girl friends, but she still had Daisy left.

One night Daisy wanted to house. She went to the front on the railing of the steps, paw up, and rattled Helen's papa wondered was. He went to the

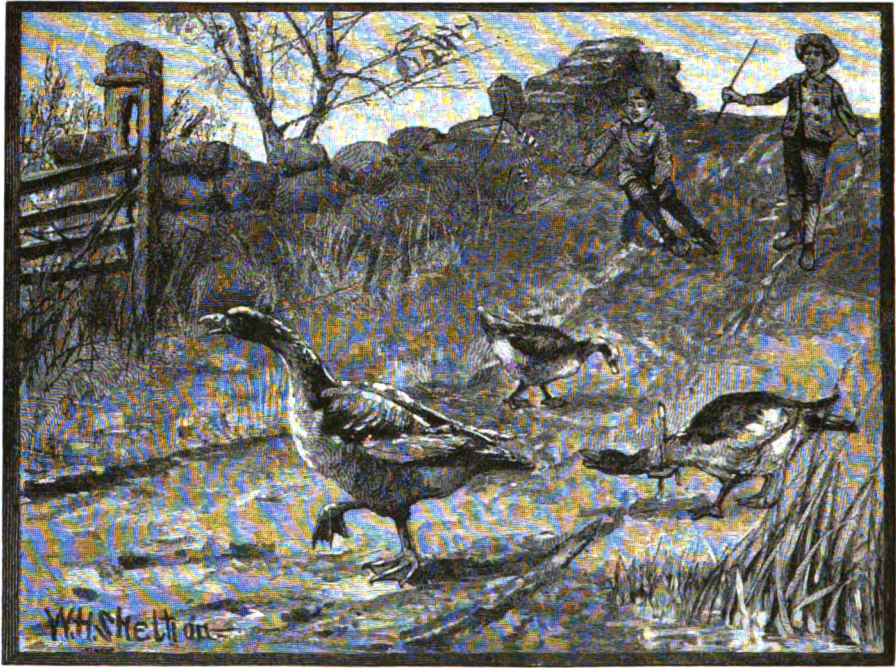
get into the door and stood put her the knob. who it door.



When he found it was only Daisy he had a great laugh.

Daisy did not like music, and if Helen began to practise she would jump on the piano and walk on the keys. Daisy is now ten years old, and she has become very dignified. Helen is eighteen, and is very handsome. She and Daisy think they are too old to run races and frolic together. So Daisy lies down by the stove and dreams of the time when she was young, and Helen reads and studies and helps her mother.

NINA STEVENS.



A GOOSE FLYING A KITE.

Nor long ago some little boys were flying small paper kites. They were made of newspaper, about as big as your hand, with straws stuck through for sticks.

A flock of tame geese came waddling along, picking up stray grains of corn. One of the boys took a grain and tied his kite-string firmly to it. An old gray goose, a little behind the rest, with her neck stuck out as far as possible, made a grab for the corn. She got it, but found she had the kite too.

Off she started,—“Quack, quack, quack!”—with the kite flying up above her head and her wings flapping all the while. It frightened the rest of the geese, and such a quacking and flapping as they made! The boys raced after them, and thought it fine fun to see an old goose flying a kite.

ET.

THE CANDY-PULLING.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE afternoon Sadie, Charlie, and Hattie were going to have a candy-pulling in Mrs. Campton's great sunny kitchen.

Bridget put on the kettle, with some nice molasses in it, and pretty soon it was boiling and foaming and bubbling. Do you know how nice it smells when candy is making?



After a while Charlie dropped some of the boiling syrup into a cup of cold water. As it grew hard at once, the candy was ready for pulling.

Now poor little Hattie didn't know that to pull candy the hands should first be buttered, or at least dipped in cold water, to prevent

sticking. So she took a large lump of the warm candy without either buttering or wetting her hands.

Charlie and Sadie briskly "worked" their candy, pulling it from one hand to the other as it grew light and brittle. Hattie's only stuck harder and harder to her hands, the more she tried to pull it. At last the poor child laid down all the candy she could, and made some excuse for running into the garden. She did not want Charlie and Sadie to laugh at her.



She hid behind a fence, and began licking the candy from her hands. All at once Hattie heard a little giggle. Through an opening in the fence she saw a pair of bright eyes watching her. That roguish Charlie had followed her to find out what was the matter. Hattie felt almost like crying when she first saw those laughing eyes; but she was too merry and fun-loving a little girl herself for that.

Then Charlie and Sadie were really very kind when they found what the trouble was. They thought they should have told Hattie about using the butter. So they all had a good laugh, and Hattie's little mistake made all the more fun for the happy children.

When she went home that afternoon, Hattie had several sticks of nice molasses candy she had pulled herself; besides that she had learned a useful little lesson, which she never forgot.

HARRIET A. CHEEVER.



A VALENTINE.

DEAR child, with soul as white
As the page whereon I write,
May strife from thee depart ;
May peace dwell in thy heart.

May all thy cares be light ;
May all thy tears be few ;
May all thy days be bright,
And all thy friends be true.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

THE NEST IN THE MAIL-BOX.

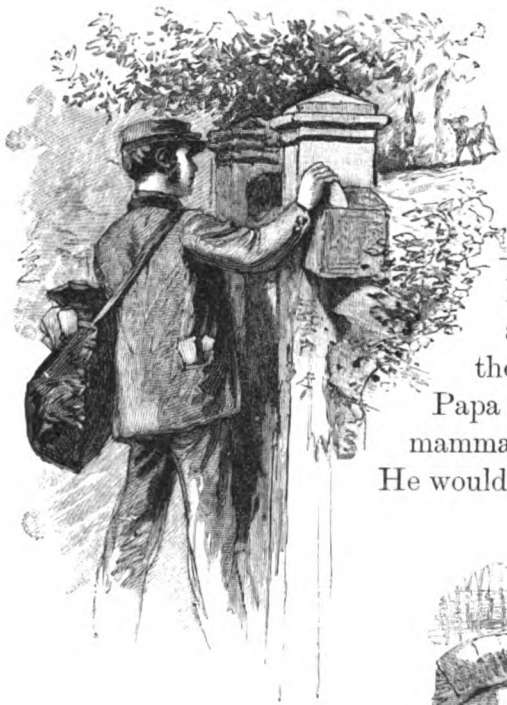
WE had to fasten a box for our mail on the gate-post, because the postman is afraid of our dog, and will not come into the yard. Last summer two little bluebirds made a cunning nest right in that box.

The mamma bird laid five tiny eggs, and sat on them, letting the postman drop the letters on her. Every morning and evening the newsboy put in the paper.

Papa bird brought her worms, and mamma, sister, and I used to watch him. He would never go into the box while we

looked on, and when we walked away he would drop down quick as a flash.

By-and-by there were five little birds in the nest. We thought the letters and papers would surely kill them. But they did not; the birds grew finely. Their mouths were always wide open. One day I put some fine crumbs in the nest thinking they would like to eat. I wish you could have seen mamma bird. She flew round and round, acting



as if crazy. Finally she began taking out the tiny crumbs one by one, until the last one was away. I had seen pictures of children giving crumbs to birds, thought it the right thing to surely it was not the food needed. For several weeks we watched them, and saw them grow.

We wanted to see the mamma teach them to fly. But they all left suddenly. The nest was empty one day, and we could never tell our birds from the others in the yard. I brought the nest into the house and kept it all winter. We wondered if we should see the little birds again the next year.

At the opening of spring we watched closely, and sure enough the bluebirds did come again, and built a nest in the same box.

This time they made a better foundation, raised the nest higher up, lined it with horse-hair, and put it in one corner of the box. Then the mamma bird laid five little eggs, and we and they were happy.

One day we missed an egg. The next day another was gone, and then another, until only one was left. We found that some bad boys had discovered the nest and were stealing all the eggs. Finally the boys took the last one; then we felt so sorry, and thought we should see the birds no

more. But they did not give up. They at once tore to pieces the



old nest, and built a new one in another corner. Four more little eggs were laid in it. The bad boys took two of these out. Then papa and I locked the box. I thought the mamma bird might be so frightened she would not want to stay on the nest. But she did stay; and now we have two little baby birds which open their mouths wide and squirm whenever we raise the cover of the box.

I wonder if any other little boy has such cunning pets.

BERTIE CASTLE.



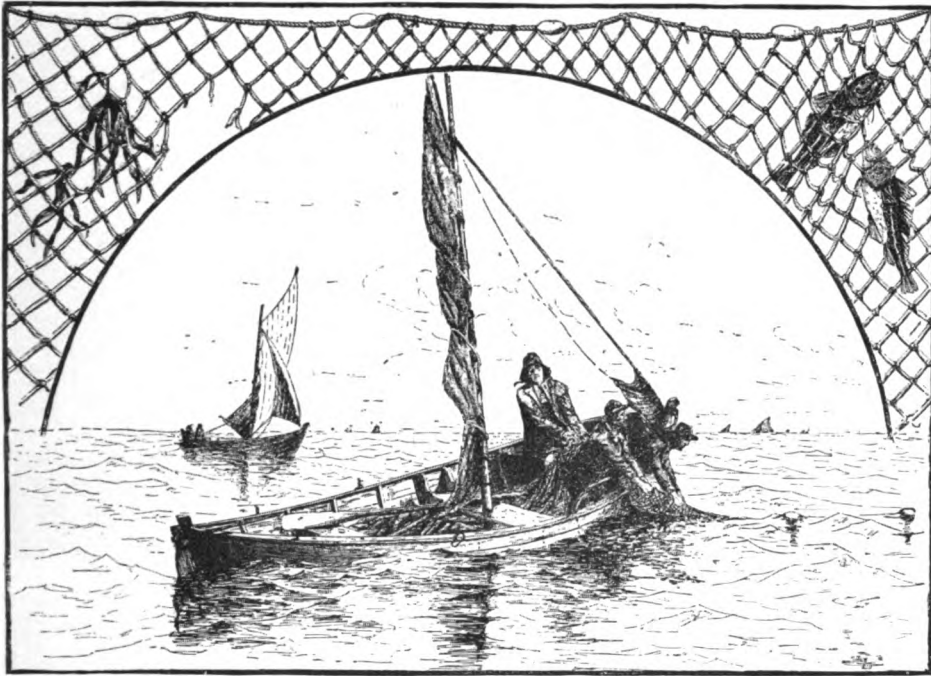
COD-FISHING.

ONE of the greatest places in the world for cod is off the coast of Norway. During the months of January and February the cod come about the Loffoden Islands from the south and west in immense numbers. It seems as if all the families of all countries could dine on those fish and none be missed.

They arrive in what the fishermen call "cod mountains." These codfish are piled upon one another, often to a depth of more than a hundred feet. The mountains they form are wide as well as high,—great moving mountains of cod.

If you have seen a fish-net, you know it has weights along the lower edge for sinking it. When the fishermen off Norway cast their nets among the mountains of cod, they feel the sinkers hitting the fish, that seem to have barely room to swim.

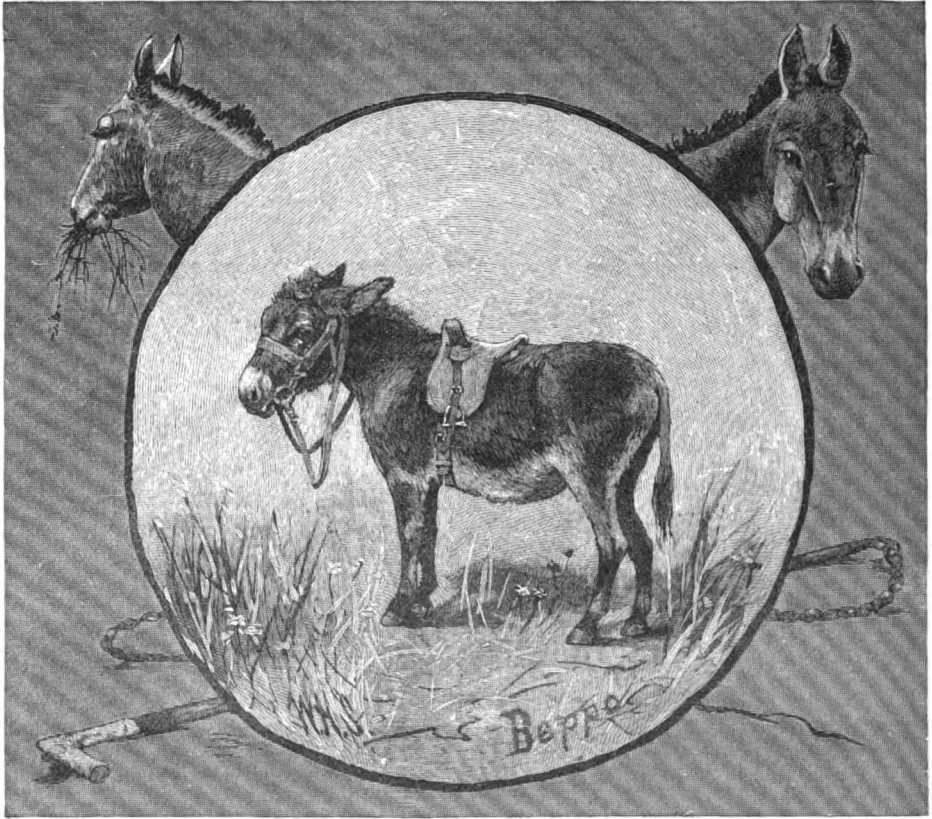
Have you ever thought that creatures living in the sea have more space than we who live on the land? If it were not so, in time the



fish might all be caught and eaten. Some lakes and streams, where too many men and boys go fishing, after a while have hardly any fish left in the water.

It is said that this can never happen to the sea. There the fish have plenty of places where no hooks or nets can take them. People may expect to eat cod as long as the world stands. The saying will always be a true one, that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



BEPPO.

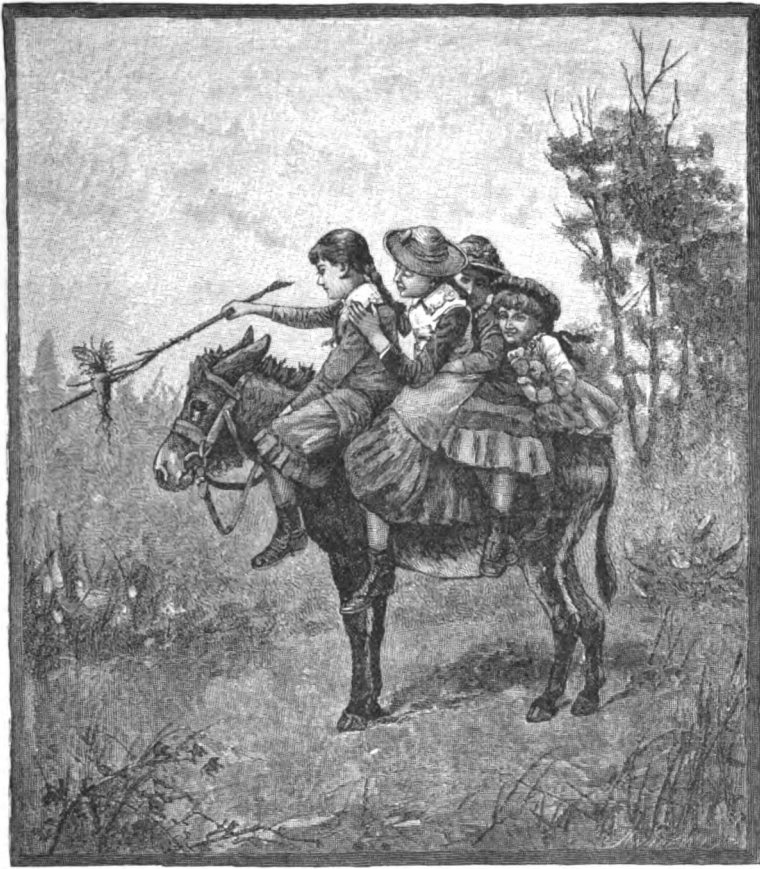
BEPPO was a donkey, or a *burro*, as the Mexicans called him. He lived in Colorado. He was little, and furry, and mouse-coloured. He had great, sad eyes, with long, dark lashes. When I first knew him he had no home. He wandered idly about the village. He was beaten and ridden by the school-boys, and lived on whatever he could find.

One day, when it was very cold, he came and stood by the fence, looking wistfully in. His big, sad eyes were sadder than ever, and his long ears hung meekly down beside his head.

"Are you hungry, old fellow?" I asked, as I opened the gate. He gave me a look of assent, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing him eat a hearty meal.

After that he came every day. He was very grateful for his food, and would rub his head against my hand as if to thank me. He soon grew very plump. Whenever I took a stroll he would walk along beside me. If he saw a boy, he would come very close to me indeed.

One morning I heard some merry voices near my window. I



looked out and saw Beppo walking slowly by, with four laughing, rosy-cheeked little girls on his back. Perhaps you will smile if I tell you they were not riding lady-fashion either.

"Where are you going, Susie, Ethel, Mabel, and Maud?" I cried.

"We are going a-riding," three of the little ones answered in chorus. "A-widing," echoed little Maud, who sat upon the tail.

Alas! Beppo heard my voice, and not one step further would he go. I gave Susie a large, yellow carrot; she held this on a stick in front of his nose, and then he moved on.

He always walked so like a snail, that I feared he was infirm. But one day when a pet mule was brought in from the farm, I found I was mistaken.

Beppo at once made friends with this little colt. He was very playful, and I soon saw that Beppo could be quite as sprightly as the mule.

After that, whenever I took a ride on Beppo I let the mule come too. We had lively runs over the broad, sunlit plains.

When I left Colorado, Beppo came to the station to see me off. I am almost sure I saw tears in his big, sad eyes as I bade him good-bye.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.



THE QUEER COUPLE.

ONCE a hopper and a spider
Promenaded down the street.
Said the hopper to the spider,
"Smile to all we chance to meet."

Said the spider to the hopper,
Slyly glancing at her spouse,
"Do you really think it proper
Thus to recognize a mouse?"

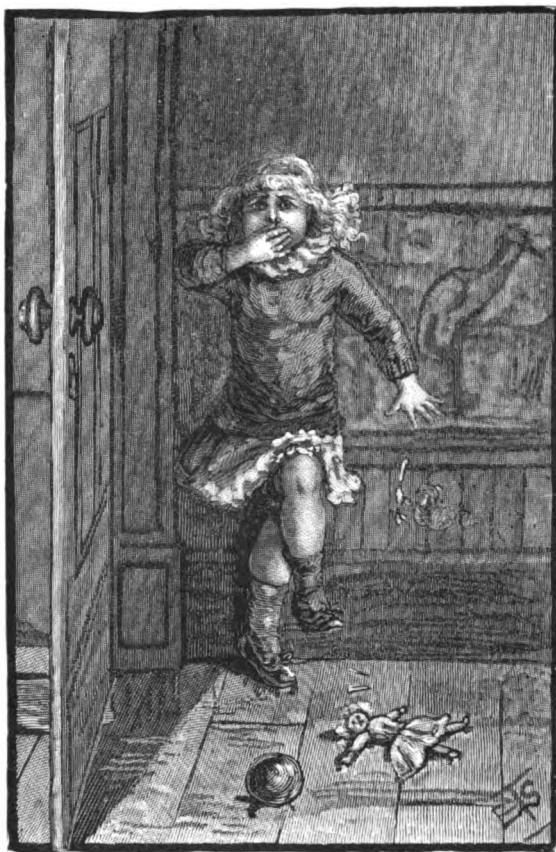
Then her spouse began to chide her
For her foolish pride of life :
“Don’t you know you’re but a spider,
Notwithstanding you’re my wife?”



But the hopper vainly plied her
With his questions quick and keen.
She replied, “Although a spider,
I’m as good as you, I ween.”

Thus the spider and the hopper,
Promenading down the street,
In deciding what was proper,
All their friends forgot to greet.

WM. B. OLESON.



TODDIE LIGHTS A MATCH.

TODDIE's mamma told him never to light matches. But Toddie was very fond of trying experiments. When he saw "big people" take the cunning little wooden things and just by scratching them on anything rough have a pretty little flame, he wondered why he could not do the same.

"They never burn themselves," he said, "an' I guess I'm four years old, 'most old 'nough to do anything!"

So one day when mother's back was turned, and she was busy sewing, Toddie climbed up to a shelf and got a nice red-tipped match. He crept behind the door, so mamma could not see.

Presently mamma was startled by a great coughing and spitting.

A frightened little boy rushed to her, crying, "O mamma, I've burnt my breath out!"

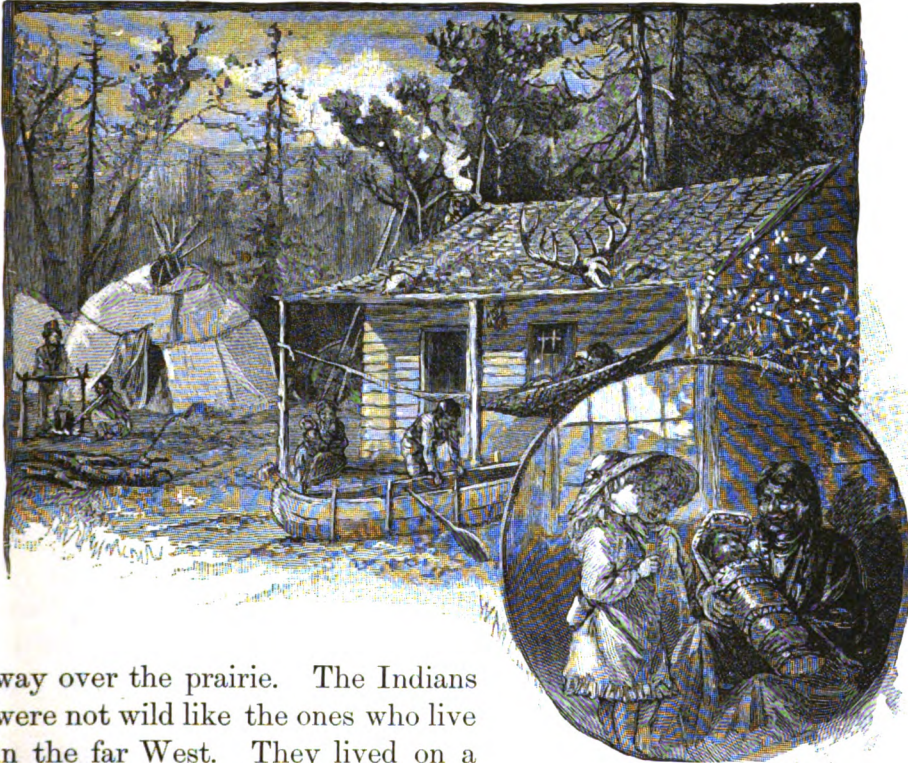
He had held the match too close to his face, and so breathed in the brimstone smoke.

Toddie was very careful about playing with matches after that.

E. S. TUCKER.

A VISIT TO THE INDIANS.

ALLIE and Nettie, two American children, went out to see some Indian houses. Their uncle took them, and they had to drive a long



way over the prairie. The Indians were not wild like the ones who live in the far West. They lived on a Reservation, and had frame houses.

There was only one room in the house, and in front was a large porch. It was about as large as the house, but it did not have any floor except the ground. Near each house was a wigwam made of

bark, and the Indians liked better to stay in the wigwam or the porch than in the house.

They had hammocks hung up in the porch, and wide platforms along the side, where they could sit and sleep.

Allie and Nettie were almost afraid to talk to the Indians at first, but they soon found courage to look into the houses and wigwams.

At the second house they went to they found a little child asleep in the hammock in the porch. It was about two years old, and as brown as a berry. Then a woman took them into the room and showed them another baby. It was a little bit of a thing, and was strapped on a board. There was a piece of hoop that came in front of its head. The hoop had tiny bells hung on it. When the child was moved the bells would jingle. Nettie and Allie would have liked to take it home with them, but the mother thought too much of her baby to let it go. She laughed when they asked for it.

They each bought a bead necklace, to remind them of this visit to the Indians.

L. A. FRANCE.

A QUEER HORSE.

WHAT do you think I saw the other day? You will never guess, I am sure. I will tell you. It is a true story. Three little children, a boy and two girls, were playing with a pretty brown snake. Yes, a pretty snake, about as long as a dinner-knife.

Some people think all snakes are dreadful things. In fact, there are some bad snakes. But many of them are no more to be feared than butterflies. These three children had never been taught that pretty snakes are dreadful.

They had a red string tied about their snake, and were playing horse with him. The snake did not seem to enjoy it quite as much as the children. Yet I think it was kitty who made the trouble. Kitty came to see the fun. She bristled up, and raised her paw to strike the snake. "Now, see here!" she seemed to say, "I am the

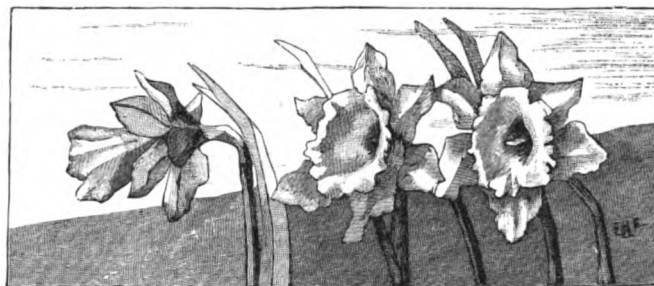
driver ; you go along, Mr. Snake !” Then the little snake drew his head up, and waved his tongue at kitty. He had no idea of going just to please her. This made kitty hop, and arch up her back very high indeed. I daresay the snake laughed to see it, for the children did.

The snake would not go at all so long as kitty shook her paw at



him. But pretty soon the nurse rolled the baby-carriage that way. Kitty was given to the baby to hold. Then the children cried, “Get up !” and the little brown snake began to creep. He would have crawled much faster, I think, only for that red string. Besides, a snake really cannot play horse very well. A horse has four legs, while a snake has none.

UNCLE FELIX.



MOVING-DAY.

JAMIE BRIGHT was four years old when his father and mother moved to a new home. The old home, where Jamie was born, was just in the edge of the woods. Jamie had played in and out among the trees ever since he could walk alone.

Now Jamie's father was going to keep a shop, up by the Green, and a small house near the shop was to be their home. Jamie's mother was sorry to leave the old home; she and his sister Katie wiped their eyes often on the moving-day. But Jamie thought it was great fun to move, and he was full of glee.

Father went up to the new house on that day, to get it ready. Then a man came with an ox-cart to take the beds and chairs and all the other things.

When the load was piled on, mother and Katie set out to walk through the woods, by a short path, to the new house. They had a large basket between them; the cups and glass things were in the basket. Mother called, "Come, Jamie, you can go with us!"

"Oh, no," said Jamie, "I must go after the cart, and take care of the things!"

His mother laughed. She said, "It is a long way round by the road; you will be tired!"

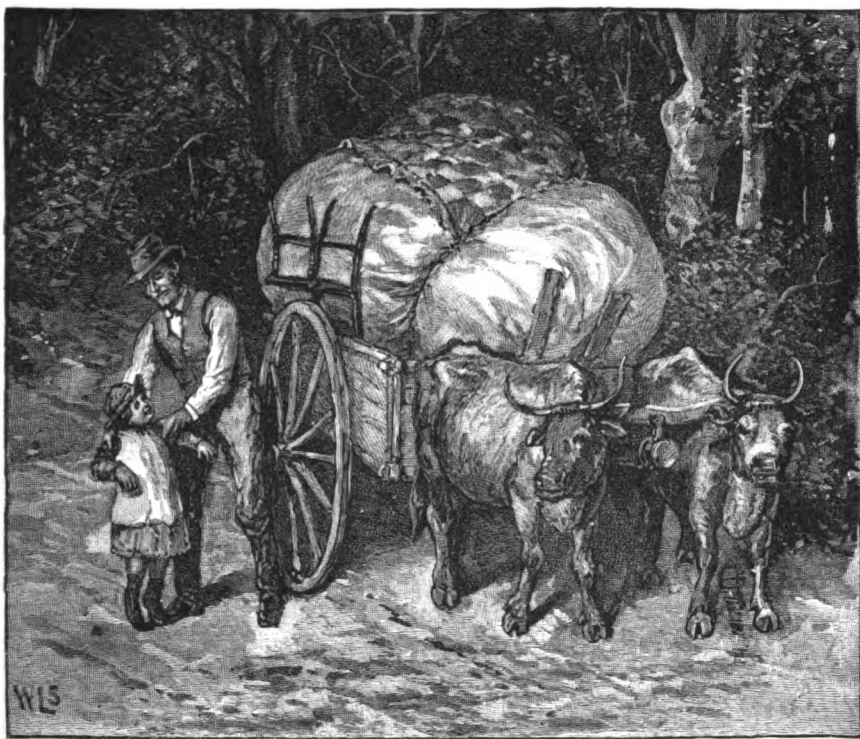
"Best let him go," said the man who drove the team; "we need him to look after the load!"

So the oxen started off at a slow pace, and Jamie followed the cart. His mother's brass kettle hung out at the back of the load,

from the end of the mop-stick. The kettle kept swinging as the cart jogged on. Jamie watched it all the time lest it should fall off.

He tripped and fell down twice, because he was looking up at the cart. But he did not cry; he was a man that day! At last the man who drove saw that the small man was tired. So he said, "See here, youngster; can't you sit up on this feather-bed, and see that the oxen keep the road?"

There was a soft nest, just big enough for Jamie, between two

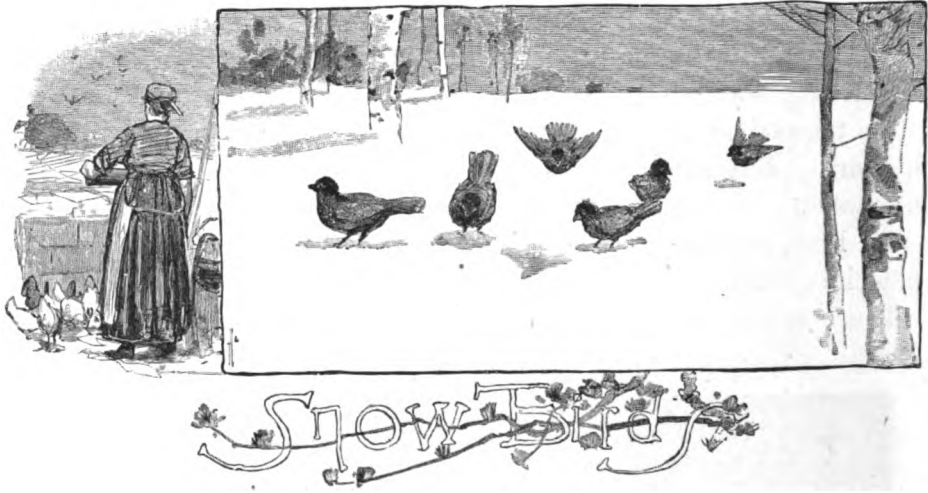


chairs. The man lifted him up there; it was a nice place. In five minutes Jamie was sound asleep.

When they came to the new house the man lifted him down, and said, "Here's the young man who took care of the load!"

Jamie had had such a good nap that he was all ready to help to put the new house in order.

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.



Six pretty brown birds, all in a row,
Hopping along on top of the snow ;

Brave little fellows who ne'er flew away
When the winds became keen and the skies became gray.

Where do they hide, and where do they sleep,
That safe from Jack Frost they manage to keep ?

For down to this spot as sure as the sun
They come every day when the chickens are done.

These never eat all of their meal up quite clean,
And many sweet morsels the little guests glean ;

Till so smooth, and so round, and so plump they have grown,
They can laugh at the birds that have far away flown.

Now Katie the cook, who bakes and who brews,
Says little brown birds make very good stews.

Cruel old Katie ! I'd starve—wouldn't you ?—
Before I would eat any one of the crew.

A. H.



JOHNNIE BROWN'S WHITE DRESS.



JOHNNIE BROWN'S WHITE DRESS.

THIS little boy had light curly hair and large blue eyes. He was a chubby, good-natured fellow. Once in a while he would run away to float a small sail-boat in the harbour. There was a large tub full of water at home, where he could try his boat; but that was not large enough to suit him. One day his mother missed him, and went out to find him. He was down by the shore, with his little trousers tucked up to his knees. By a long twine he was letting his boat "Gipsy" sail towards the ocean. His mamma was quite surprised. She led Johnnie quickly home. What do you think she did? She made Johnnie put on his little white nightdress, and keep it on the rest of the day. His other clothes were put in the closet and locked up. All the rest of the day Johnnie kept out of sight. Once in a while he would peep out from behind the door. He felt badly when he saw the other boys playing outside.

After he had worn this nightdress two or three times, he did not run away. He minded his mamma, and was a very good little boy.

I saw him in the little white nightdress one fine afternoon, and this is a true story. Johnnie is now grown up into quite a great boy.

MRS. E. ORR WILLIAMS.

SOME STRANGE BIRDS.

THERE is a bird that knows how to sew so well that it is called the tailor-bird. Look at this queer nest, which is hidden in the leaves all sewed together.

It makes its thread from the fine cotton on the back of the cotton-plant, which it spins with its delicate bill and little feet. When it is all ready to sew, it makes holes through the leaves with its small bill, and then sews them nicely together.

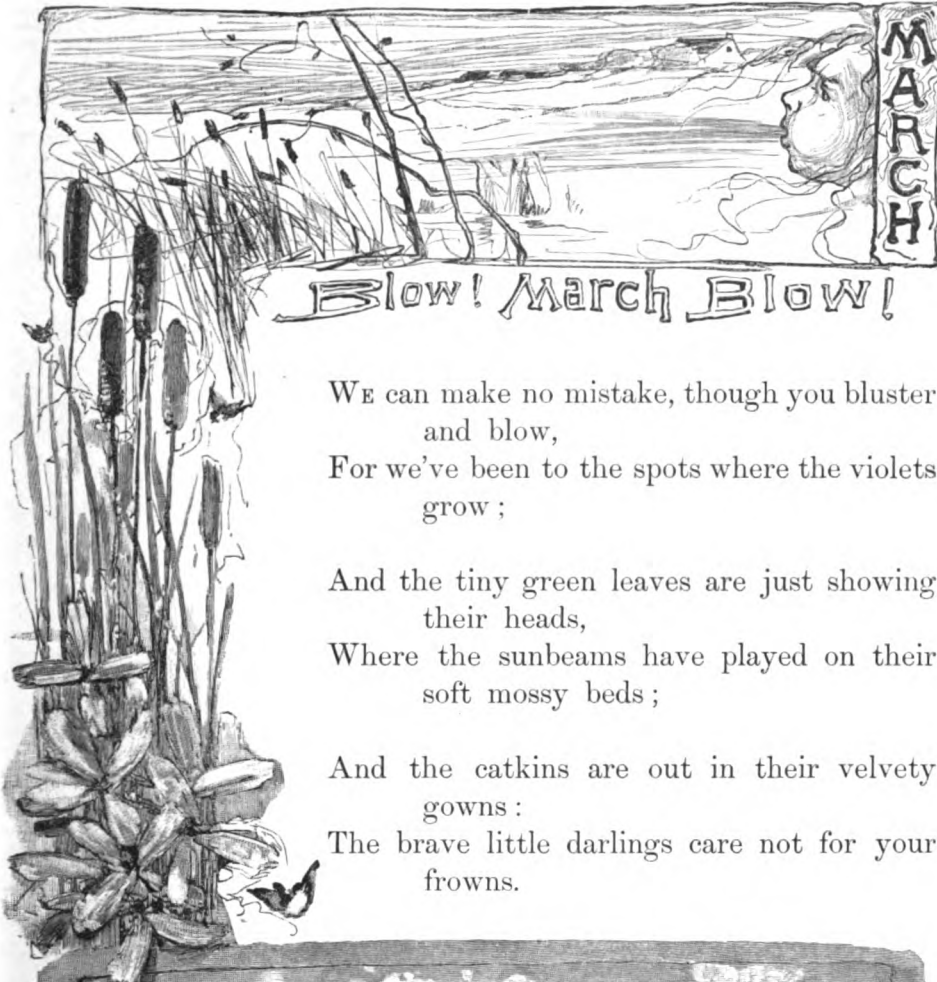
Some birds, like the wood-pecker, use their bills to drill holes in the trees, to get at worms and insects, which they eat. You can hear the "tap-tap" of this little instrument a good way off.

I will tell you of one other, and this is a strange-looking bird. It really has no wings, but such a long bill, which it uses, like all the others, for gathering its food,—insects and worms. But it has a stranger use than that, for it makes a cane of it. It puts the tip, which is pointed, on the ground, and rests upon it, just as an old man does when he leans upon his staff. On account



of this funny habit it is called the cane-bird.

MRS. G. HALL



We can make no mistake, though you bluster
and blow,
For we've been to the spots where the violets
grow ;

And the tiny green leaves are just showing
their heads,
Where the sunbeams have played on their
soft mossy beds ;

And the catkins are out in their velvety
gowns :
The brave little darlings care not for your
frowns.



Blow away! blow away! you only blow gold;
And while you are waiting to storm and to scold,

The daffodils gather and deck themselves fine,
For they know when you come it is surely a sign

That the winter is gone and the bluebird is near.
Blow away! blow away! 'tis a sound full of cheer.

And so we forgive you your boisterous ways,
Because you bring news of the sweet summer days.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

PHILO'S FUNNY TEAM.

ARTHUR was four years old, and he had come from the city, with his mamma, to spend a few weeks at a pleasant farm-house.

After supper, on this first night in the country, Arthur sat close to his mamma on the piazza steps. Pretty soon the sun went away, the air began to grow cool, and then mamma said, "It is time to go to bed."

Arthur scowled, and did not stir. He knew that it was his bedtime; but he felt that it was a great deal pleasanter to sit there, with so many people around, talking and laughing, than to go upstairs to bed in a strange room, even if mamma were within call. No, he made up his mind that he would not go just yet. So when mamma held out her hand, and said, "Come, Arthur!" he scowled harder than before, and said, "I don't want to; it is too early!"

Just then Philo, a boy who lived at the farm-house, and who was more than three times as old as Arthur, came out of the door.

"See here," said he; "if you will go to bed like a good boy, I will take you to ride to-morrow morning with my team."

"Oh, have you a span of ponies?" asked Arthur, the scowl all gone.

"No, not ponies," said Philo, laughing.

"Are they big horses?" said Arthur, a little disappointed.

"They are not horses at all," answered Philo. "You will find out what they are to-morrow morning; it is such a team as you never rode after."

"Perhaps they are dogs," said Arthur.

Philo shook his head.

"Or reindeer, like those of Santa Claus," suggested mamma.



"No," said Philo.

"Tell me!" urged Arthur.

But Philo only laughed, saying, "You had better go to bed now; your mamma is waiting, and if you will get up early I will give you a ride before breakfast."

So Arthur went upstairs, wondering what kind of a team Philo's could be.

The next morning Arthur thought mamma was a long time buttoning his clothes; but it really took but a few minutes, and then

he ran downstairs in search of Philo. He found him waiting at the door, and Arthur opened his eyes in wonder when he saw Philo's team. There were two pretty calves, yoked together, in front of a light, two-wheeled cart, and Philo was holding a whip instead of reins. When he saw Arthur, he jumped out, and in a minute more the two boys were sitting in the funny little carriage, and the well-trained calves were trotting down the road at a quick pace.

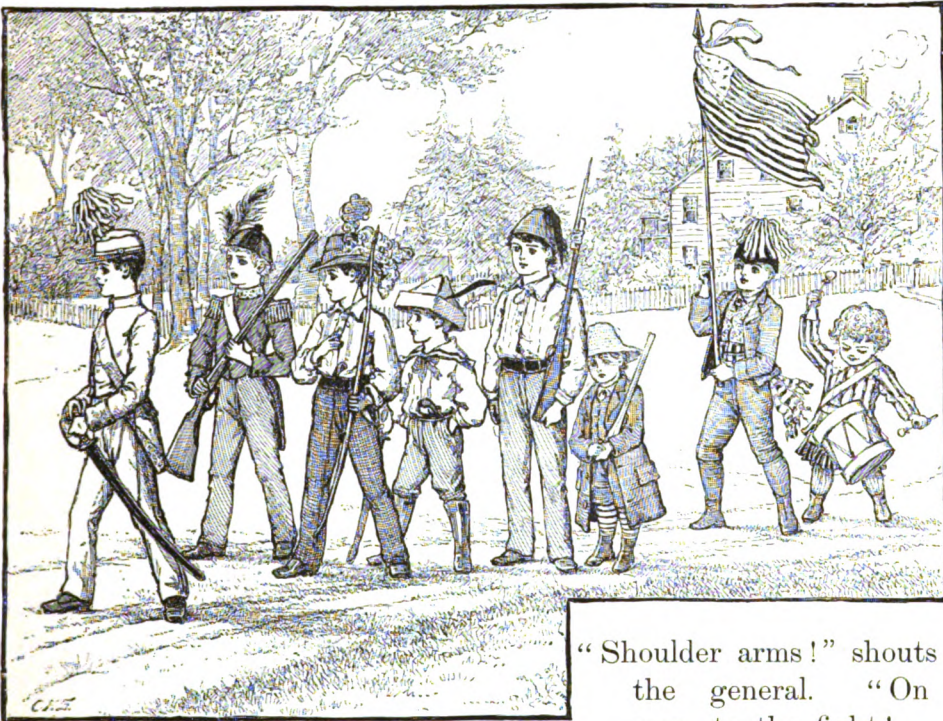
Arthur thought he had never had so nice a ride before. When they reached home, Philo made the calves go through some very odd tricks, in which he had trained them. Arthur had many other rides after the gentle creatures, and when he returned to the city he had a great deal to tell his little friends about Philo and his funny team.

EMMA C. DOWD.

OUR ARMY.

FIRST comes General Charlie, so gallant and gay,
In jacket of scarlet and trousers of gray ;
With fierce nodding plumes and loud clanking sword,—
A sight to strike fear to the enemy's horde.
Then comes Captain Josie, so dashing and bold,
In blue soldier's coat and epaulets gold ;
With weapon in hand and fire in his eye,
He looks ready to fight for his country or die.
Then Brigadier Artie, so sullen and grand,
With good bow and arrow tight held in his hand ;
A knife in his belt and sword in its sheath,—
Our brigadier truly is armed to the teeth.
Now Lieutenant Allen, with soldierly tread,
And paper cocked-hat on his haughty young head.
Then follows the sergeant. I'm really afraid
This army is all of officers made,—
But one little private, who, gun on his arm,
Looks ready to fly at the faintest alarm.

Freddy, the flag-bearer, follows in haste,
 A gay silken scarf knotted tight round his waist ;
 While the colours we honour,—the red, white, and blue,—
 From the end of his staff flutter gaily in view.
 Small drummer-boy Glen closes up in the rear
 With a rub-a-dub-dub most inspiring to hear.



If our blood should be spilt, it will be in the right!"
 "Hip, hooray!" cry the soldiers; "we march to the fray!"
 And with drum loudly rolling go tramping away.

"God bless our brave army!" I say; "every one,—
 From the handsome young general to Glen with the drum.
 For on our dear army of boys we depend,
 Our country, our homes, and our lives to defend."

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



THE JEALOUS LITTLE DOG.

My name is Curly. I am a cunning little cream-coloured dog. I have a long bushy tail that curls up over my back when I am happy, and drags in the dust when I am sad.

I am usually pretty happy, for I have a sweet little golden-haired girl for my mistress. She loves me very dearly ; at least, I suppose she does, from the way she squeezes me, and lets me lick her hands. Her name is Ivy ; and she is so kind to me, that I should never get cross or sad if it were not for Tom.

I just wish Tom was dead. If I were big enough I would tie him up in a bag and throw him into the river. Tom is a big white cat with sharp claws, and an awful appetite for beefsteak. He eats all the meat that Ivy gives him, and then growls and spits at me till I give him mine too. Half the time I am so hungry that I could eat Tom, hair and all, if he would only lie still and let me ; but he won't. He is just the meanest cat I ever saw.

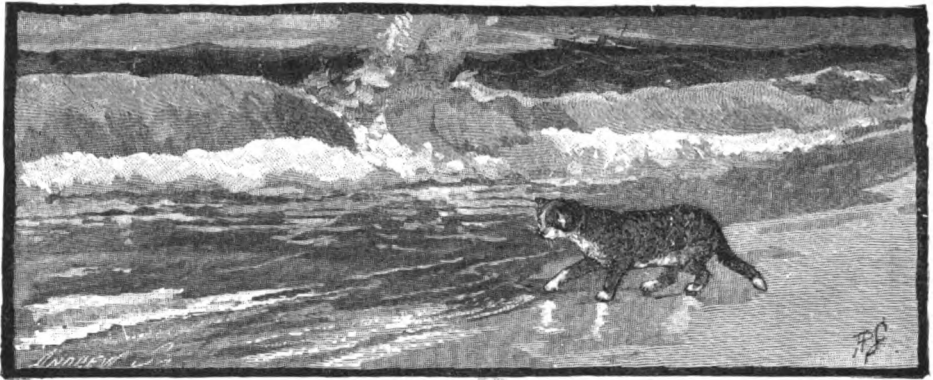
The worst of it all is, Ivy seems to love him nearly as well as she does me. She actually hugs him, and calls him her " Dear kitty ; " and I can't stand it. I always growl at Tom, and try to squeeze myself

in between him and Ivy; but she says, "Ah, you naughty dog, you're jealous!"

Jealous! The idea of a handsome, dashing dog, like me, being



jealous of an ugly old cat! I declare, such injustice almost breaks my heart! I am going off to lie down under the currant-bush now, and try to die—if my mistress will only let me lie still long enough.



THE CAT THAT WENT FISHING.

MINNIKIN was hungry. Her mistress, Maidie, had gone off visiting. Maidie's mamma was sick. Every time cook saw Minnikin, she would say, "Scat! scat!"

So there was nobody to feed pussy. If she wanted something to eat, she must find it herself. It was of no use to watch the mouse-hole. She had looked at it so long that her head ached.

The birds she tried to catch flew away, saying something that sounded like, "Don't you wish you might?"

Minnikin grew thoughtful. She walked down to the shore, where the blue water washed the white sand, and sat down. Do you think she was admiring the ocean? Oh no; she was watching for fish.

After a while there was a ripple. Quick as a flash pussy dipped in her paw. When she drew it out, there was a little fish held fast by her sharp claws. She ate the fish, and felt better.

The next day she was hungry again. She remembered the fish, and ran down to the beach. This time there was something long and black moving about, close to the shore. Minnikin forgot that she didn't like to wet herself. She jumped right into the water, and brought to land a real live eel.

Pussy must have thought, "Now I'll treat cook better than she did me;" for she seized the squirming, wriggling creature with her

teeth, and carried it home, into the kitchen, and laid it at cook's feet. Cook thought it was a snake. How she did scream !

Maidie and her papa had just come in from the station. They ran to see what was the matter ; and it made them both laugh

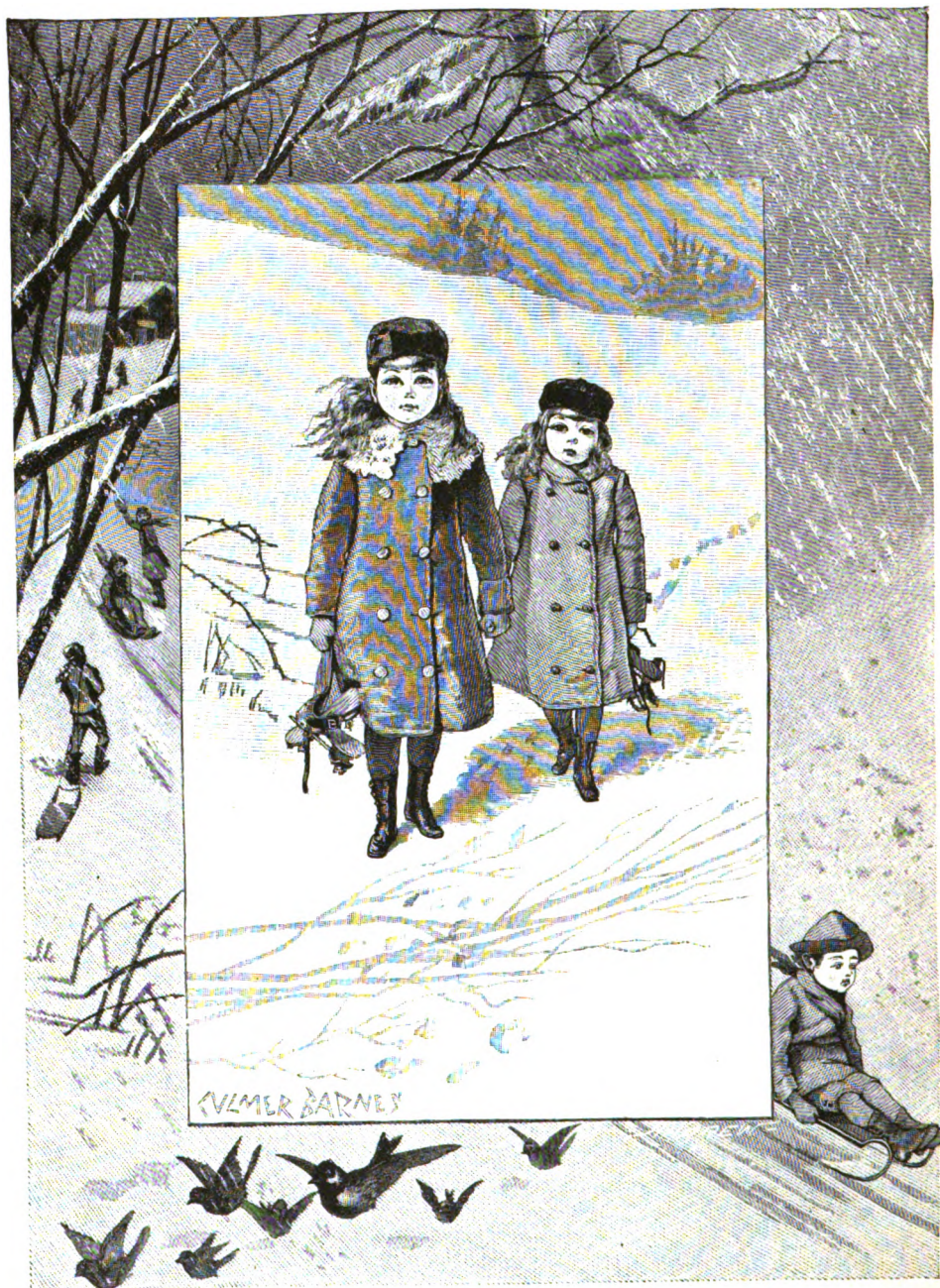


heartily to see cook so frightened by a harmless eel.

If Minnikin went fishing after that, she did it for her own amusement ; for Maidie did not let her go hungry any more.

I don't think, however, that cook ever knew that pussy meant to return good for evil.

JULIA A. TIRRELL.



OUR LITTLE ONES IN WINTER.

A BUSY "DEAR."

A BRIGHT little maiden,
over the way,
Is up from her pillow at
break of day.

Hands and face she washes,
and combs her hair :
Twin pretty brown braids
she ties up with care.

When breakfast is done,
she washes the dishes,
Then hurries away to know
mamma's wishes.



She brushes the chambers, the
stairs and hall,
Puts them in order,—and that
isn't all ;

She clears from the steps the
dead leaves that fall,
And hastens again at mamma's
low call.

What more she is doing, I'm
sure I don't know.
If your mother kept boarders,
would you do so ?

Her name, if I knew, I would
tell it here ;
But I think they do right to
call her "Dear."

JULIA A. MELVIN.



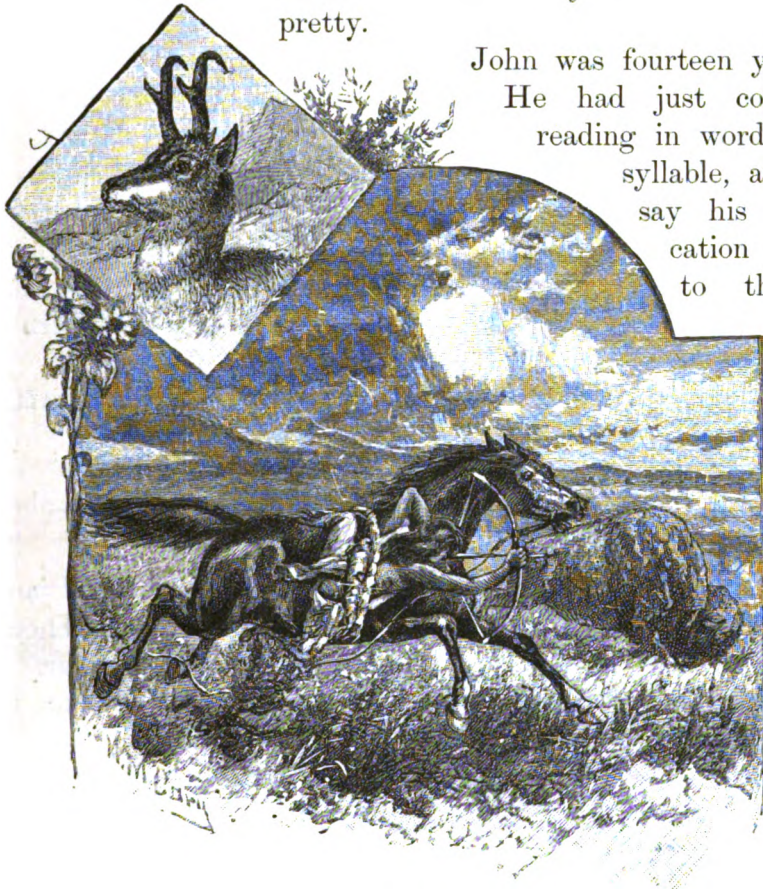
BROWN JOHN.

JOHN was an American Indian boy. His real name was very long, very hard to spell, and very hard to pronounce. So when he came

in to attend the school for Indian children, the teacher gave him the name of John. Sometimes he was called Brown John, he was so very dark.

There were nearly two dozen children in the school. They all had English names by which they were called while in school. John was the brightest and prettiest of them all. I am afraid you would not think any of them were very pretty.

John was fourteen years old. He had just commenced reading in words of one syllable, and could say his multiplication table up to the fives.



He could not write his name, but had learned to make a very crooked J. He could say two pieces of poetry, and was very proud of it.

I suspect you think he did not know much. But you must remember he had been in school only a few months.

Brown John was not dull. One look into his sharp black eyes

would show you that. He could do a great many things which boys who know more about books than he could not.

He could run and leap in a way that would soon tire any one but an Indian. He could make such cunning traps and snares, that the most cautious birds and animals were caught in them. He could ride a wild pony without saddle or bridle, and throw himself to one side so that he was entirely hidden by the horse. He could shoot both with a rifle and a bow. He liked his bow best, and could send his bright-coloured arrows to any spot he wished, and bring down any kind of game. He could see further than any white man. He could name a distant object that seemed to the rest of us a mere speck. He could also hear very quickly, and would notice a sound before any one else.

Until he came in to the school at the fort, he had lived all his life in a wigwam, and done nothing but fish, hunt, ride, and play Indian games. But since he has been there he is anxious to learn like white men and do as they do.

DEBORAH TALLMAN.

TOM AND THE SUGAR.

LITTLE TOM was very fond of sweets. He always ate jam at lunch until his mother took the jar away from him. When he had hot milk to drink, he filled the cup half full of sugar. At Christmas and on his birthday he would say, "Don't give me toys. I'd rather have candy than anything else."

One day Tom was in the kitchen when the grocer's boy brought in a basket of packages. Tom saw his mother fill a wooden box with fine sugar, and set it away in the pantry.

"Give me some sugar, please, mother," he said.

"No," said his mother; "I am going to put a stop to your eating so much sugar. It is not good for you. But I will give you a piece of bread and butter."

"I don't want bread and butter," said Tom, feeling very cross indeed.

"Very well," said his mother, going out of the kitchen.

Tom was left with the cook, who soon went down to the cellar to skim the milk. Tom stepped softly into the pantry and raised the lid of the sugar-box. How nice and white the sugar looked!

"It won't hurt me to eat just a little," thought Tom. So he seized a handful of sugar and crowded it into his mouth. Just as he had finished eating it, he heard his mother's step in the hall. He ran out of the pantry as she came in.

"Have you been at that sugar, Tom?" she asked.

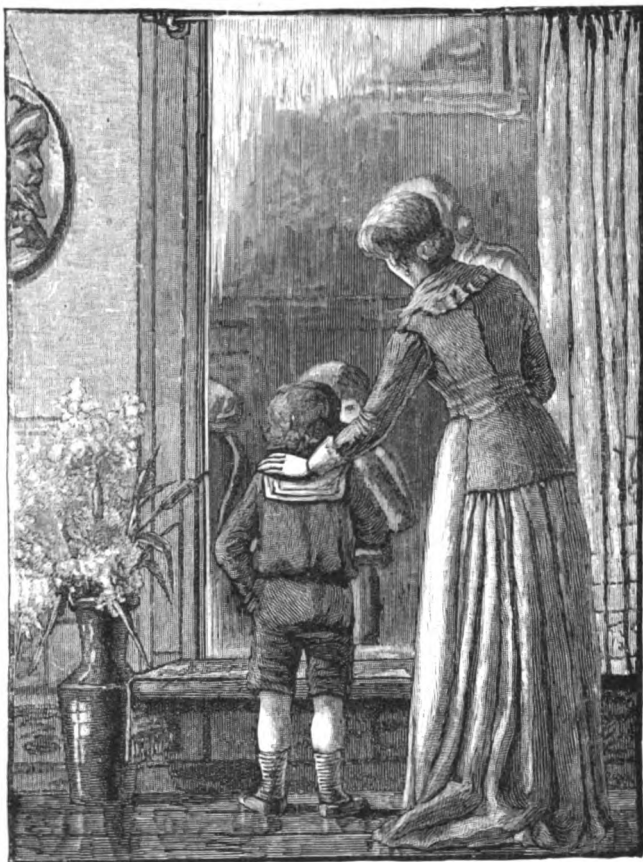
Tom was frightened. He feared he would be punished if he told the truth; so he told a story.

"I was just looking at it," he said. "I didn't take a bit."

His mother did not say anything. She took him by the shoulder and led him into the parlour, where there was a long mirror. Tom looked in, and saw that the whole front of his navy-blue flannel jersey was covered with fine sugar. He began to cry.

"You see, your jersey told on you," said his mother. "You ought to be punished; but I will tell you a little story instead; for I don't think you ever told me a falsehood before, and I hope you never will again."

Then she drew Tom to her knee, and told him the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree. She asked him if he



would not try to be as good and truthful a boy as George. Tom cried harder than ever then, and promised that he would never tell another falsehood ; and I don't think he ever did.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



ONE day I saw some hornets on a bank near our house. I went a little nearer, and saw a hornet which had captured a caterpillar. He tried hard to carry him off, when up came a little ant. He looked at them a moment, and then ran round to the side of the hornet. With a peculiar jump the ant bit the hornet in the side. The hornet did not seem to mind it very much, and went on pulling all the harder at the caterpillar. The ant ran round to the other side, and bit the hornet again. The hornet flew up about an inch, and came back. He was just going to take hold of the caterpillar, when the ant bit him in the head, and he flew away disgusted. He left the caterpillar to the ant, who, with the help of the family, carried him to their home.

WILLIE FORBES.



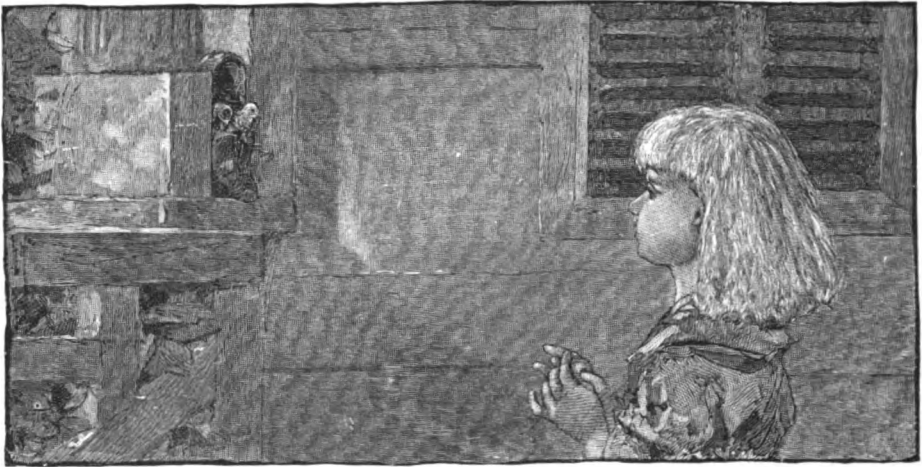
HOW TWO BIRDIES KEPT HOUSE IN A SHOE.

THE morning was sunshiny, lovely, and clear,
And two little wrens were both hovering near;
Chirping and warbling with wonderful zest,
Looking for some place to build them a nest.

They searched the veranda, examined the trees,
But never a place could they find that would please;
Till Mabel, whose eyes were as blue as the sky,
And very observing, their trouble did spy.

Then, quick as the thought darted through her wee head,
"I'll help you, dear birdies," she lispingly said ;
"You just wait a minute, I'll give you my shoe ;
'Twill make you a nice nest, as good as if new."

With much toil and trouble she undid the knot,
Took off the small shoe, and picked out a spot
Behind a large pillar ; there tucked it away ;
And soon she forgot it in innocent play.



But the wrens chirped, "Why, here is a nest ready-made,
In the very best place, too, and quite in the shade !"
They went to work quickly, without more ado,
To keep house like the woman "that lived in a shoe."

When evening shades came, at the close of the day,
And dear little Mabel was tired of her play,
She thought of the birdies, and went off alone,
To see, if she could, what the birdies had done.

With heads under their wings, the wrens were asleep ;
Side by side, in the shoe, they were cuddled down deep ;
Then, clapping her hands, Mabel said, "Keep my shoe ;
My new ones I'll wear, and this one's for you."

"AUNT DEWSY."

“POLLY WANTS TO GO TO TOWN.”

POLL PARROT belonged to a lady in a large town in England. She lived in a great house in a beautiful crescent.

Polly was a favourite. All the nice little children in the crescent knew and loved Polly. On their way to school they would stop to say, “Good morning, Mistress Polly,” and to offer her a bit of cake or a cracker from their lunch-baskets. For these friendly offices they were amply repaid by the quaint sayings which were sure to follow from the glib tongue of Polly.

Sometimes in answer to a cheerful “Good morning, Mistress Polly!” the bird would draw out, “G-o-o-d



m-o-r-n-i-n-g—Polly’s—sleepy.” For the next it might be, “Good morning,—don’t bother a bird.”

Polly’s mistress lost the bulk of her fortune, and went to live in the country.

When she was ready to move, a change came over Polly. She grew moody and silent. To her little friends' greetings she would scarce deign a reply.

At her new home her mood changed, but, alas! not for the better. She now complained all the time; and the burden of her cry was ever the same: "Polly wants to go to town,—poor Polly wants to go to town!"

So sad was the bird's moan that a lady who lived near had to close the front doors and windows of her house and retire to the rear, that she might not hear it.

For fourteen days the poor creature sent forth her pitiful wail. She refused food, and died with the half-finished petition upon her tongue: "Poor Polly wants to go—"

MOTHER CAREY.



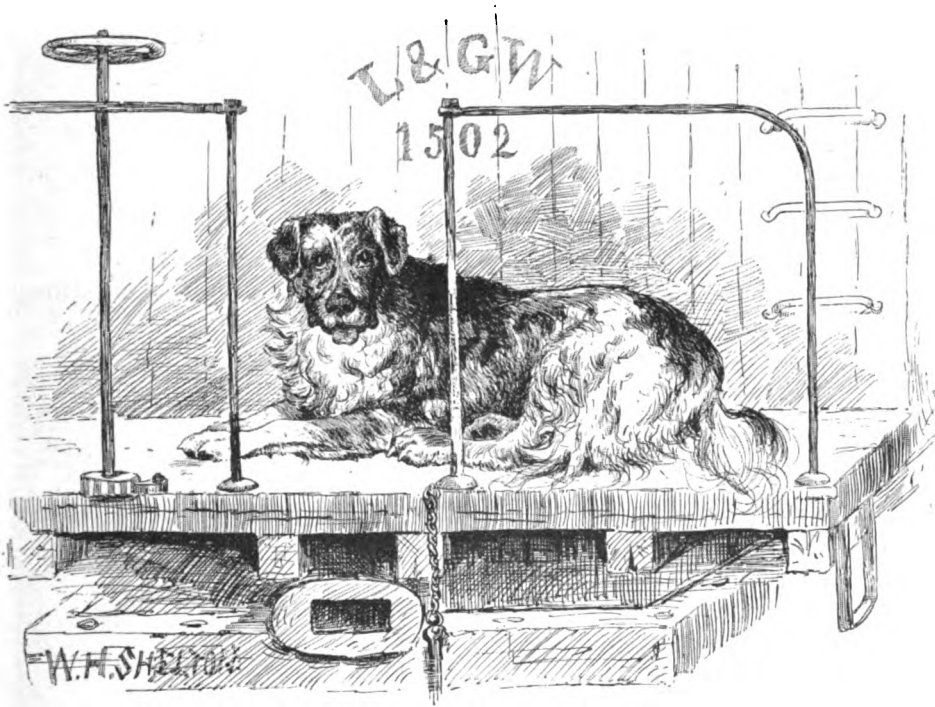
RAILWAY JACK.

A dog at Lewes, near Brighton, has gained the name of Railway Jack, owing to his having travelled over most of the railways in England.

Jack jumps on a train that is just about to start, and while the train is in motion he looks about the country as if he enjoyed the ride. No doubt he does.

When the train stops Jack jumps down and makes friends at once with the station-master. He is well known to many station-masters in England. Jack seldom visits any station more than once. He is fond of change.

Some time ago Jack was away from his home at Lewes longer than usual. His friends gave him up for lost, thinking he had been killed on some railway. But one day Jack came home, to the joy



of all who knew him. His leg had been hurt by some train, which had no doubt kept him so long from home.

The wife of the manager of the London and Brighton line gave Jack a collar. Some one was mean enough to steal it. Judge Hawkins, hearing of the loss when at Lewes, gave Jack another collar, which he seems proud to wear. He has won prizes at several exhibitions, many of which he wears at dog-shows.

T. CRAMPTON.

FIVE YEARS OLD.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

THE little head droops like a broken blossom
Beneath the pelting of a sudden rain ;
With bitter sobbing heaves the baby bosom ;
The sweet lips wear the quivering curve of pain.
What sorrow moves the childish heart,—so heavy
She thinks it never will be light again ?

The violet eyes, all misty with their weeping,
Gaze dimly at an empty cage close by,
Between whose wires, while all the house was sleeping,
The petted bird found narrow room to fly,
And left the little mistress who had loved him,
To seek with joyous wing his own free sky.

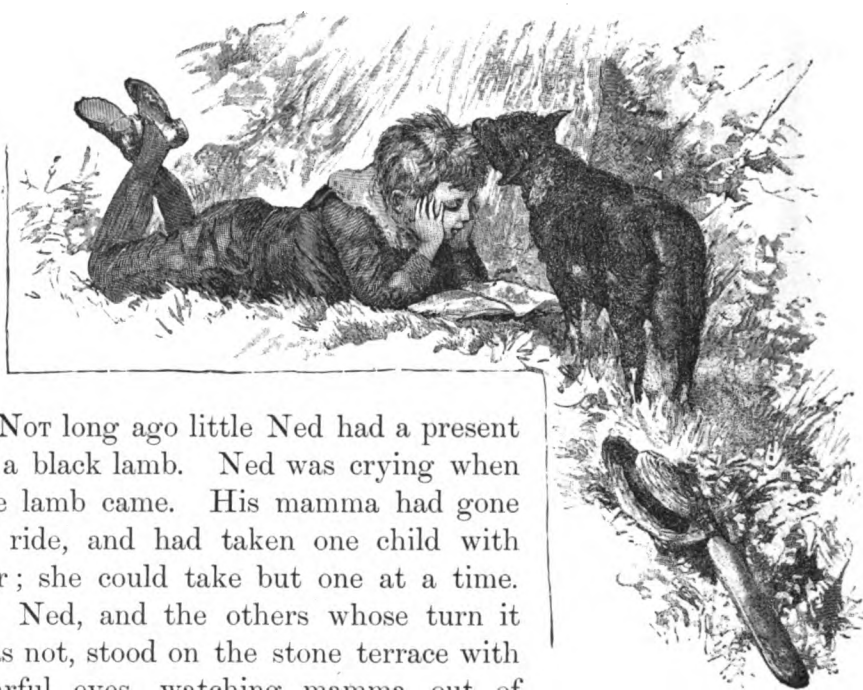
The day is fair, and from the leafy shadows
The wild birds' merry morning carols ring.
Not all the sunshine in a thousand meadows
To one small grieving heart can brightness bring.
Not all the music of the mighty forest
Is sweet as was the song her bird could sing.

But when another happy dawn is breaking,
Her grief shall vanish with the shadows gray ;
And of the young heart's unaccustomed aching
No other sign, save this alone, shall stay ;—
To-morrow's smiles shall owe a deeper sweetness
To all the tearful trouble of to-day.

MARGARET JOHNSON.



NED'S BLACK LAMB.



Not long ago little Ned had a present of a black lamb. Ned was crying when the lamb came. His mamma had gone to ride, and had taken one child with her; she could take but one at a time. So Ned, and the others whose turn it was not, stood on the stone terrace with tearful eyes, watching mamma out of sight.

Just then a man came into the yard with the lamb. Ned and the other children did not cry any more, you may be sure.

The black lamb was a very little thing; it had a line of white about its neck and feet, like a collar and cuffs.

The children called it "a beauty," and "a darling," and they jumped up and down around it for joy. Pretty soon the lamb did so too, jumping up and down on its little legs, stiffly but joyfully. It grew very fond of Ned, and would follow him about all day. After a while Ned's mamma noticed that his hair was jagged and stubby.

"Why, Ned," she said, "what is the matter with your hair?"

"My lambie eats it, mamma," said Ned. "Lambie eats it, and he likes it so much; just as well as he does hay!"

This was true: when the little boy sat with his book, or lay in the shade, the lamb would come up and lovingly nibble his hair. By-and-by lambie grew large, and he took a fancy to dance a stately minuet on the baby whenever it toddled out on the lawn. So the

mother had to send him off to the field, some miles from town. Poor Ned sadly missed his playmate, and his little heart was full of grief.

Some weeks after, when a flock of sheep went by, his mamma heard him say to the driver: "Please have you a little black lamb



with a white collar round its neck? I would like just a little one. If you have not any black, a white one will do as well!"

Even now the family do not talk about the bad ways of that "black sheep," for fear of grieving Ned's faithful little heart.

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.



A QUEER RAG-BAG.

AUNT MARY kept her rags in a large green bag. It had once covered Uncle John's big bass-viol.

One day Aunt Mary said that the rag-bag was very full, and they must sell the rags to the peddler. Jane needed a new bread-pan.

The peddler called for the rags, and Jane carried down the bag.

"You have a fine lot here," he said; "I will weigh them in the bag."

So he weighed them.

"Just eighteenpence," said he; "now I will put them in my cart."

When he did so, Aunt Mary heard him use a strange word.

"That beats all I ever saw!" said the peddler.

Aunt Mary ran out. Jane followed her, with Uncle John's two boys.

"Dear me!" said one.

"Did you ever!" said another.

"For pity's sake!" added Aunt Mary.

And there was Malta, the cat, with two of the prettiest kittens you ever saw, in the rag-bag!

She had been missing for three weeks. The boys had asked all the neighbours about her. They even went to the police-station, and the kind officer said, "We will do all we can to find your pet."

All this time she was sleeping with her babies in the rag-bag. The boys thought she must be starved. Malta looked fat and wise.

"I know," said Jane; "she has taken some of baby's milk. I put it on the table every night, and in the morning it was all gone."

"That was it," said Aunt Mary, "for sometimes baby did not wake up."

"She must have eaten mice, too," said Fred, "for they have all left our room."

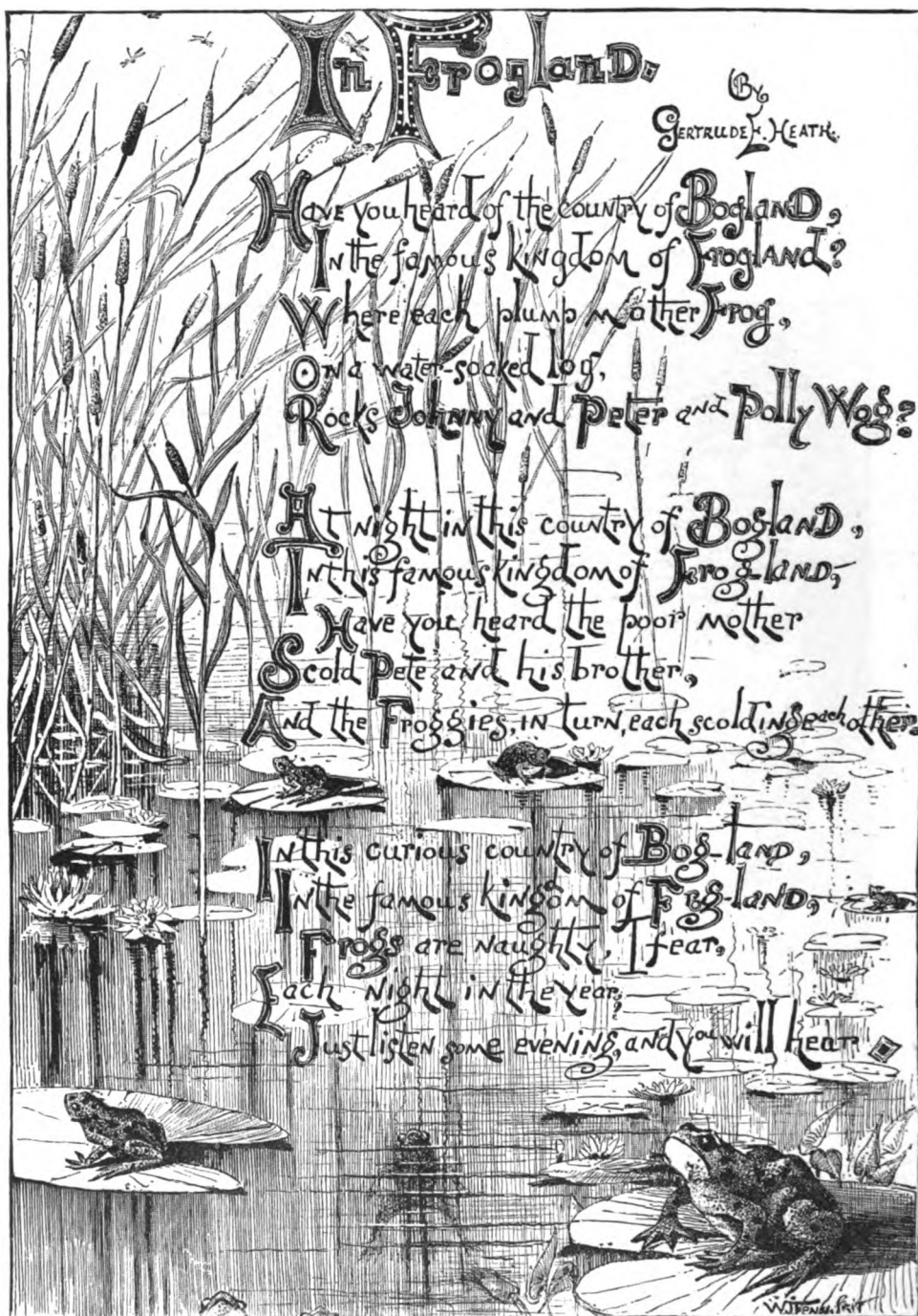


Then the peddler had to weigh the rags again without Malta and her babies, and Aunt Mary did not get eighteenpence.

The peddler said he would give them two shillings for the cat and her babies.

"Sell Malta!" said the boys. "Why, we would just as soon think of selling mother!"

KATE TANNATT WOODS.







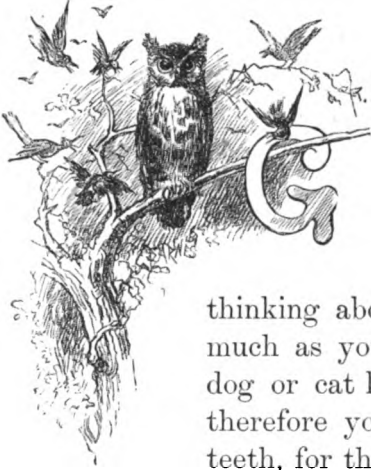
LITTLE BLOSSOM.

THIS wee bit lady
 Has a wee bit bonnet;
 'Tis made of dainty needlework
 With a broad frill upon it,—
 A Mother Hubbard bonnet!
 The ruffle flutters round her face,
 And every breeze that blows
 Whispers, "Ah, what a funny place
 To find a white Scotch rose,—
 A fresh-blown, white Scotch rose!"

This wee bit lady
 Has a wee bit gown,
 Straight and breezy in the skirt
 From the yoke down,—
 A Mother Hubbard gown!
 And when she toddles on the walk
 With small uncertain feet,
 No rose upon its swaying stalk
 Was ever half so sweet,—
 So bonny, fair, and sweet.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE THINKING OF ANIMALS.



OD gives to every animal just such machinery as its mind can use. If it knows a good deal, he gives it a good deal of machinery; and if little, he gives it but little.

Some animals do a great deal of thinking about what they see, hear, and feel; very much as you do, only that you know more. Your dog or cat knows a great deal more than an oyster; therefore your pets are given paws and claws and teeth, for their minds to use.

I once knew a cat that was born in the spring-time after the snow was all gone. When the first storm came the next winter,



snow fell in the night and was more than a foot deep. Of course "Smutty Nose" had never seen it before. When she came out in

the morning she looked at it with very curious eyes, just as you would look at anything new ; very likely she thought how clean and white and pretty it was.

After looking at it awhile, she began to poke at it with first one paw and then the other, several times, to see how it felt. Then she gathered some up between her paws, as much as she could hold, and threw it up in the air over her head ; then ran swiftly all round the yard, making the snow fly like feathers wherever she went. Now do you not believe pussy was thinking and feeling just as you boys and girls feel when you see the first snow, to know anything about it? I do. Her mind was very busy in her little brain in these sports, just as your mind is in your sports ; and she enjoyed them, in her way, just as much.

MRS. G. HALL.



MABEL was a good little girl, but she did not like to study. She told her mother she could walk and talk, and she didn't want to read.

Her mother was sorry to hear her little girl talk in that way.

She told Mabel how foolish she would feel to grow up and know nothing.

Mabel said she would like to learn if it was not such hard work.

One morning Mabel lay on the floor with her book in her hand. She said, "Mamma, I don't think other little girls have such hard times studying."

"I know my little girl is not very stupid," said her mother. "If you would study your lesson, instead of thinking how hard it is, you would soon get through, Mabel. Put your book away now, and I will give you a lesson without any book."

Mabel was delighted to put her book down. She did not know what her mother could mean. They put on their hats and walked a great distance. At last they came to a shady yard with a large stone building in it. Mabel's mother asked to go to the school-room. They were taken into a large room. Many little girls were seated in a row, with books in their hands.

"Now, Mabel," said her mother, "see how nicely these little girls study."

Mabel looked at their books and said, "Mamma, they are not studying, for their books have no letters in them."

Mabel's mother then asked for one of the books, and showed it to her. There were no black letters in the book. Mabel felt the page, and found that it was rough. Her mother told her it was covered with raised letters.

The teacher told one of the little girls to read for Mabel. The pupil ran her fingers over the page, and read nicely. Mabel then learned that the poor little girls were blind, and could only read by feeling the letters.

Mabel told her mother that she had enjoyed her lesson without any book very much, but she was so sorry for the little blind girls. Her lessons would not seem hard again, when she thought of them.

AUNT NELL.

POOR JOSEPHINE.

OUR beautiful pet was called Josephine. She was a collie, with soft brown eyes, and had a great deal of sense. She seemed to understand whatever was said to her, and to have many thoughts of her own besides.

One day we were going to send off some of her pretty puppies on the train. Josephine went with us to the express office, and saw the little creatures in the box ready to set out.

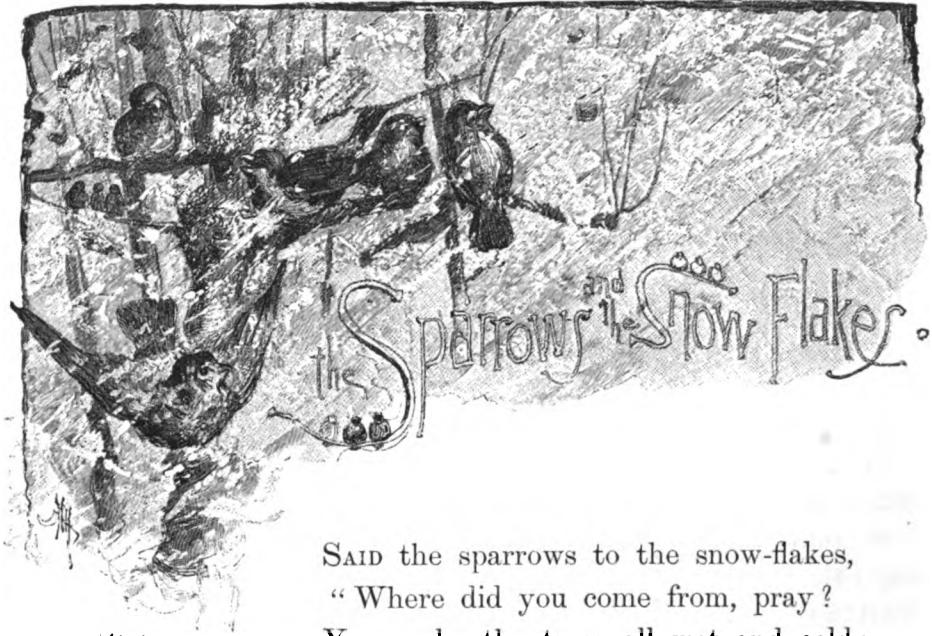
She came home with us, but we soon missed her. We found that she had gone back alone to take leave of her puppies.

Poor Josephine came to us one evening in great agony. She lay at our feet with her soft brown eyes raised, as if pleading for help. We did everything we could for our pet. A cruel man had given her poison.

For three days she suffered the greatest pain, and then died. We buried her as a friend, and covered her grave with green turf and flowers.

PINK HUNTER.





SAID the sparrows to the snow-flakes,
 "Where did you come from, pray?
 You make the trees all wet and cold;
 We wish you'd go away."

Said the snow-flakes to the sparrows,
 "Don't be so rude and bold;
 Your feather coats are nice and warm,
 You cannot feel the cold."

Said the sparrows to the snow-flakes,
 "You cover up the way;
 We'll starve, because we cannot find
 A thing to eat to-day."

"Dear sparrows," said the snow-flakes,
 "Now do not get so mad.
 We come from yonder cloudland,
 To make the children glad;

"And the little ones who love us,
They love the sparrows too;
They'll scatter crumbs each morning,
And houses build for you."

"Of course we will, and gladly,"
Said the little children all.

"We love the tiny snowflakes;
We love the sparrows small."

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



THE GREEDY HENS.

ONE day I chopped up a large plate of meat and took it out to feed my hens.

There happened to be one piece much larger than the others, having a bone in it so I could not cut it. As I set the meat before my hens, a greedy one caught this large piece and ran off with it.

Another hen wanted the same piece, and ran after her to see if she could not get it for herself. While they were chasing each other around the yard, trying to eat their bone, which was too large for them to swallow, the other hens ate up all of the finely cut meat.

When the two hens got tired of quarrelling about the bone, they



went off and left it lying on the ground. They looked silly enough when they came back and found the nice meat all gone. They had lost their dinner through their selfish greed.

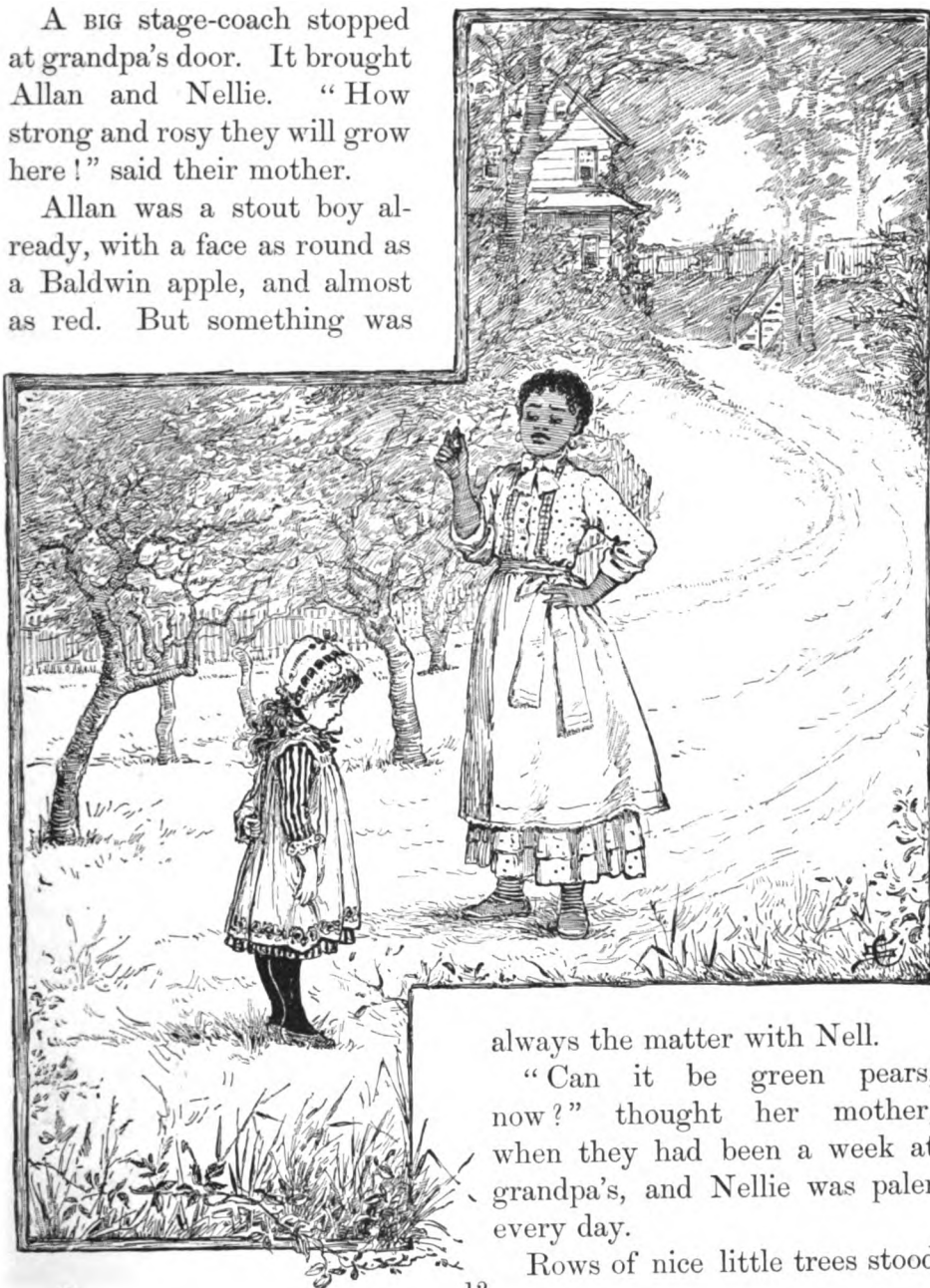
It seemed very foolish for these hens to do as they did ; but I have known little boys and girls who at times do not act with any more wisdom.

H. L. CHARLES.

THE BITE-SIDE DOWN.

A BIG stage-coach stopped at grandpa's door. It brought Allan and Nellie. "How strong and rosy they will grow here!" said their mother.

Allan was a stout boy already, with a face as round as a Baldwin apple, and almost as red. But something was



always the matter with Nell.

"Can it be green pears, now?" thought her mother, when they had been a week at grandpa's, and Nellie was paler every day.

Rows of nice little trees stood

like armed soldiers in grandpa's garden. Once in a while they fired a hard but tempting bullet. Allan was never hit. Of course not,—the boy that minded mother!

And nobody saw sly little Nell pick up anything under the trees. She looked guilty one morning, though, when Dinah, the nurse-girl, came out of the porch-door.

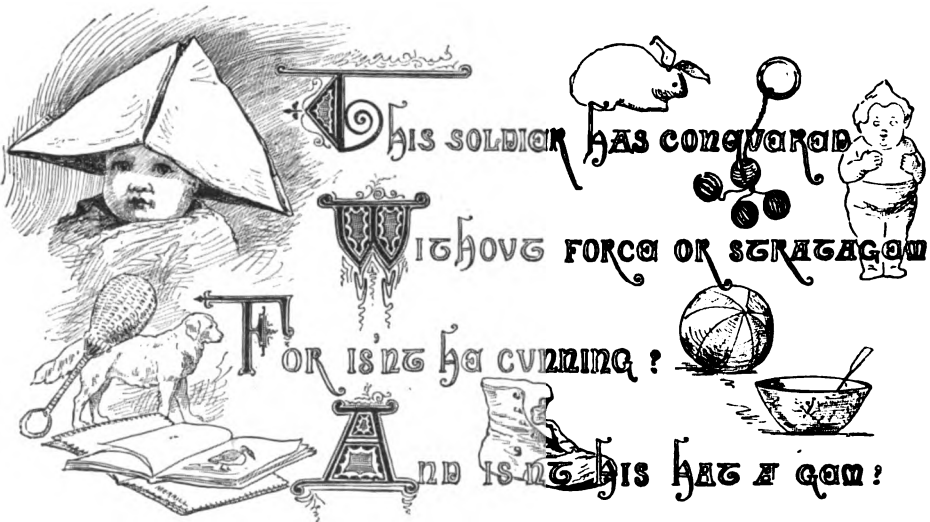
"I didn't touch that pear," said Nellie, pointing to one that lay at her feet. Dinah picked it up. There were the marks of little teeth, and one bite had been taken by somebody.

"Now, miss," said Dinah, "you must take that pear and show it to your mamma!"

"Must I?" said brown-eyed Nellie. "Then I shall hold it the bite-side down."

"No matter which way you try to hold it," said wise Dinah, looking like a minister with her white tie and apron, "when one has been doing wrong, 'the bite-side' always comes up."

MARY ABBOTT RAND.





LITTLE TEDDY AND ROVER.

EIGHT years old is little Teddy,
Full of life and fun ;
And for frolic always ready
When his tasks are done.
From his eyes the laughter glances
With a merry gleam ;
While around the room he dances
Like a sunny beam.

He has a clever dog called Rover,
Fond of tricks as he ;
Black and curly, too, all over,
As some sheep we see.
On his hind legs Teddy sets him,
Bids him "stand at ease ;"
Then a cap and sword he gets him,
Little friends to please.

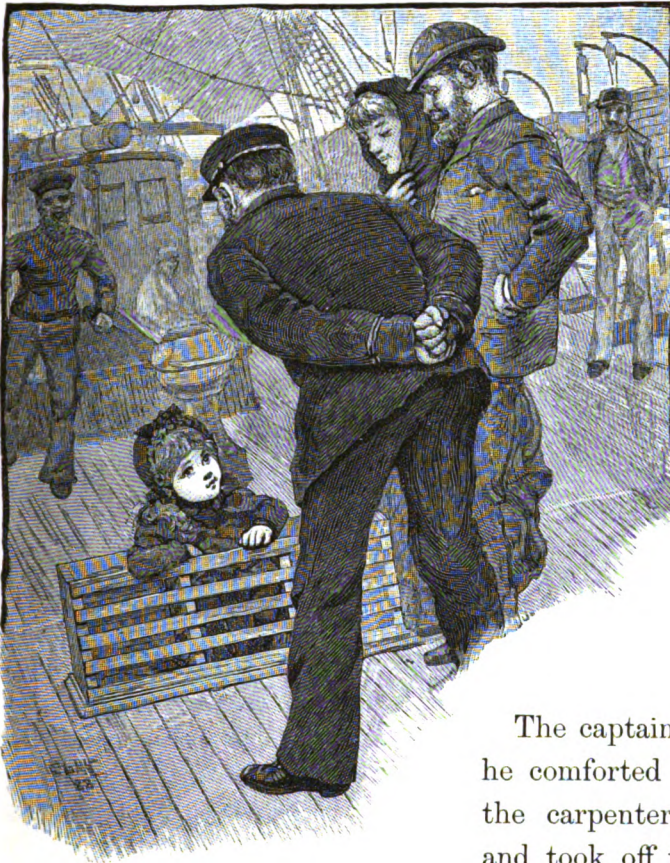


On his back old Rover's lying,—
You would think him dead ;
But he's neither dead, nor dying,
Only watching Ted.
"Right about !" says little Teddy ;
"Make us all a bow ;
Then say 'good-night' clear and steady.
Rover barks, "Bow-wow!"

GEORGE BENNETT.

NELLY'S TRAP.

ONE fine summer, in July, little Nelly was crossing the Atlantic with her papa and mamma. One morning we had nearly reached Liverpool, and Nelly was on deck with her papa, having a play, when she suddenly stepped into the lantern-box, on the wheel-



house. She settled down into it, and when she tried to get out she found she could not. Her papa tried to help her out, but she fitted in so tightly that he could not take her out.

One of the ladies who was standing by said that Nelly looked like a flower in a pot.

The captain was near her, and he comforted her. He sent for the carpenter, who soon came, and took off the slats in front of

the box, and dear little Nelly got out.

Nelly thought the gulls she saw flying about the ship would have got out much easier than she did. The captain said he should always call the lantern-box "Nelly's trap."

A. W. D.



THE BLACK SHEEP.

FARMER DALE had a flock of sixty sheep. Sammy Dale had a flock of six sheep. They were all his own, and when their wool was sheared off and sold to the mill-men, he had the money. He had a cow, too, and sold her milk every day. He did not spend his money for candy and toys; he kept it, and had it put into the bank. He saved all the money he could. He was planning to buy a mill when he was a man.

Sammy's uncle George lived at Hill Farm. He owned a great many sheep. Among them were several black ones. There was one named Peggy, that was very tame and gentle. Sammy wanted her, and Uncle George agreed to take a white one in exchange for her. So one day Sammy took a sheep from his flock, named Hop-over, and carried her to Hill Farm, and Uncle George gave him Peggy.

Sammy went home, pleased with the bargain he had made. He took Peggy along to the pasture and put her with the other sheep. They were scattered about, feeding quietly; but when they saw their black cousin coming towards them, they began to run away as fast as they could. They had never seen a black sheep before, and were as much frightened as if a fierce dog had come among them.

Peggy was not afraid of their white coats, and she wanted to be friendly, so she kept running after them while they kept running away. Sometimes old Lady Southdown, who was very courageous, would stop and face Peggy. She stamped her foot and shook her head at her, and then she would turn and run again.

At last Sammy called Peggy out of the pasture and put her into the yard. His father told him to wait till night, and let her go into the barn with them, and then they would get acquainted with her.



So when it was dark Sammy let Peggy into the barn with the flock. They could not see that she was black, therefore they were not at all disturbed.

In the morning Sammy looked into the barn and saw Peggy right in the midst of them, lying close to Lady Southdown. They knew now that she was a sheep like themselves, though her wool was another colour. They were always friendly with her afterwards.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

SIX YEARS OLD.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

STEPS she out into the sunshine,
Wafting back a kiss to me :
Eyes demure and dimples hidden,
Wayward smiles that dance unbidden
Through her dear new dignity.

Very proud of her attainments ;
All absorbed in "two times two ;"
"A B C" already scorning ;
On her bonny brow, the morning
Of a wisdom sweet and true.

Not from books alone, my Ethel,
Are you learning hour by hour :
Every breeze about you blowing
Bears a lesson worth your knowing ;
Every bright-eyed bud and flower,

Flying cloud and April sunshine,
Birds that sing and bees that hum,
Each is bringing you its treasure,
Knowledge new, and good and pleasure—
Stores for happy years to come.

Slowly out of sight she passes,
Smiling back a blithe good-bye.
All the round world, onward turning,
Help her in her happy learning,
While the busy moments fly !

MARGARET JOHNSON.

SIX

YEARS

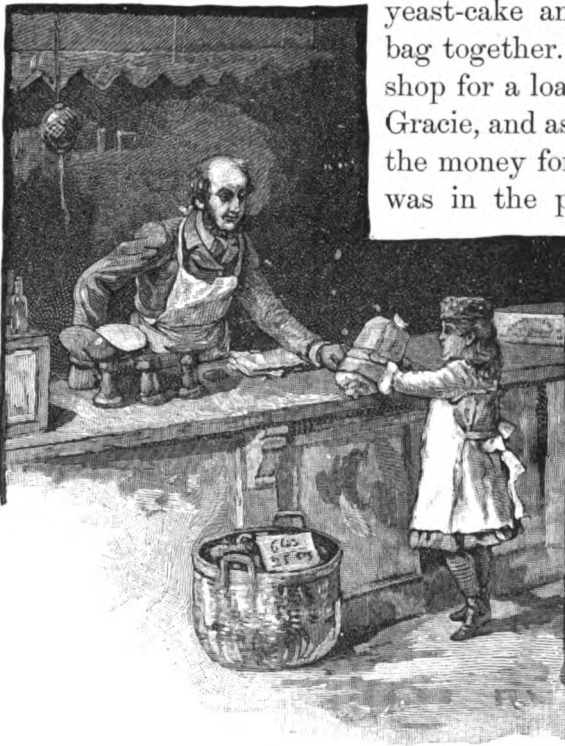


OLD:

DOING ERRANDS.

MAMMA was so busy, that she sent her little Gracie to do some errands. She gave her a shilling, and told her to buy a yeast-cake, that would be threepence; and a loaf of bread, that would be eightpence; then she would have a penny left to buy candy for herself.

She bought the yeast-cake first. The shopkeeper took the shilling. She told him she would have some candy. So he gave her ninepenceworth of candy. He put the



yeast-cake and the candy into a paper bag together. Then she went to another shop for a loaf of bread. The man knew Gracie, and asked her if she had brought the money for it. She said she had; it was in the paper bag. She gave him

the bag to find it. But he said there was no money in the bag, and she could pay for the bread when she came again.

How was that? Gracie did not understand it; and she hurried home to her mother.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed, "I'm afraid Mr. Smith is a little stealy." And she turned out the yeast-cake and the candy, telling her the change

must have been in the bag, and Mr. Smith said it was not.

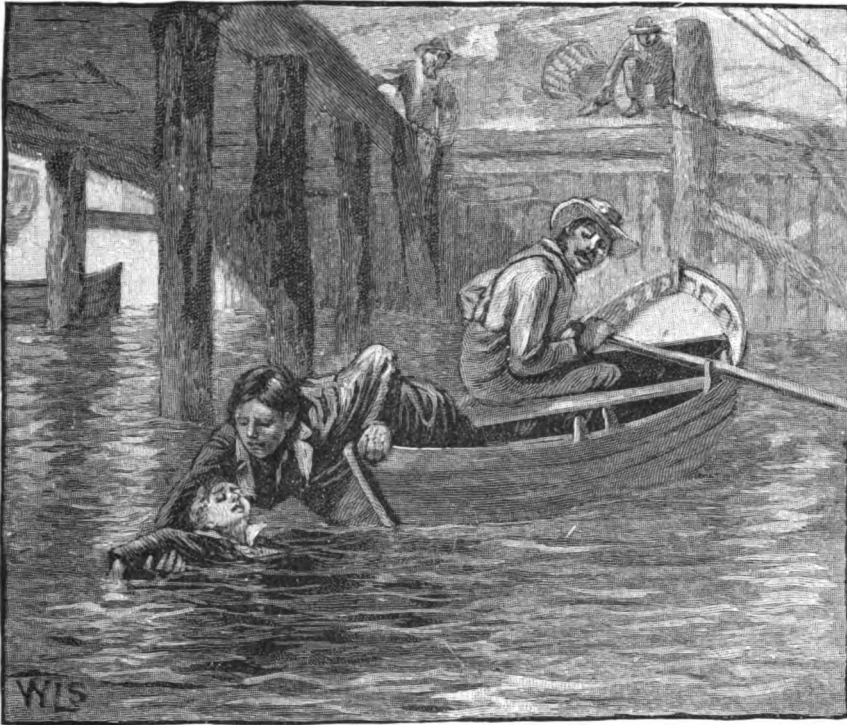
"But you bought too much candy," said mamma. "You should have got the bread first!"

Gracie had forgotten to tell the shopkeeper "one pennyworth," and of course there was no change left.

How sorry she was that she had called Mr. Smith a "little stealy!" She would not let her father sit down to dinner until he had been to the shop and paid for the bread.

Now, when she goes errands, she is sure that everything is right. She has almost learned to make the change herself.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



MY PAPA'S TRUE STORY.

WHEN I was a little girl my papa told me a true, true story ; and this is what he said :—

"Once there was a little boy named Willet, and he was five years old. He was his mamma's only son, and she tried very hard to

make him obedient, so that he would grow up to be a good and noble man ; but Willet would not always mind.

"One Sabbath day she bathed him white and clean, and dressed him in his little new shoes and Sunday suit.

" ' Now, Willet,' she said, as she gave him a good-bye kiss, ' come right home from Sunday school ; do not stop upon the road to play, or look at anything, for you will make mamma very uneasy if you are late.'

" ' I'll come straight home, mamma ; I won't forget.'

"But ah ! he did forget ; for as he was coming home he passed near a great shining river, and there he saw men fishing from the docks.

" ' I will watch them just one minute,' he said, ' and then I will go right on.'

"The docks were wet and slippery, and as he leaned over to see one of the men draw in a large fish, his feet slipped, and before he could cry out, he had fallen down, down, down, into the dark green water.

"Once he rose to the top, gasping and struggling ; then down he sank again. A second time he rose, only to sink quickly back again. A third time he rose ; and the fishermen, who had gone out quickly in a boat, caught him and drew him into it. And it was well, for he would never have risen again. He was very ill for many days afterward, and all through his fever he cried out that he was sinking down into the black water.

"When strong again, he thanked his Heavenly Father that he had been saved from so sad a death. From that time on he always tried to be an obedient boy."

"Where is he now, papa ?" I asked when the story was done.

"Right here," he answered quietly ; " I was the little boy."

"O papa ! did you come so near being drowned ?" I cried, throwing my arms about him, and clasping him close.

"Yes, little daughter ; and I hope you will learn from this, as I did, that it is better to be obedient."

"Yes, indeed," I answered, " I'm sure it is ; and I will try."

JENNIE S. JUDSON.



BABY WILLIE.

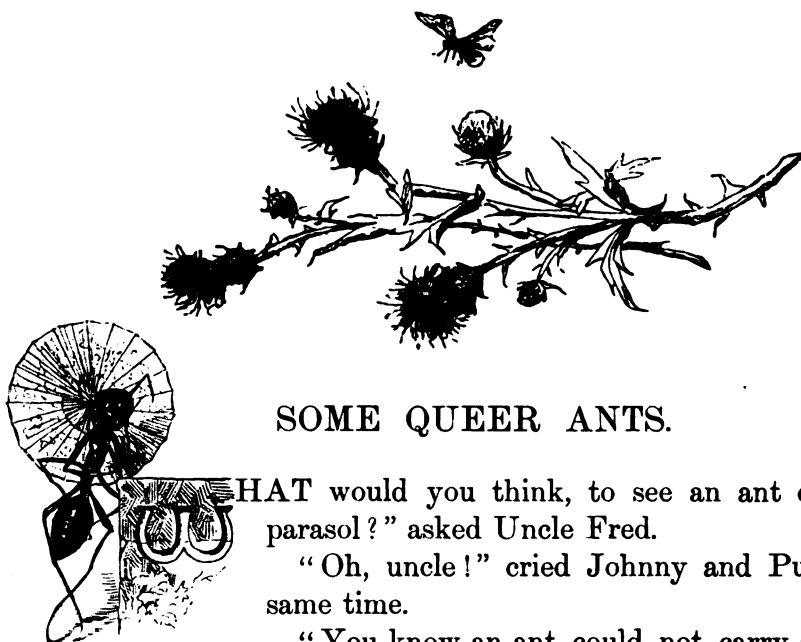
BABY WILLIE, dressed so warm,
What cares he for wind and storm?
Sleighbells jingling as we go
Skimming o'er the ice and snow.

Baby Willie laughs in glee
As we glide so merrily.
Jolly fun, he thinks, to ride,
With his sister by his side.

Baby Willie, brother mine,
Whose soft arms my neck entwine,
On my cheeks so lovingly
Sweetest kisses gives to me.

Rosy lips and golden hair,
Dark blue eyes and cheeks so fair,
To us all his smile brings joy,
Darling Willie, baby boy!

EDITH E. SHERMAN.



SOME QUEER ANTS.

"WHAT would you think, to see an ant carrying a parasol?" asked Uncle Fred.

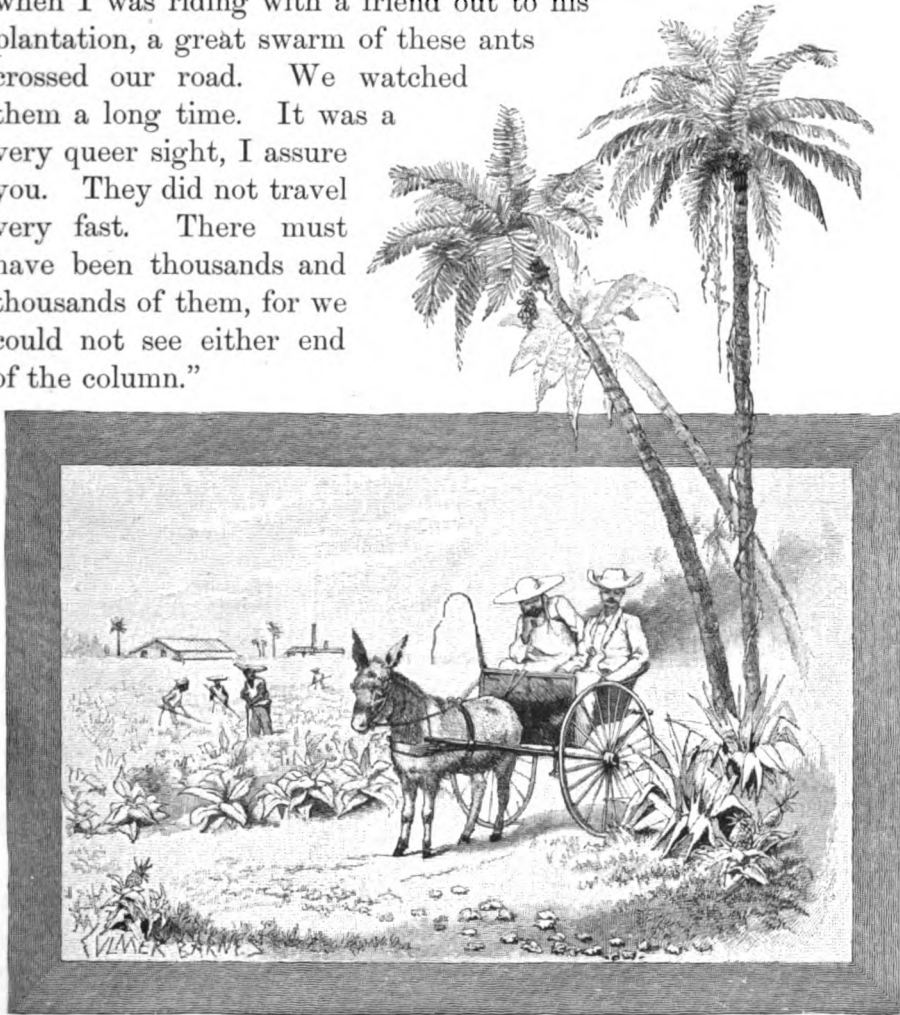
"Oh, uncle!" cried Johnny and Puss at the same time.

"You know an ant could not carry a parasol," added Puss.

Their uncle had just come home from a long trip to the West Indies and South America. He had a great many wonderful stories to tell them about the queer sights he had seen and the strange places where he had been. But they thought he must be joking with them now, for they could not believe that an ant could do such a thing.

"Well," said Uncle Fred, "their parasols were not made of silk stretched over a wire frame. They were only pieces of leaves from trees, and the ants held them in their mouths in such a way that

they covered their body entirely. You could not see the ants at all, so the leaves looked as if they were marching along of their own accord. The first time I saw any was in the West Indies. One day, when I was riding with a friend out to his plantation, a great swarm of these ants crossed our road. We watched them a long time. It was a very queer sight, I assure you. They did not travel very fast. There must have been thousands and thousands of them, for we could not see either end of the column."



"Where were they going, I wonder?" said Johnny.

"They were carrying the leaves to their nests. They do not eat the leaves, but they are very fond of a fungus which grows on them after they have been a little while in their underground nests. The ants are very destructive, and do a great deal of damage. Sometimes they will cut every leaf off a tree.

"Don't we have any here?" asked Puss, who was much interested, and wished she could see some.

"No," said Uncle Fred. "We have some curious ants, but none like those I have been telling you about."

FRANK HOLTON.



WISE SNOW-DROP AND SILLY BILLY.

LITTLE Davie Morgan lived in North Wales. His father kept a great many goats. They used to climb up and down those high rocky mountains, and leap from crag to crag, where no other animal would dare to go.

On Davie's sixth birthday his father brought down from the mountain a pair of twin kids for his birthday present.

One of them was pure white with buff ears, and Davie named her "Snow-drop." The other, a beautiful gray shaded with black, he called "Billy," after his older brother. They were to be Davie's own pets, and he did pet and feed them so that they soon grew fat and saucy. Billy, I have no doubt, really loved his pretty twin-sister, "Snow-drop," but he delighted to tease her whenever he had a chance.

In Wales there are a great many mountain streams, narrow but deep, that go dashing over their rocky beds, making foamy water-

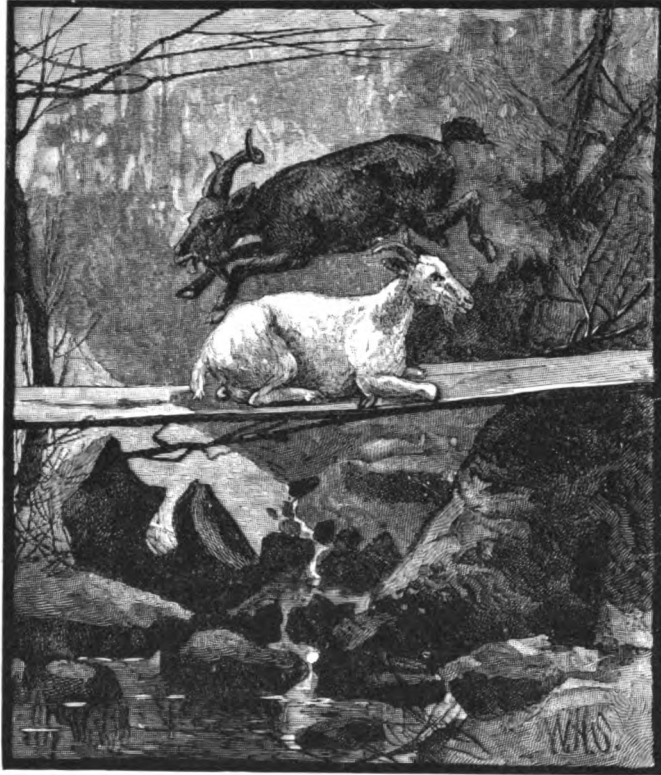
falls and dark pools, where the speckled trout play "hide-and-seek" on sunny days.

The only foot-bridge over some of these streams is a plank, or a couple of small trees laid down side by side. These are round, and often slippery. It would seem dangerous crossing for anything but Welsh children and goats. Of course the folks or the animals that cross have to go over "Indian file." They could not possibly pass each other.

Billy and Snow-drop often trotted over these little bridges, he always taking the lead. One day, when he was in a very mischievous mood, he trotted over as fast as he could; then turned round and came back! In this way he met poor Snow-drop, as the rogue knew he should, about the middle of the bridge.

Then what a fuss! He capered and butted, and threatened to throw her into the river. Davie, who stood on the bank, was quite sure that "naughty Billy" would drown his beautiful pet. But he didn't; for what do you think she did after he had teased and threatened her for ever so long? Why, the sensible little creature lay down on the narrow plank. Billy, tired of the fun, took the hint, and jumped over her!

This is a true story of two Welsh goats. I think Davie was right when after this he called them "wise Snow-drop" and "silly Billy."





WHAT image is that so large and so white,
 Standing alone out there in the yard?
 He seems to be holding a gun in his hand,
 Like a soldier stationed the gateway to guard.

'Tis a man of snow that the boys have made;
 They have shaped and smoothed him with many a pat;
 They have armed him well with a clumsy stick,
 And covered his head with a battered old hat.

And there he will stay through the days and nights,
 While skies are cloudy and winds are cold:
 Bravely he'll meet the charge of the storms,—
 This ice-clad warrior faithful and bold.

But when the sun shines brightly again,
 Then what will become of the gallant snow-man?
 Oh, he'll look very sorry, and drop his gun,
 And away he will run as fast as he can.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

GOING TO THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

PAUL was going to a golden wedding. Grandpa and grandma had been married fifty years, and the children and grandchildren were to meet at the old home. What a good time Paul expected! Would the day never come? At last it dawned. So impatient was



Paul, that his papa allowed him to start first. As he approached the station, Paul saw a small dog pursued by a Newfoundland.

"Seize him! Shake him!" roared some idle boys.

"For shame! It is wicked to make dogs fight!" cried Paul.

"Hear the goodie boy! Hear mother's baby!" replied the others.

Encouraged by the shouts of the boys, the Newfoundland sprang upon the small dog.

"Oh, call him off! He'll kill him! Stop him!" cried Paul.

"Shake him! Shake him!" was their reply.

Paul's temper rose. "I'll part them myself!" he said. Springing into the street, he seized the Newfoundland and held him firmly, until his frightened victim had time to slink away.

"Bravo!" called a policeman; and the muttering boys fled.

"Why, why, what is this?"—"Our Paul!" cried papa and mamma. Here Paul's strength gave way; he let go the Newfoundland, and began to cry. But the officer told the story, and praised him so highly for his courageous act that Paul felt like a man.

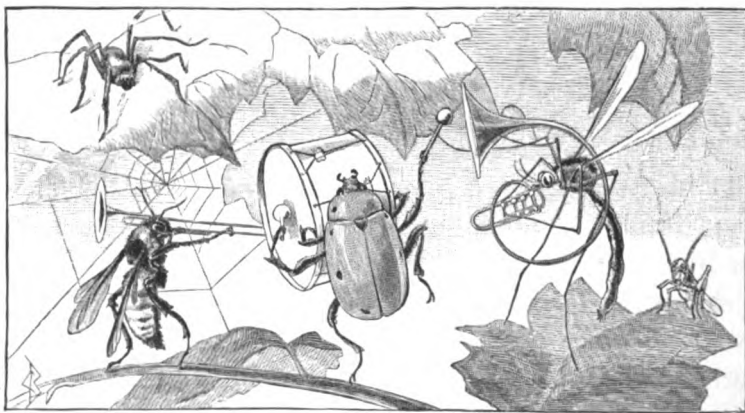
Following papa and mamma to the station, he was quickly forgetting his adventure, when a noise under the carriage seat caused him to look down. What do you think was there? The Newfoundland! He looked at Paul pleadingly, as if to say, "Oh, be my master! Speak kindly to me; I've had blows and kicks all my life. I knew no better than to fight!"

"O papa, may I keep him?"

"If no one claims him. But you must never get angry and strike him; treat your dog as you like to be treated yourself, my boy."

Paul promised; and could Rover speak, he would say that he had kept his word. Paul was quite a hero to grandma and his cousins, and grandpa was so pleased with his namesake that he bought Rover the handsomest collar he could find. And both Paul and Rover had great fun at the golden wedding.

H. A. S.



ONLY A LULLABY !

ONLY a lullaby, nothing more,
Which mother is chanting o'er and o'er;
While baby close to her bosom lies,
Watching her face with drowsy eyes;
While to and fro, singing low,
Mother is chanting lullaby, O !



Only a lullaby,—while the day
Into shadow-land slips away ;
And the music falls on the baby's ears,
And even the fair dream-angel hears ;
And down she flies to kiss the eyes
Of the baby who swiftly to slumber-land
hies.



Only a lullaby softly sung
To love-words trembling on mother's tongue,
As the beautiful stars of silver and gold
Are watching all lambkins safe in the fold.
And baby's at rest on mother's breast,
Safe as a bird in his cosy nest.

M. D. BRINE.



WHAT PUSS HEARD.

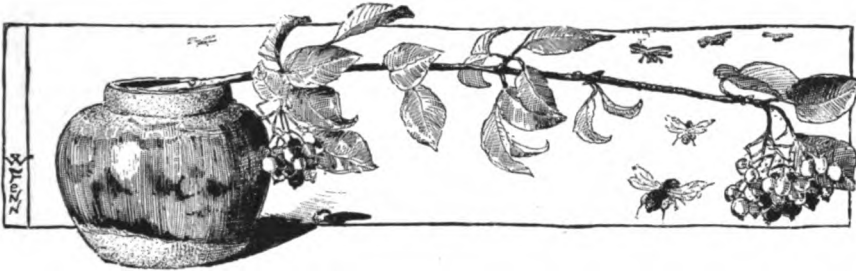
THEY were sitting before the open fire, in the twilight, telling fairy-stories. Frank had just brought in an armful of wood and laid it upon the hearth. Suddenly puss, who had been sleeping upon the rug, waked, and climbed on the wood and listened.

"She hears a mouse in the wainscot," they said. "Hush!" All were silent. Presently puss returned to the rug, and pretended to go to sleep. But she could have had only a cat-nap before she was scampering over the wood-pile again. A beautiful blue-and-black butterfly flew up into the warm firelight, as if he had mistaken it for summer weather. "I call that a fairy-story," said the children.

Puss had heard the butterfly break the chrysalis.



THE STORY OF KING MIDAS.



THE STORY OF KING MIDAS.

A GREAT many years ago there lived a very rich king. But he wanted all the time to be getting richer. It took him many weeks just to count his gold pieces. No matter how much he had, he wanted more.

One day, when he was counting his gold and looking very sad, a stranger appeared before him. "Why do you look so sad?" asked the stranger. The king answered, "Oh, if I could only turn everything I touch to gold!"

Now the stranger had a wonderful power which he could give the king. So he said, "From to-morrow, everything you touch shall become gold."

That night the king could hardly sleep for joy. In the morning he raised his purple robe to place it on his shoulders. Instantly every thread was a golden thread. He sat down to fasten his sandals. In a twinkling the chair in which he sat became golden. His sandals, too, the instant he touched them, changed to pure gold.

When he went for his morning walk, every flower became a golden flower. The path, and even the grass that he trod on, became gold.

But even a king will get hungry. So Midas went back to the palace for his breakfast. He asked for water. A glass was given him : the moment he put it to his lips, it turned to gold. The poor king could not drink gold. All the money in the world could not buy him a drink of water.

He sat down to eat. But every mouthful became gold the moment he put it to his lips. So he could eat nothing. With all his gold, he would yet have to starve to death.

Then the stranger again appeared. The king, with tears in his eyes, begged him to take away the touch that turned everything to gold.

"Are you not happy, King Midas?" asked the stranger.

"I am most miserable," groaned the king. "I beg you to take away this hateful touch."

Then the stranger told the king to bathe in a stream near by, and the golden touch would leave him.

Midas lost no time in obeying. The water washed away the golden touch. He was a happier king then than he had been before.

CHARLES T. JEROME.

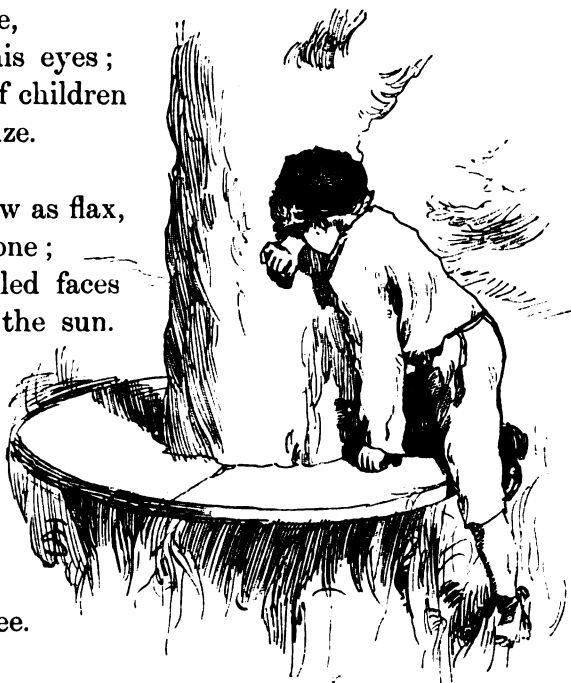


"I SPY."

TED leaned against a tree,
With his arm across his eyes;
About him was a group of children
Of every colour and size.

There were heads as yellow as flax,
One black, one curly one;
And all their little freckled faces
Were burnt brown in the sun.

It was Teddy's turn to
blind,
And at his "One, two,
three,"
Tiptoe, like frightened
mice, they scampered
Away from the apple-tree.



Whisk, every one was
gone
In just an instant
of time!
And hidden too, even
while he shouted
His final sing-song
rhyme.



And then began the
search.
"Hallo," cried Ted,
"I spy!"—
As this and that one
he discovered
With quick and
eager eye.

Up from the nearest fence,
Out from behind a bush,
From lurking-place, peep-hole, and corner,
They came with hurry and rush.



Not one but what Ted's eyes
After a while could find.
"I spy!" he called, and kept on calling:—
Whose turn was it to blind?

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE EIDER DUCK.

IN a very cold country far away in the Northern Ocean,—
Iceland it is called,—there are thousands of these beautiful birds.
Wherever you step, you find one.

You think they would not like to stay where the rivers are always

frozen, and snow is on the ground all the long year, with only a few days of sunshine. But they do, because they can be very quiet there, and do pretty much as they like.

Their nests are a sort of little mattress made of drift-grass and seaweed, over which they spread a bed of finest down. The careful mother plucks this down from her own breast, heaping it up in a sort of thick fluffy roll around the edge of the nest.

You know that while she is sitting on her eggs she must sometimes leave the nest for food. The weather is so cold, that before she goes she carefully turns this roll of down over the eggs, to keep them warm until her return. A great deal of money is made by the Icelanders in selling the down. When it is taken from the nest the little mother goes to work just as carefully as before, and makes it all over. But if they take it the second time, and her home is left with bare walls, her breast bare too, what is she to do?

In a moment the male bird comes to her help, and plucks the down off his own breast. His feathers are whiter, though not so soft.

This down is so light, that it takes a great many feathers to weigh anything at all. If you should fill your father's hat with them, they would not weigh an ounce. After all, they would make you the warmest covering in the world.

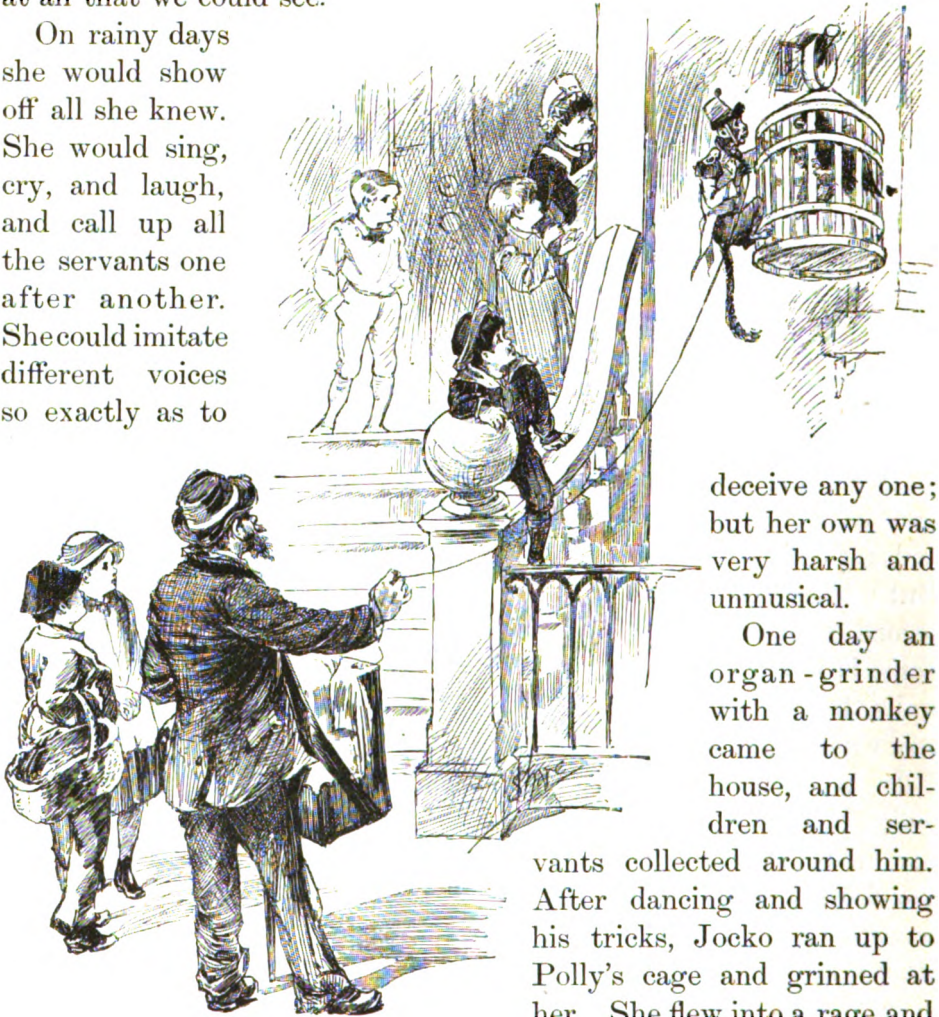


MRS. G. HALL.

OUR PARROT.

SOME years ago we had a large green and yellow parrot which was a great pet with some of the family. Polly had her favourites, and would seem to hate some people and like others for no reason at all that we could see.

On rainy days she would show off all she knew. She would sing, cry, and laugh, and call up all the servants one after another. She could imitate different voices so exactly as to



deceive any one; but her own was very harsh and unmusical.

One day an organ-grinder with a monkey came to the house, and children and servants collected around him. After dancing and showing his tricks, Jocko ran up to Polly's cage and grinned at her. She flew into a rage and

screamed and clawed at him, but luckily the strong bars of her cage prevented a fight.

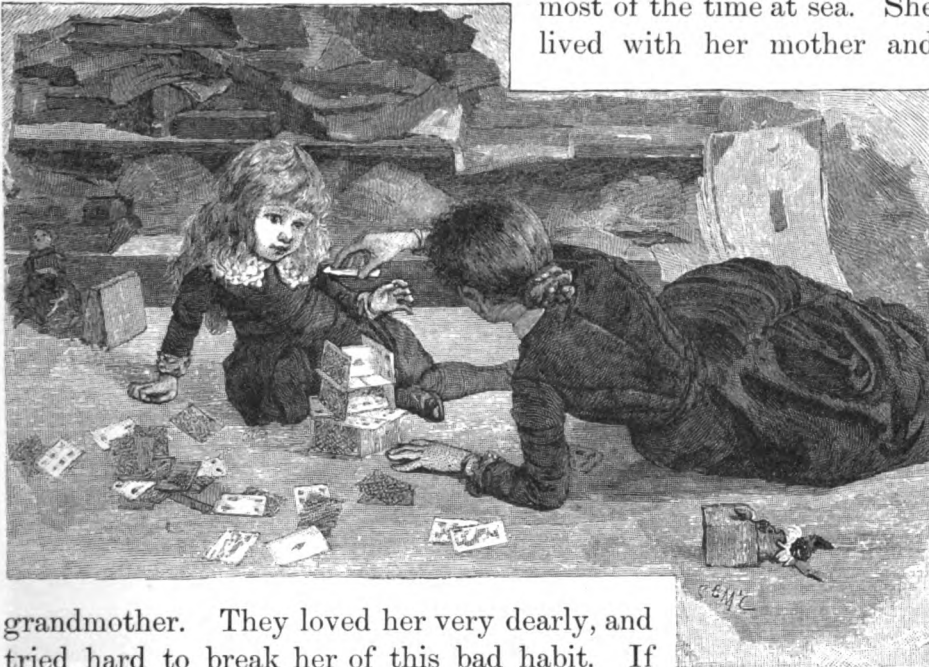
In summer she was always turned out during the day, and flew from tree to tree on the lawn, seeming to enjoy herself. She returned to her cage at night, and would often come back of her own accord at dinner-time.

One night she stayed out too late. The girl who took care of her could not induce Polly to come down from the top of a high tree. At last she was obliged to leave her, as she thought, until next morning. But this was "poor Poll's" last night of life. The next day her bright and pretty feathers were found scattered under the tree, for she had been torn in pieces by a large owl.

PINK HUNTER.

MARGIE'S LESSON.

MARGIE was just about four years old. She would have been a very dear little girl but for one thing. Whenever she was angry, she would lie on the floor and scream. When very angry, she would kick. Her father was most of the time at sea. She lived with her mother and



grandmother. They loved her very dearly, and tried hard to break her of this bad habit. If she was put in a room by herself, she would only scream the louder. She was sent to bed without her supper; she was sent to bed in the middle of the day. Nothing did any

good. "What shall we do?" said her grandmother. "I have thought of something," replied her mother; and the very next time she tried it.

One rainy day Margie and her mother were sitting on the floor building a house of cards. They built very slowly and carefully, and were about to put on the sixth story.

Margie was delighted; she clasped her hands tightly together and hardly dared to breathe. Just as her mother put on the last card, the whole house fell to the floor.

Margie turned very red, but she had not time to scream. To her surprise and terror, her dear, sweet mother, who was always smiling, threw herself on the floor screaming with all her might, and beating the carpet with her fists! Margie grew pale with horror. She did not move or speak until her mother stopped. Then she crept up to her and whispered, "Dear mamma, please don't, and I will never be so horrid again."

The next time Margie was angry she looked first at her mother. Something she saw in her face made her say, "I am not going to scream, mamma."

After that, they had very little trouble with her.

A. M. T.





'NEATH THE SHINGLE.

ON the twitter, twitter, twitter,
Of the sparrows 'neath the shingle!
How it cheers the weary knitter,
With its quaint and curious jingle,—
Like some sweet dream song,
Heard the stars among,
When the chimes of earth and heaven commingle.



And the knitter skips the
stitches,
In the stocking she is toeing ;
While the merry little witches
'Neath the shingle, as if
knowing,
All the gladder sing,
Till their pert trills bring
Smiles above the sock so slowly
growing.

JENNIE JOY.

STEALING A RIDE.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, with their little girl, Ruth, went to the country to spend the summer. While there, they had to send their clothing to a laundress. The man boarded took the in a large basket. was allowed to go was always glad

On one occasion half a promise that when it was found tended to remain village, it was her to remain at

She saw the big with clothing, with over the top, carried stood for some time rowfully. Soon an

She went to the basket, raised the cloth and crept in, covering her-



she had received she might go ; but that the man in- some time at the thought best for home.

basket nearly filled a large cloth spread into the hall. She looking at it sor- idea came to her.

self over as well as she could. She felt sure of a ride now, and lay waiting for some one to carry her off.

But the man was delayed in getting ready, and she had to lie there for a long time. At last he came in and caught up the basket in his strong arms and carried it to his waggon.

Just as he set it down, he saw the cloth move. A moment later a curly head popped out, and two eyes opened wide and looked



wonderingly about, as though at a loss to know what it all meant. Ruth had been asleep, and the jostling of the basket had waked her.

Just then Mrs. Ashton came out in search of her little girl. She couldn't help laughing when she saw Ruth in the basket. She told her that she needn't send herself away with the soiled clothing, for she could have a bath at home as often as she liked.

H. L. CHARLES.



BAD SIR MOSES.

SIR MOSES was called a model kitten. He was nice in his habits, and grave and quiet in his behaviour. To be sure, he would chase wildly after a ball of yarn when Flora dragged it. And he would scamper fast enough down the garden walk behind his little mistress, mewing with glee as he ran. But most of the time he was very still. He was asleep in Flora's lap, or lay upon the rug watching her with half-shut eyes. An old proverb says, "Still waters run deep." Perhaps the man who wrote it knew a cat like Sir Moses.

"I would like to know what becomes of my cream!" This was what mamma Painter said at the breakfast table. The children all opened their eyes at her in surprise. "What do you mean, mamma?" asked Bessie.

"Why," replied her mother, "I bring in the cream in this little jug every morning, when I first come down, and put it on the table. Now for three mornings it has been half gone by breakfast time. Who can have taken it?"

Nobody knew. The jug was an odd little thing, with a small neck. One fact was very strange—there was no mark of cream on the edges of the jug.

There was a great deal of wonder and talk about this curious loss of the cream. It happened again the next morning, and the morning after that. On the third day Bessie was heard shouting, "Ah, you rogue, I have caught you at last!" And so she had. It

was that meek Sir Moses. When the jug was put upon the table, he waited till he was left alone. Then he leaped upon the table, and put his paw in the jug. You may be sure it did not take him long to lick the cream from his paw. Then he dipped



again and again, till he heard somebody coming. When the person entered, he seemed to be sound asleep.

It was planned so that the sly rogue could steal no more cream. That night nurse Katy heard Flora add to her prayer: "Please forgive Sir Moses, for he didn't know any better!"

W. H. W. CAMPBELL.



Tom had just brought in something in a covered basket. He put it down on the kitchen floor for a moment. Then he went into the pantry to see the cook, and taste the fresh crisp dough-nuts.

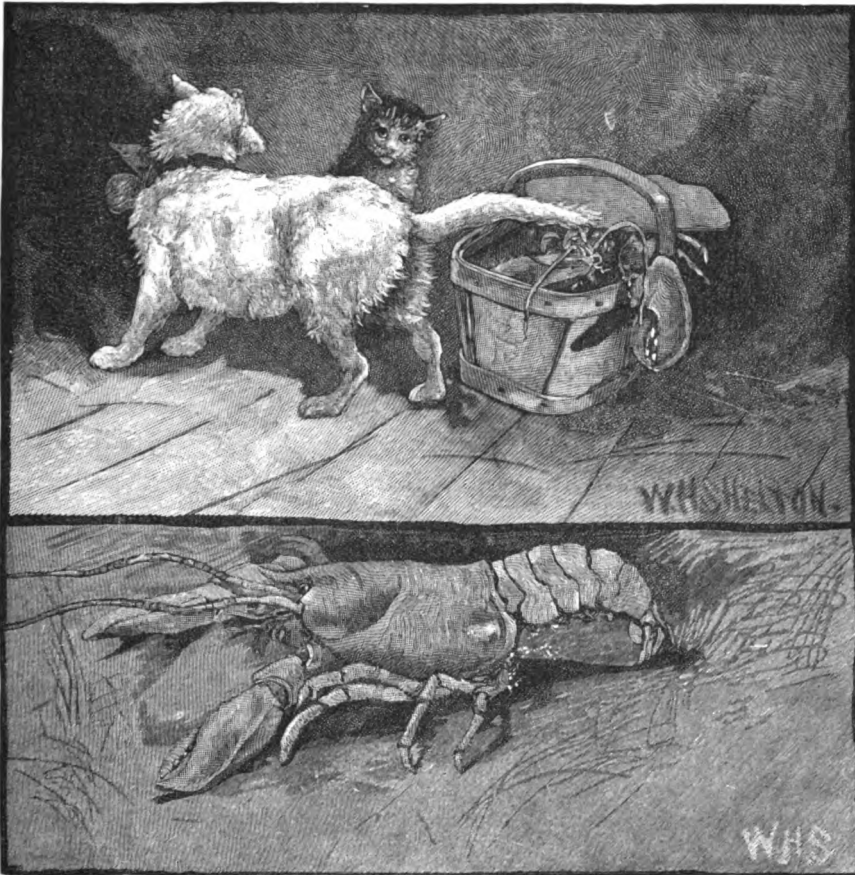
The two kittens had been enjoying a nap in the sunshine on the wide window-sill. When Tom came into the kitchen, the noise he made woke them.

Snowball lazily stretched himself and gave a great yawn. Then he mewed to Kitty that he would like his dinner. He began to hunt for some mice. Kitty purred that she would go with him anywhere.

Snowball was a large white kitten, and wore a blue ribbon around his neck. Kitty was younger and smaller than Snowball, and always allowed him to take the lead in their adventures.

Kitty's coat was gray, and her four legs were pure white. Mary said she wore white stockings and white gloves.

Snowball and his little sister were walking across the kitchen floor, to the door. Snowball saw Tom's basket, and went up to see what was in it. With his nose he pushed up the lid of the basket. He found something alive under it. He turned round to call



Kitty to come. In doing so, his tail fell across the now open basket.

There was a cross old lobster inside the basket. He did not like to have Snowball's tail in his face; the hairs on it tickled his nose. So he just caught hold of the tail with his pincers. He gave it a strong nip, and would not let it go.

Poor Snowball mewed piteously, and ran round and round the kitchen, the lobster and the basket spinning around behind him.

Seeing the trouble Snowball was in, Kitty gave one frantic "mew" and ran out of the door. She perched in safety upon the fence.

The luckless Snowball pulled so hard that he drew the lobster out of the basket. He ran out into the yard and around the house, where he was seen by the dog. Watch ran after the flying lobster.

Tom heard Watch barking loudly, and went out to see what all the fuss was about. He rescued Snowball from the lobster, and the lobster from Snowball and Watch, and carried the shell-fish back into the house.

As soon as Snowball was free he ran under the house. He could not be coaxed out all the rest of that day. He lay there, sadly looking at his poor tail, and licking it from time to time. Since then he has not seemed at all curious about baskets and their contents.

EFFIE RODGERS.





THE LITTLE PEDDLERS.

We're playing we are peddlers,
 And we're going up and down,
 Just as they do to sell their goods
 To people in the town.

Now won't you buy an elephant,
 It's not so very big ?
 Perhaps you'd like a curly dog,
 Or our funny china pig.

We each one have a basket,
 To carry on our backs ;
 We've filled them full of every-
 thing,
 And play they are our packs.

Then we have some ribbons,
 Some apples, and some
 cake ;
 We'll be delighted to supply
 Whatever choice you make.

MELLICENT MOOR.

GEORGIE AND THE GEESE.

"GEORGIE, do you want to go to the orchard with me while I hang up the clothes?"

"Oh yes, yes, Barbie," said Georgie, clapping his hands. He was



always glad to go to the orchard with some one; but he was afraid to go alone, he was such a little fellow. He felt sure Barbie would take just as good care of him as mamma always did; but when the clothes were hung up, Barbie went to the house without saying a word to Georgie.

The little boy very soon found that he was alone, and set up a loud cry. This drew the attention of a flock of geese, who were nibbling grass near by, and they all came

around him. No doubt they wondered what small thing it was that stood so still and made such a noise. It couldn't be a goose, though Georgie was not much bigger than a goose, and, you may think, acted much like one. Was it something good to eat?

They quacked to each other these questions, and then they began

to nibble his fingers. Georgie's cries grew louder and his tears fell faster, and oh, how far away the house seemed, and there were no windows looking out upon the orchard! He would run; but he was afraid the geese would knock him down with their wings. If he stood still, he was afraid they would eat him up, and mamma would never know where her little boy had gone to.

Oh, he must get home to mamma; and giving one great, big,



frightened yell, he started and ran, expecting the next moment to feel the strong white wings beating him to the ground; but to his great surprise the geese made no objections to his going, and he was soon showing his bleeding fingers to mamma and telling the story of his wonderful escape. Mamma listened, and kissed the little finger-tips and bound them up carefully. She rocked her little boy in her arms and sang to him. The geese in the orchard went on quietly nibbling the grass. They had forgotten all about him.

MARY A. ALLEN.

SEVEN YEARS OLD.

THE NAUGHTY DAY.

You needn't look at me, Puss Gray,
And rumple up your silky fur!
For you were naughty, too, to-day,—
You were!
You stole some cream from Bridget, sir!

What am I staying here for? Why,
Because I hate to wear this dress.
I didn't do a thing—but cry,
And—yes,
I stamped my foot just once, I guess!

It's been a very dismal day;
They think I'm cross,—poor little me!
But if they'd let me have my way,
You see,
How good and pleasant I could be!

First, when my tea was cold, I cried
(Of course); and when I couldn't go
Out with the other girls to ride,—
And so
It's been the livelong day, you know.

“Here Ethel stays, until she tries
Her naughty temper to forget,”
Mamma said softly, and her eyes
Were wet.
I wonder if I'm sorry yet!

I almost think— What did you say,
Dear Pussy? Let to-morrow be
Better and happier than to-day?
Dear me,
That's just what I was— Well, we'll see!

MARGARET JOHNSON.





LITTLE Ralph Norton went with his mother to spend a few weeks in the country, at the large old farm-house of his uncle. While there he saw many things that were new and interesting to him.

One day he came running to his uncle, filled with excitement and wonder.

"O uncle, please do get a pole and go with me to the grove in the corner of the pasture!"

"What have you found now, Ralph—a mouse, or a lion?" asked Mr. Norton.

"It isn't either, but it is something pretty; and if you will only please get it for me I shall be so glad," said Ralph.

"What does it look like?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, it looks like a large paper ball, and is hanging on the limb of a tree. I tried to pull it down with a stick, but the stick was so short that I couldn't quite reach it. At first I thought it was a toy balloon made of brown paper. But I saw a lot of flies creeping over it, and then I thought it might be a flies' nest. Do flies have nests, uncle?"

"I don't know that I ever saw one," said Mr. Norton. "So I think I will go and see the one you have found."

He got two old newspapers and tied them to the end of a pole, and then he and Ralph started off. In a few minutes they were in the grove.

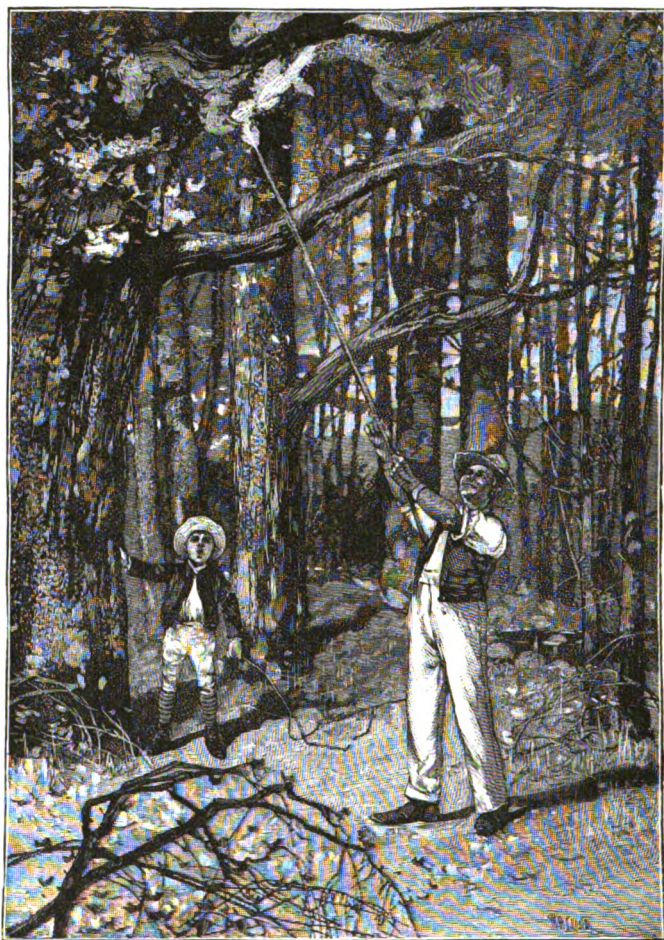
"There it is, on that limb," said Ralph, pointing at one of the long branches of an oak.

As Mr. Norton looked up, he saw just what he had expected to find,—a large hornets' nest. He took a match from his pocket, lighted the paper on the end of his



pole, and reached it close to the nest. It was soon in flames, and nearly all of the hornets were burned.

When Ralph's uncle told him about the hornet's sting, he felt glad that he had found the nest too high for him to reach. If it had been



on a low limb, he would have picked it off, and many of the hornets would have stung him before he could get out of their way.

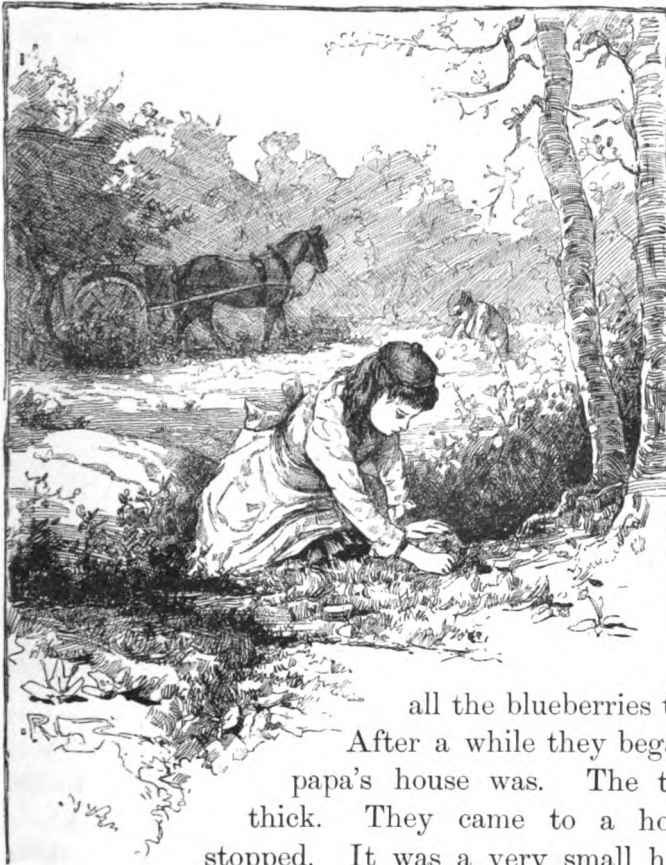
Ralph learned that little boys should be careful about handling anything when they do not know what it is.

NELLIE BURNS.

HOW THE TWIN LEES GOT LOST.

THE twin Lees were nine years old last June. Papa gave them a pony and a pony-carriage for a birthday gift.

They named the pony Bluebell. She was not blue—oh no! she was black; but Ellie thought Bluebell was such a lovely name. She was a very tiny pony, and just as gentle as she could be.



The Lee family went into the country in the summer. Every day Ellie and Robbie drove two miles for the mail. One day they thought they would go home a new way. They turned off into a cool, shady, woody road. At first the way seemed pleasant. They saw squirrels and blue-jays. They got out and picked

all the blueberries they could eat.

After a while they began to wonder where papa's house was. The trees grew tall and thick. They came to a house, and Bluebell stopped. It was a very small house, and the yard seemed full of little barefooted children.

An old woman in a white cap came to the door. Then another woman came, and a man with a pipe in his mouth. How they all stared at Ellie and Robbie and Bluebell!

"Please, can you tell us where papa's house is?" asked Ellie. She was frightened, and her voice trembled a good deal.

"Who is your pa, miss?" said the man.

"Augustus Richmond Lee," said Robbie in a very loud tone. *He* wasn't a bit afraid, and he was going to take care of Ellie.

"Dear me!" said the man; and he took his pipe out and stood with his mouth wide open, he was so surprised. "Why, it's seven miles."

"Oh!" said Ellie in dismay; and even Robbie felt very much like crying. But he swallowed and winked very hard, and said,—

"Which way shall I go?"

"Oh, I'll harness up and show you," said the man.

He went off to harness, and the old lady gave them some milk to drink. Pretty soon the man drove out of the barn.



"Hallo!" said Robbie. It wasn't very polite in Robbie to say that, but he couldn't help it.

Instead of a horse, there was a cow harnessed to a very queer little cart.

How funny she looked! but she trotted off down the road as though she was used to it. Bluebell followed close behind.

Mamma had begun to feel anxious about them, and was looking

out of the window when they drove into the yard. How she laughed at the queer procession.

She offered the man some money for bringing them safely home ; but he would not take it. So the next day papa took the pair of big horses and they all drove to the house in the woods. They carried some pretty toys and picture-books to the little barefooted children.

FRANCES A. HUMPHREY.



BENNY'S LAST RIDE.

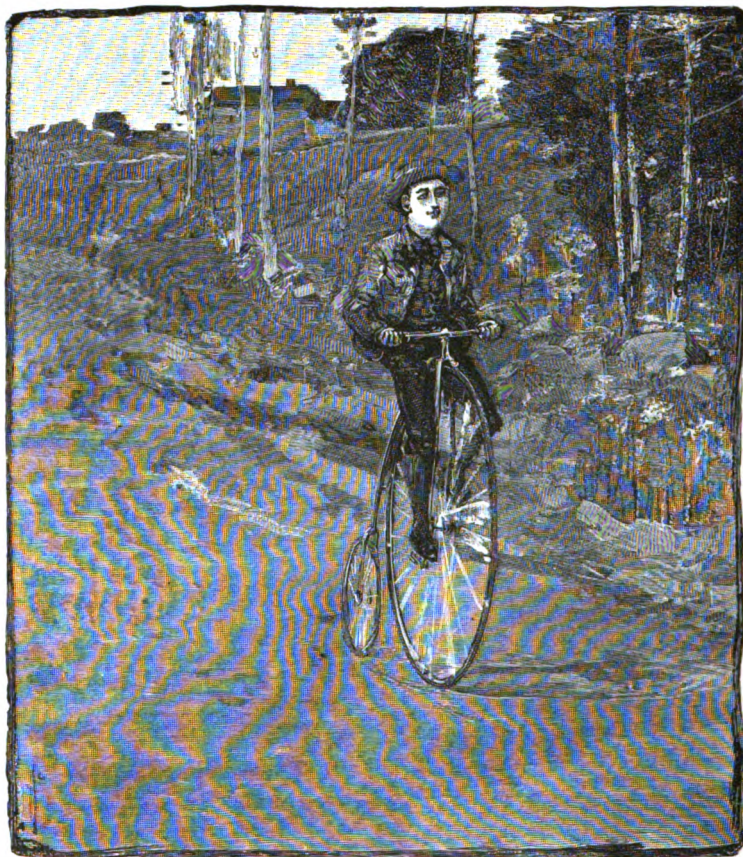
BENNY's uncle gave him a bicycle. He was very proud of it, and soon learned to ride.

His parents lived near a railway crossing, and his mother was constantly worried lest Benny should get in the way of the trains. Almost every day she would remind him of her wish that he should never ride his bicycle across the track, even though no trains were near. But Benny felt himself to be quite a man, and thought his mother was too careful. Other boys rode across the track, and why couldn't he ? So he rode across a few times when no train was near. This made him bolder, and he felt sure that his mother was more careful than she need be.

One day he came riding toward the crossing just as the train stopped at the station. It had crossed the street he was on, so he thought there could be no harm for him to keep on and pass just in the rear of the last carriage.

"They will either stand still or move on," thought he. "In either case it will be all right. So here goes."

But he soon found it *all wrong*. Just as the wheel struck the iron track, it slipped, and Benny fell. At the same instant the train began to move backward instead of going forward. Benny was unable to get out of the way in time, and the carriage-wheels crushed his right leg.



A surgeon was sent for, and Benny's leg was cut off above the knee. He was ill for a long time, and had a great deal of pain. He is now able to go about on a crutch ; but he can never ride his bicycle again, nor run about as other boys do.

H. L. CHARLES.



STAY, LITTLE BROOK.



STAY, LITTLE BROOK.

THROUGH the freshest of meadows a little brook wound,
In and out, in and out, with a clear crystal sound ;

Like a bright jewelled band, fringed in emerald green,
It glittered and flashed with a silvery sheen.

The grasses bent down with a loving caress,
Praising its beauty and usefulness ;

And the violets hied them from many a nook,
To see their sweet faces within the cool brook.

The buttercups blossomed like handfuls of gold,
And the white starry daisies began to unfold ;

Yet the little brook ran on its way to the sea,
On and on, day by day, through the flowery lea.

The tender green willows their soft shadows threw,
And the tall stately flags showed blossoms of blue.

The birds built their nests within sound of its song,
And the butterflies came like a fairy throng.

“Little Brook! little Brook! why hurry away?”
Cried they one and they all. “Oh stay! oh stay!”

Then the little brook laughed, and flashed in the sun,
Stopping only to say, “There’s work to be done;

“And my task, though so small, is to find the great sea.
Pray haven’t you something to do, like me?”

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



A BIRD WITH AN UMBRELLA.

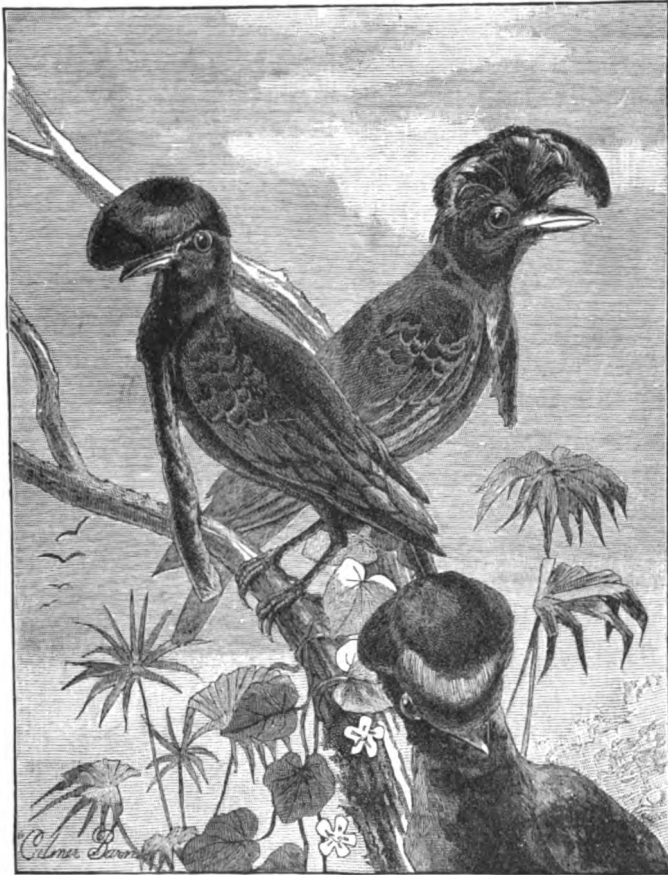
ONE day Uncle Fred told Puss and Johnny about the umbrella bird. This is what he said about it:—

“We were out hunting one day on the Branco River. That is a stream in Brazil, a country in South America. As we were coming home, I shot a strange-looking bird. It was black, and larger than your pet crow.

“The gentleman who was with me said it was called the umbrella bird, and that it always lived on islands in the rivers, and never on the mainland.

"I thought it was a very suitable name, for it had what you would call a top-knot. It was of curved feathers which started at the back of its head and came toward the front. The feathers were raised from the head and made an arch which was quite like an umbrella.

"The bird also had a long tuft of feathers which hung from its



neck. Altogether it was a very interesting bird. I was sorry that I could not have my specimen stuffed to bring home. I think there is one in the Museum, and the next time we go to the city we will see if we can find it there."

L. A. FRANCE.

HOW EDITH MADE A CAKE.

ONE morning Edith asked the cook to give her a piece of dough to make a cake. The cook told her to wait until she had made it stiffer. But Edith did not want to wait.

So when the cook stooped down to get more flour, the naughty girl snatched a big piece of dough and ran away. Then she hid in a corner of the dining-room, behind a screen, and tried to pat her dough into a smooth round cake.

But it wouldn't pat. It was too soft. When she pulled her hands apart the dough hung in long strings between them, and came near dropping on her pretty new dress. Then she tried to pick the dough from one hand with the other; but it stuck to both hands alike, and was between all her fingers.

She was sitting flat on the floor and could not get up. To do that she would have to put one hand on the carpet to brace herself; and she could not use her hands. (Little readers may sit on the floor and try this for themselves.) So she sat still, looking at her two hands in the most forlorn way. Oh dear, *such* a fix!

What if brother Rob should come from school and find her in this plight! Oh, how he would shout and laugh! She almost wished her hands were cut off.

Then her nose began to itch, and she could not scratch it. Directly two big tears rolled down her cheeks, but she couldn't wipe them off. Then she winked very hard and made the other tears go back.

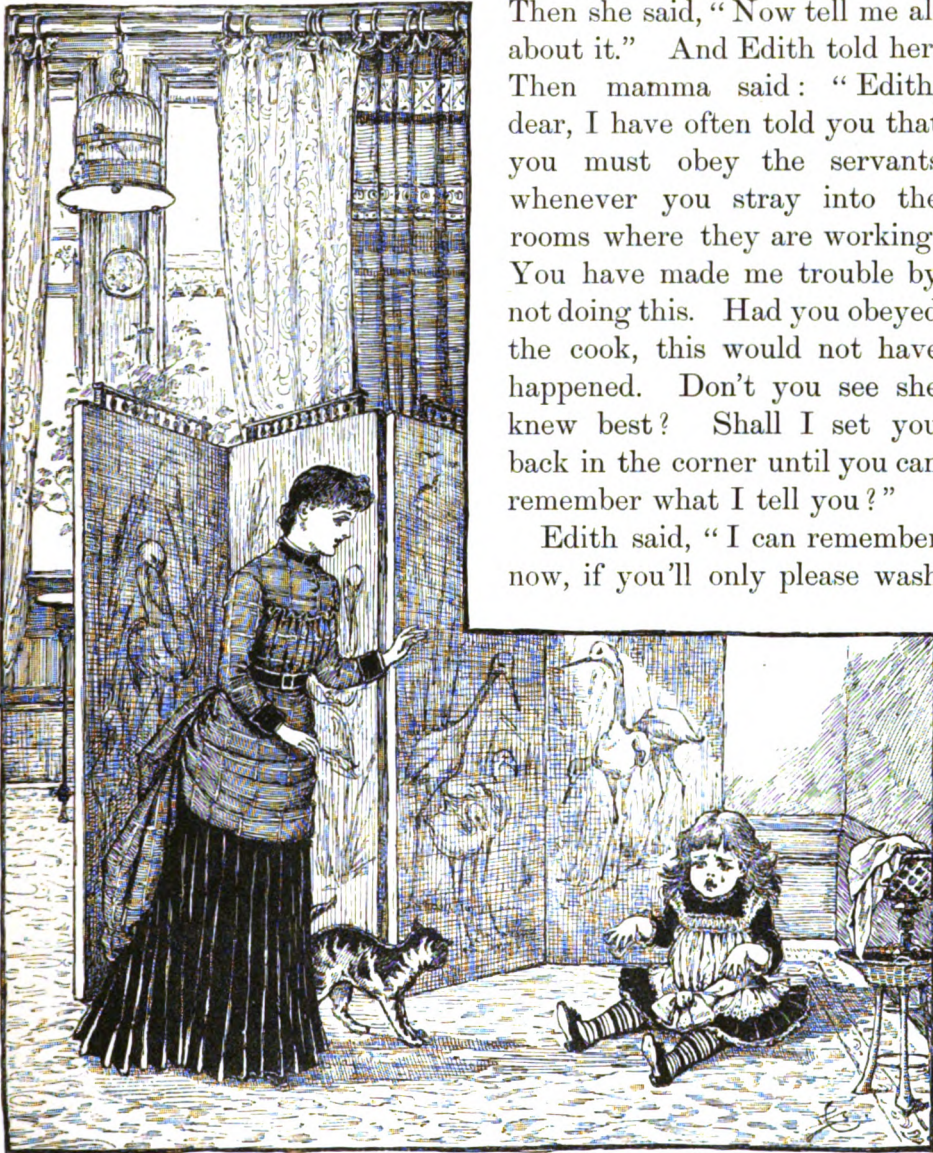
Pretty soon she began to feel very cross, and to give angry little squeals. Next she pounded her heels spitefully on the floor. Then presently she pounded and squealed all together. She did not care now how much noise she made. Somebody must come and help her before Rob got home.

Mamma, upstairs, heard strange sounds below. She went down and hurried to open one end of the screen; and then such a sight! She stood quite still for a moment biting her lips, and then said very soberly, "Why, Edith, my dear, have you scalded your hands and put them in flour poultices?" But Edith hung down her head and did not answer.

Then mamma helped her up, and sitting in a chair she put Edith on her lap, — hands and all.

Then she said, "Now tell me all about it." And Edith told her. Then mamma said: "Edith, dear, I have often told you that you must obey the servants whenever you stray into the rooms where they are working. You have made me trouble by not doing this. Had you obeyed the cook, this would not have happened. Don't you see she knew best? Shall I set you back in the corner until you can remember what I tell you?"

Edith said, "I can remember now, if you'll only please wash



my hands." So then mamma made her all nice and tidy before Rob came from school.

MRS. M. B. BUTLER.

SAD!

THE horses came prancing around to the gate,
And Mabel and Myrtle and May
Went out in the carriage to take the fresh air,
All dressed very dainty and gay.

With ruffles and ribbons, and pleatings and puffs,
With gloves and with handkerchiefs too,—
They sat very quietly folding their hands,
As proper young ladies will do.

The horses were jogging quite soberly on,
Behaving remarkably well,
When all on a sudden a mishap occurred,
Most shocking and mournful to tell.

For, watching them slyly from under the hedge,
A threatening enemy sat,
With glowering eyes and with wide-spreading tail,—
A dreadful and fierce-looking cat.

And Rover he bristled, and Carlo he growled,
And then—down the gravelly road
They tore and they dashed and they scampered along,
Forgetting their dear little load.

They flew over ruts and they bumped over stones,
Then over a wall with a crash,
With carriage and Mabel and Myrtle and May,—
And all went to terrible smash.

The mothers in tears and in grief and dismay
Came weeping and wailing around,
And wringing their hands as they wofully viewed
The ruin and wreck on the ground.



They tenderly gathered the poor little pets,
All battered and tattered and torn,
And dusty and draggled,—did ever you hear
A story so sad and forlorn?

But the wise little mothers were quickly at work,
And with needle and thread and some glue
Soon each little dolly was looking as sweet
And lovely as when she was new.

SYDNEY DAYRE

A Visit to the Tame Fishes.



"LET'S go fishing," said Uncle Charlie. Archie and George clapped their hands for joy. They had been at Cape Cgd nearly a whole week, and had not yet been on the water.

They walked some distance with Uncle Charlie, and came to a large pond. It was a very pretty pond, and in it were a number of boats. Uncle Charlie pulled one of the boats to the shore. The three climbed in.

"Where are the lines and hooks?" asked Archie.

Uncle Charlie did not answer. He only smiled, and rowed the boat to the middle of the pond. At last he stopped rowing, and took a piece of bread from his pocket. This he crumbed on the water.

Soon a number of fishes gathered about the boat to eat the crumbs. Then he held some bread between his fingers, and the fishes nibbled at it, seeming not to be at all afraid. Archie and George fed them in the same way.

"Some of the fishes are named," said Uncle Charlie. "There's one big eel we call 'Jumbo.' Perhaps he will hear me."

Whether the eel really knew his name or not, I cannot say; but after Uncle Charlie had called "Jumbo, Jumbo," a few times, the big eel appeared.

He was even more tame than the other fishes. The boys could take him in their hands and lift him nearly out of the water.

They played with the fishes until dinner-time, and declared the sport much better than catching them with a hook would have been.

"Are all Cape Cod fishes tame like these?" asked George.

Uncle Charlie smiled. "No, indeed! Nobody ever catches fish in this pond; but along the coast thousands and thousands are caught every summer. Probably you have eaten many of them."

JULIA A. TIRRELL.



NOT FOND OF MUSIC.

CHARLIE was a King Charles spaniel. He was a very pretty dog, with silky black hair, drooping ears, and bright brown eyes. He would sit up and beg, would run after a ball and bring it back in his mouth, and would ride on a sled or in a toy express-waggon.

Charlie had only one worry. He was very jealous of other dogs

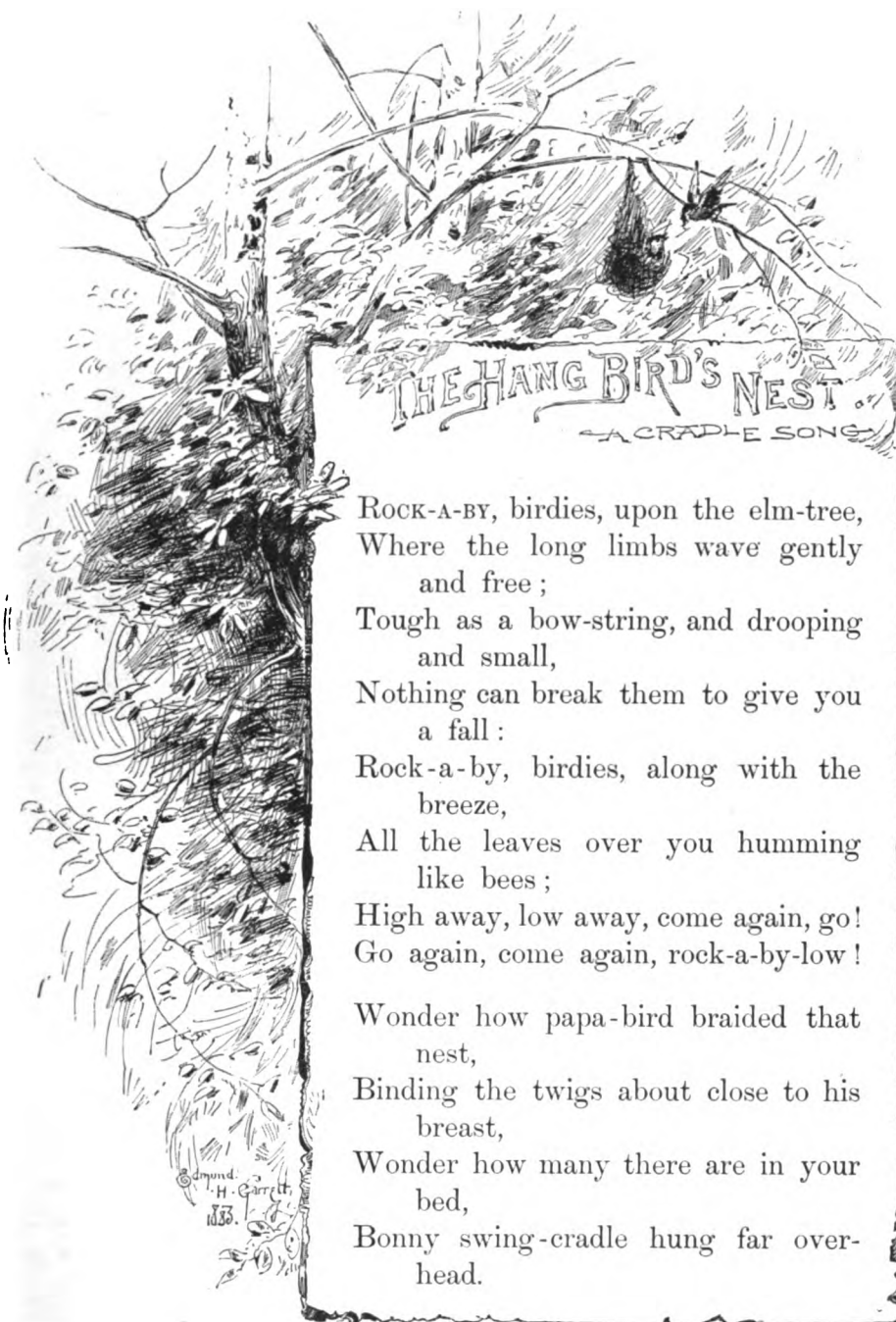
and of cats. When he went to ride, he would bark at every dog that came near the carriage.

There was a parlour organ in his home, and this was a great puzzle to him. When the high notes were played, he thought a little dog was barking inside the organ.



Charlie would run from one side to the other and back again, trying to peep in and find the strange dog. Then he would look up in the lady's face, as if he wanted to say, "Where *is* that dog? Why don't I find him? I wish you wouldn't let him stay; I don't want him." She would stop, or play on a low key, when he begged so.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.





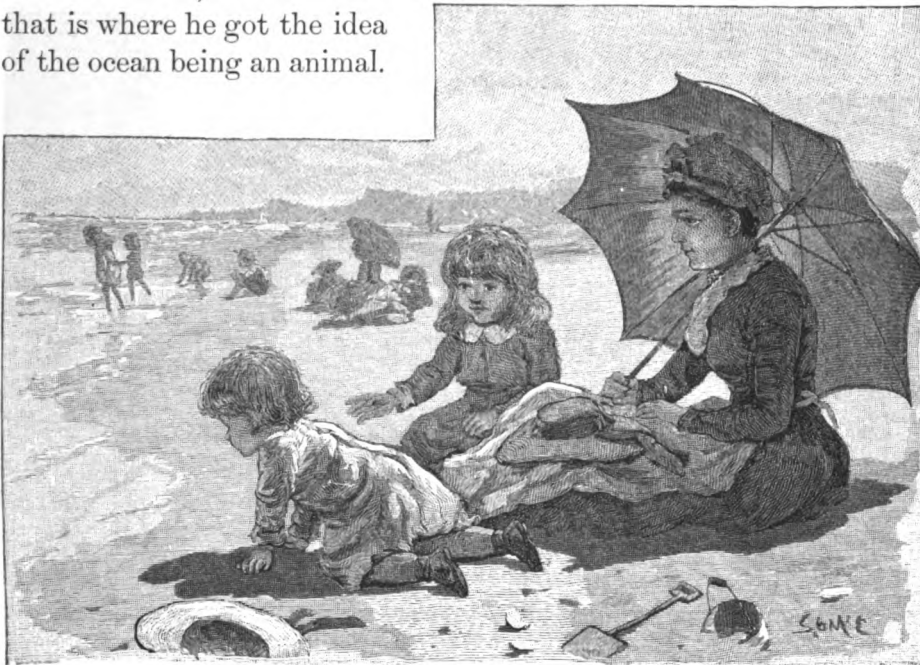
Never mind, birdies, how lightly it swings,
Mother-bird covers you close with her wings.
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

Rock-a-by, birdies, there's no one to tire;
Mother rides with you; her wings are like fire;
All the bright feathers are round you so warm;
Rain cannot reach you and wind cannot harm;
Pretty bird-babies, let baby go swing
In your high cradle while mamma shall sing:
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

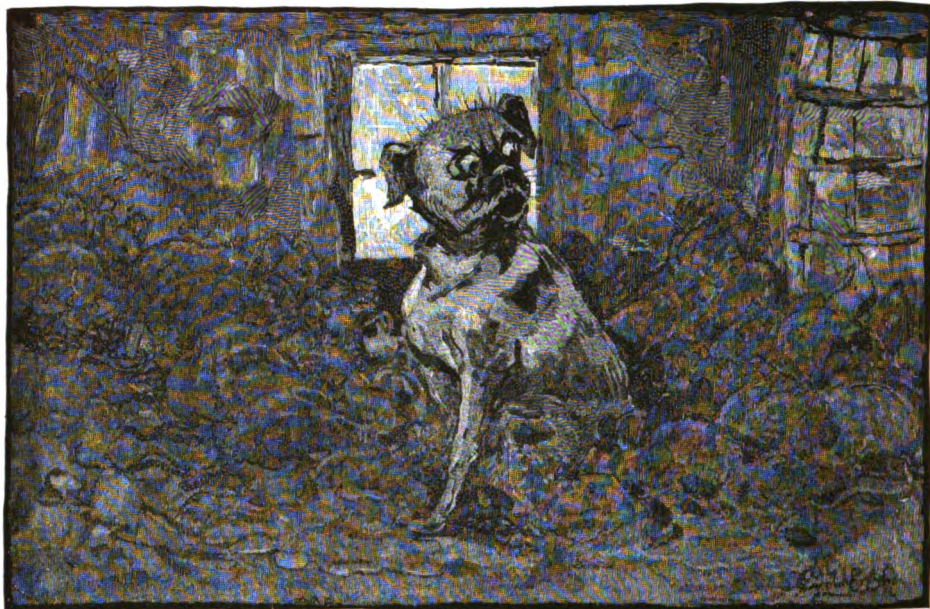
PAUL BURR AND THE SEA.

YESTERDAY we took Paul Burr, the baby, down to the beach. He had never seen the sea. Of course not, for he was only just learning to talk. Babies have queer ideas, I think. What do you think Paul thought of the sea? The funniest thing in the world. He seemed to think it a great dog. You see, we have at home a Newfoundland, and I think that is where he got the idea of the ocean being an animal.



When the surf roared, he said, "Doggie—bow-wow." He made nurse put him down, and then he crawled towards the surf. I guess he thought that was the dog's tail. I suppose he wanted to pull it, as he does Flash's. It was not a bad idea of Paul's, we all thought,—the sea a great animal, and the surf his mane or tail. Babies are nice, if they are queer, and don't know everything yet.

R. W. L.



HOW SCAMP HID FROM THE RATS.

ONE day my master went out, and locked me in the cellar. I felt very lonely for a while, and then I began to think of rats. Pug-dogs don't like rats. The longer I sat still and thought, the more I fancied I heard them.

At last I was so frightened that I got up and walked along the cellar towards the window. It was only a little window, but it was more cheerful in the light than sitting in the dark corner. I sat down and wondered how long it would be before my master would come for me. It seemed almost an hour since he had gone.

I was just about to bark, when I saw a big barrel close by me. I went towards it. A great pile of coal was behind it. I ran up the coal and looked over into the barrel. There was something white inside. It smelt good. I reached over. Whoop! I lost my balance and fell inside. How I was scared! I twisted myself as I fell, and so did not land on my head, but plump on my side.

It was dark inside, and when I got over my fright I found the

white stuff was quite hard. It smelt so good that I thought I would taste it; so I bit off a piece. I ate it, and liked it. Then I tried another mouthful. Then I ate a lot. I was having a big feast, when the cellar door opened and I heard my master call, "Scamp! Scamp!" I did not stir. He came inside and said, "Here, Scamp,



where are you?" I waited, for I thought he would come after me. I knew I was doing something wrong.

He then came towards the barrel, calling me, but I did not answer. At last he turned round and was going out again, when I thought of the rats. Then I barked. "Where are you, you scamp?" cried my master. I barked again. He came to the barrel and looked in.

"What are you doing there?" he asked. I could not wag my tail, for I had sunk deep into the white stuff in the barrel. So he caught hold of me and carried me upstairs. Oh, how he laughed! He held me before a looking-glass, and you should have seen me. I was almost black with coal-dust, and the white stuff was sticking to me.

"So you have tumbled into the soap-fat barrel, have you?" my master asked me, as he took me into the stable to wash me. I wanted to tell him I was only hiding from the rats, but I could not.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.



LITTLE MISS CATHIE THE ARTIST.

LITTLE Miss Cathie sits under a tree,—
A four-year-old, golden-haired "artist" is she.
With her slate and her pencil she's sketching to-day
A little brown bird and a small squirrel gray.
One swings on a twig, and cares nothing for art,
The other in hunting for dinner takes part.
But, nothing dismayed, the wee artist sits still,
And sketches her models to suit her own will.

The little brown bird is beginning to sing;
The squirrel is chattering till the woods ring;
The sunbeams are peeping beneath Cathie's hat,
And kissing the dimples in round cheeks so fat;
The breezes are humming a lullaby sweet,
The crickets are chirping 'neath Cathie's small feet;
Till all of a sudden, so drowsy is she,
That she slips into dreamland right under the tree.



Then down hops the birdie, and spying around,
He sees Cathie's slate as it lies on the ground;
And up skips the squirrel the drawing to view,
And much interested indeed are the two.
But what it is meant for, I'm sorry to say,
Is beyond the brown bird, and the small squirrel gray.
Yet looking awhile, a decision they fix,
And call it an excellent picture of—sticks.

MARY D. BRINE.

A DOG HOSPITAL.

ONE day last winter a druggist heard something scratching at the door of his shop. Then there was a soft whine. He opened the door. A strange dog limped in, holding up a bleeding paw. How did the dog know that he could be cured in a drug store?

The good apothecary took care of the dog's foot, and it soon got well. After that, the dog came every morning to the shop, and wagged his tail thankfully.

He was never in such haste as to forget this duty.

A few weeks later, when he called at the shop, he brought another dog. This one also had a bitten paw, and was crying with pain. How the good doctor laughed to see this new cripple! But he cured him too. Now he is expecting other dogs.

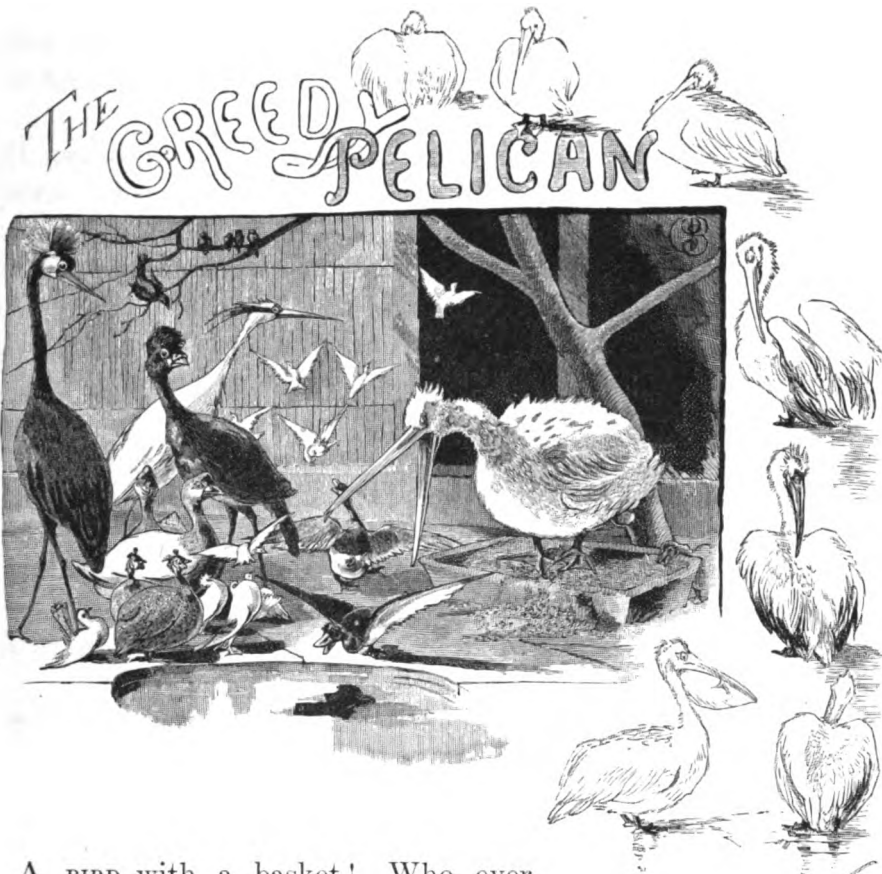
All this took place in the great city of Paris. There is a hospital there for lost dogs and cats. They are kindly fed and cared for till they find good masters. Perhaps the dog with the lame paw had lived at this hospital. If he had, he might have learned to know

a doctor by his scent. Perhaps this was why he scratched at the apothecary's door.

Not long ago a grand ball was given in Paris to aid this dog-and-cat asylum. Was that not a strange party? Well, really kind people care for even dogs and cats.



KHAM.



A BIRD with a basket! Who ever heard of such a funny thing? But there is a bird, called the pelican, which has a large pouch or bag under its beak. Some people have called it a basket. The pelican is a very clumsy if not really ugly-looking bird. His bill is almost as long as his body, and he has very short legs.

When he walks, or rather waddles, he topples along from side to side, just as you may have seen some old sailor, who is as awkward on land as a duck.

The pouch, or bag, under the pelican's bill is the most curious thing about this odd bird. Although this pouch cannot be seen

except when in use, it is large enough to hold nearly a pailful of water. The pelican uses it as a basket in which to carry to his mate and young their dinner of fish. He catches them by diving down into the water with his mouth open.

It is fortunate that nature has fitted it to catch fish so easily. He is so greedy that for dinner he will eat as many fish as would satisfy half-a-dozen persons.

Once a pelican, which was kept in a large cage with other curious birds, acted very much like the "dog in the manger." When corn was put in the cage for the other birds to eat, the pelican stood over it, and would not permit any of the birds to get even a kernel. When a hungry little duck or pigeon would approach, the pelican would open his immense mouth and make a hissing noise which made him seem quite terrible. He looked as though he would have said, if he could have spoken, "I can't eat corn, and so you shall not eat it either. If I can't have some fish, nobody shall have corn."

Finally his fish was brought, and while he was swallowing it the other birds ate up the corn.

CULMER BARNES.

A BEER-DRINKING SHEEP.

SCHAAP was a South African sheep ; and a beautiful fellow he was, with a fine silky fleece, and long curling horns. When he was a little lamb he left his mother and wandered away from the flock. He would certainly have been lost, but Mr. Watson, who is the magistrate at Matatiele, found him and took him home.

Mr. Watson's dog Beauty had three or four puppies at that time, and she took the poor little lost lamb into her family. It was such a pretty sight to see her cuddling and petting Schaap, just as if he was her own !

But when the lamb grew to be a sheep, he became so fond of Mr. Watson that he would not sleep anywhere but in his house. There

he lay curled up on the mat outside Mr. Watson's bedroom door,—a brave watch-dog, with horns, ready to butt any one who dared to disturb his master !

But the funniest thing about Schaap was, that as soon as the dinner-bell rung he started for the head of the table. When Mr. Watson sat down, this saucy fellow behind his chair put his fore-paws on his shoulders, just to remind him that he wanted his dinner. He would not touch grass or hay, but was very fond of mutton, soap, and candles. He drank coffee and tea, if there were plenty of sugar



and cream in it, with a great relish. I am sorry to say Schaap was more fond of beer than of anything else. He lifted the can up with his front paws and held it to his mouth until every drop was gone.

They say he was very wicked. I don't wonder, if he was such a lover of strong drink. All day he ran about, not with the sheep, but with the dogs, and followed his master, until the bell rung for dinner !

B. P.

EIGHT YEARS OLD.

THE SINGING LESSON.

A SLENDER, liquid note,
Long-drawn and silver-sweet.
Obediently the little maid
Tries, timid still, and half afraid,
The lesson to repeat.

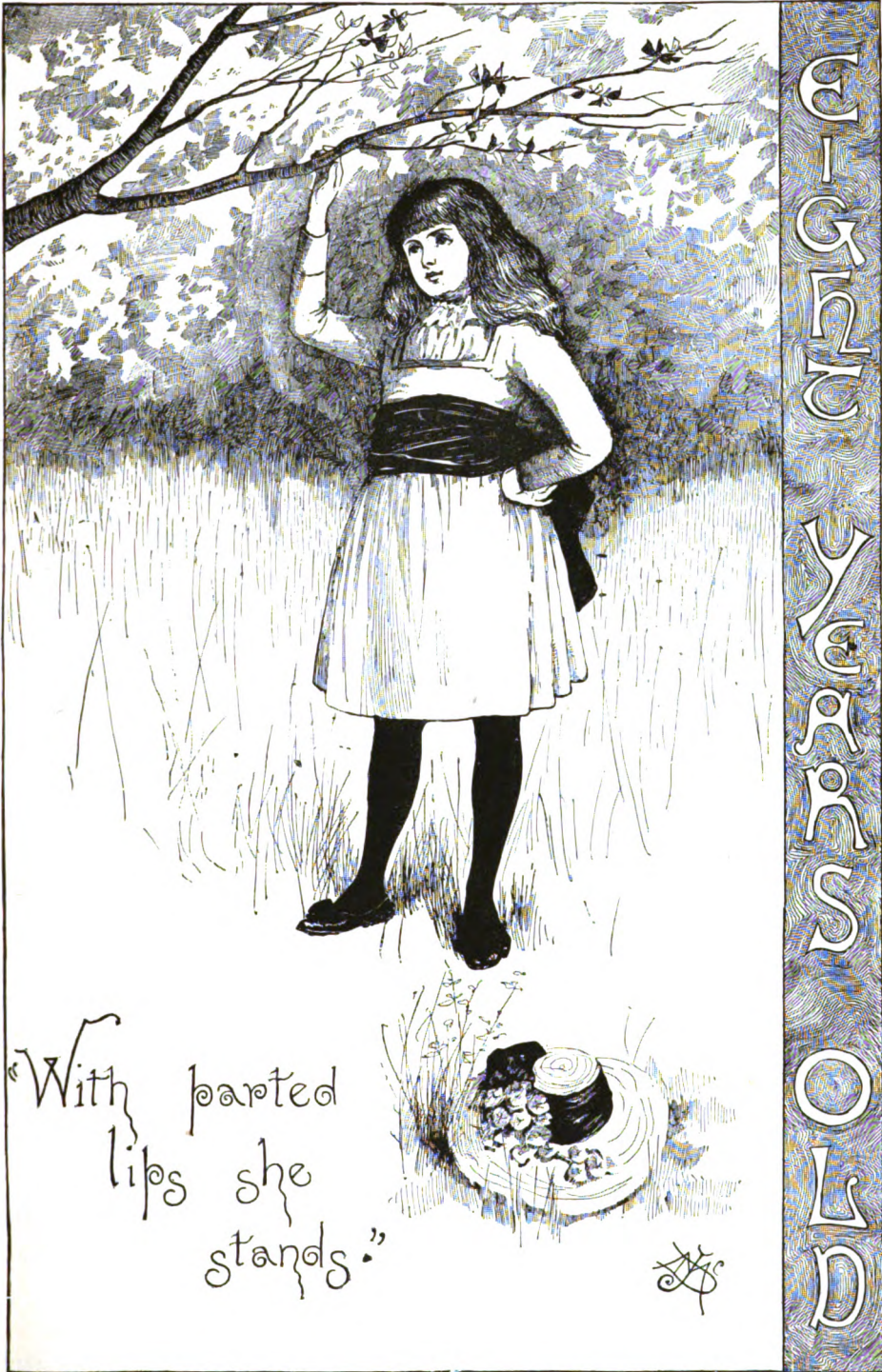
A breezy turn or two,
A blithe and bold refrain,
A ripple up and down the scale,
And still the learner does not fail
To echo soft the strain.

A burst of melody
Wild, rapturous, and long.
A thousand airy runs and trills
Like drops from overflowing rills,—
The vanquished pupil's song

Breaks into laughter sweet.
And does her master chide?
Nay; little Ethel's music-room
Is 'mid the sunny garden's bloom,
Her roof the branches wide.

With parted lips she stands
Among the flowers alone.
Her teacher—hark! again he sings!
A stir—a flash of startled wings—
The little bird has flown!

MARGARET JOHNSON.



THE PARTRIDGE AND HER LITTLE ONES.

WALTER was walking in the woods with his father. Suddenly a partridge flew up near them, and lighted almost at their feet.

She acted very strangely, bristling up her feathers, and running first toward Walter and then from him, but dodging so that the boy could not catch her.



When Walter walked, the bird went slowly; and when he ran, she would go just fast enough to keep out of his reach, and at the same time lead him on. They went in this way for some distance, when the partridge rose in the air and flew out of sight.

"What made her act so strangely?" asked Walter, as he returned to the place where his father was standing. "I thought she must be wounded so she could not fly; but she went fast enough when she got ready."

"This would answer your question if you knew her ways," said the father, as he showed Walter a tiny partridge which he was holding in his hand.

"Oh, where did you get that?" asked Walter in delight, as he took the little creature and gently smoothed its tiny feathers.

"I picked it up just as you started to follow the mother bird. I think there must have been a dozen of them; but they hid so quickly that I could get only this one."

"Why, I did not see any of them!" said Walter.

"No, for the old bird took your whole attention, which was just

what she wanted to do. When she had called you far enough from her young, and had given them time to hide, she was ready to fly away. I had seen them act in this way so often, that I knew what it meant as soon as I saw her. That was why I was able to catch this little one."

"Can I not take it home and make a cage for it?"



"No; I think you had better let it go. You could not tame it, and it would die in a few days."

"Poor little scared thing! I would not like to cause its death," said Walter, as he carefully placed it on the ground.

As soon as it was released, it ran into a thick clump of bushes and hid, and Walter could find neither the old bird nor any of the little ones.

H. L. CHARLES.



THE MERRY WHISTLER.

A MERRY little whistler
Goes by my door each day ;
He whistles at his work, and
He whistles at his play.
He whistles when he's merry,
He whistles when he's sad ;
He whistles when the weather's fine,
He whistles when it's bad.
Of all the little children
Who daily pass my door,
There's none that seemeth happier,
Or gives me pleasure more,
Than the merry little whistler
Who charms my care away.
I almost wish I too could learn
To whistle and be gay.

M. E. M'KEE.



IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

WHEN Rose was three years old, she was walking one day in the Public Garden with a grown-up friend.

"I want to sit down," said she by-and-by, "I'm so tired!" It was so late in the season that all the seats and benches had been taken away. But there was an empty flower-vase near, and her friend lifted her into it.

"You can sit here and rest," said she.

"Now," said Rose, "I'm a little flower."

After waiting awhile, her friend asked, "Shan't we walk along now? Aren't you rested?"

"Walk along!" repeated Rose. "Why, don't you see, I'm a little flower growing in a vase!"

"Very well, if you are a little flower I will pick you and take you home."

"Oh," cried Rose, "but you are forbidden to pick flowers in the Public Garden, you know!"

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



DAY DREAMS.

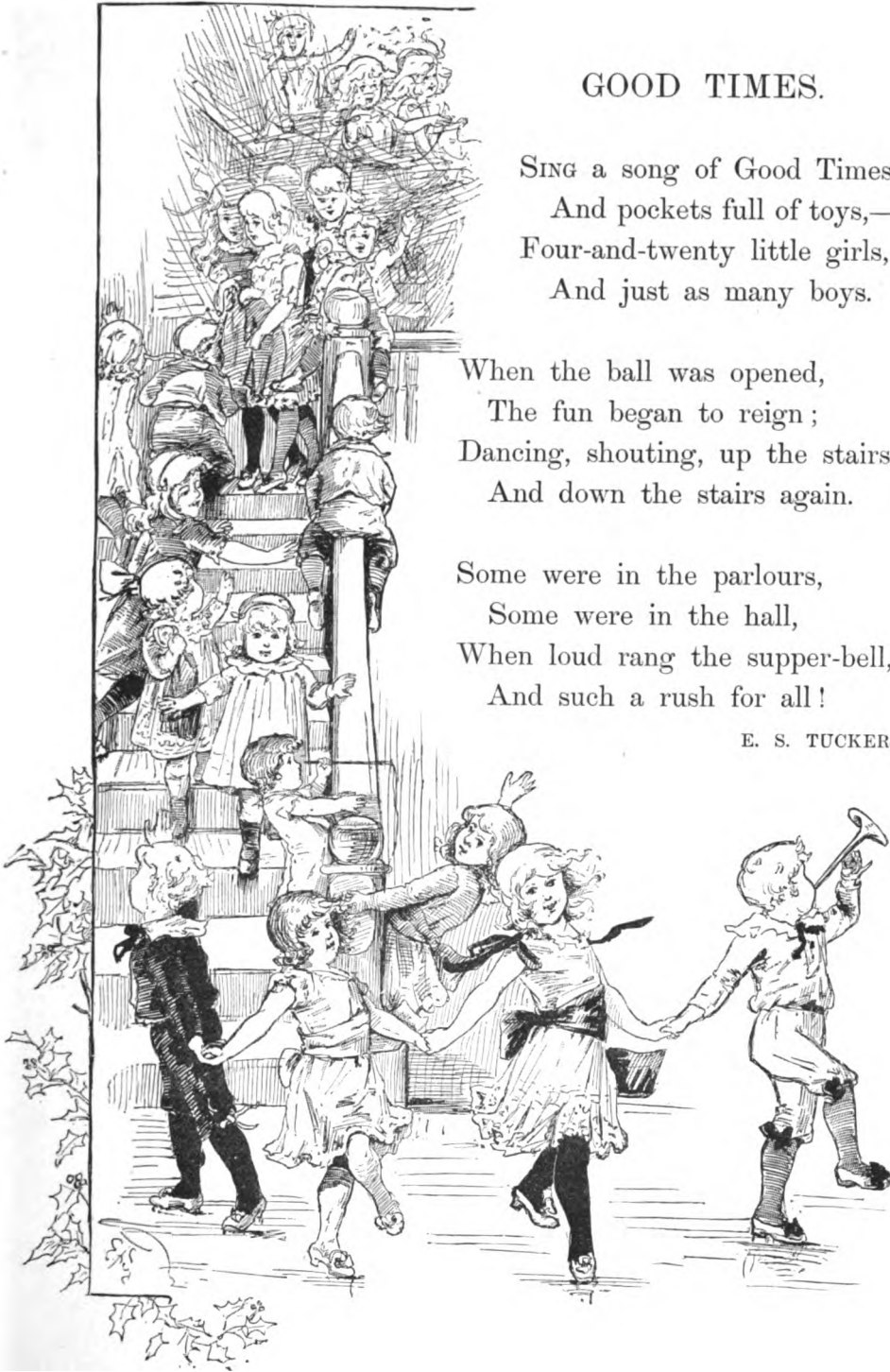
GOOD TIMES.

SING a song of Good Times,
And pockets full of toys,—
Four-and-twenty little girls,
And just as many boys.

When the ball was opened,
The fun began to reign;
Dancing, shouting, up the stairs,
And down the stairs again.

Some were in the parlours,
Some were in the hall,
When loud rang the supper-bell,
And such a rush for all!

E. S. TUCKER.



SNOW O' THE MAY.

Ho, black-eyed Lolly, and ho, wee Dolly!

There's a snow-storm out on the lawn to-day;

Though the sky is blue and the sunshine's warm.

Though the grass is green with snow o' the May!

—Hush, wee Dolly!

Hark, my Lolly!

Hark to the hum of the bees

Over your heads in the cherry-trees



Ho, red-cheeked Lolly, and ho, pink Dolly!

Come quick and gather the drifting snow—

No matter for mittens, or even for hats,

For snow o' the May is not cold, you know.

—Hush, wee Dolly!

Hark, my Lolly!

Hark to the hum of the bees

Over your heads in the cherry-trees.

C.S.P.



CAMBRIQ TEA.



CAMBRIC TEA.

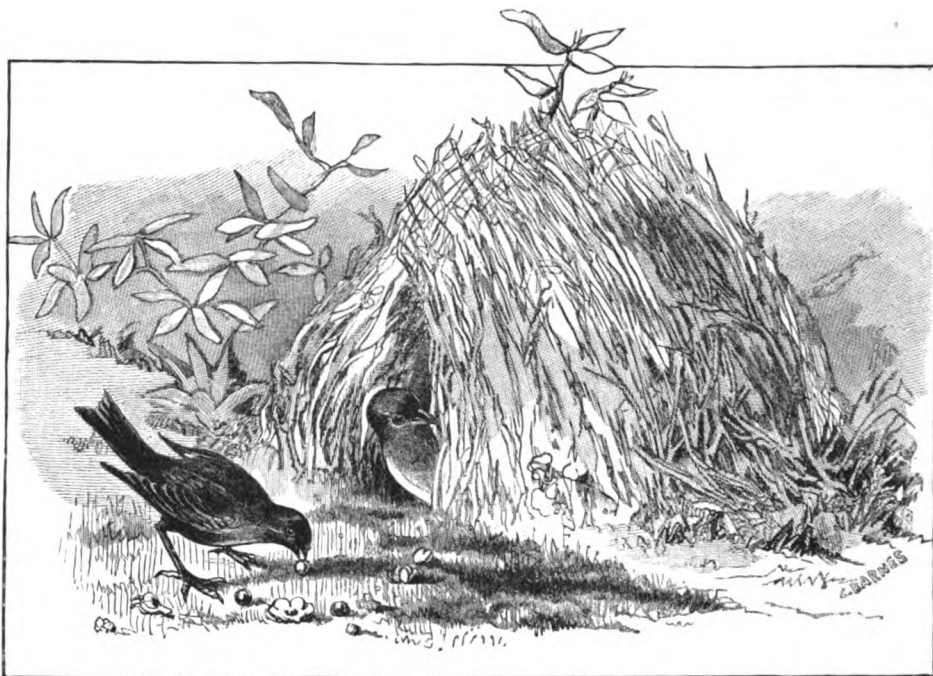
SAYS Dotty : If ever I grow to be
 A woman, I'll not drink cambric tea ;
 That's what they call the milk and water
 And sugar that mamma gives to me.

'Tis good in one way,—sweet and hot,
 But it's not poured out of the real teapot ;
 It hasn't the look, and isn't the colour ;
 And all the grown folks know 'tis not.

Mamma, if any one shows surprise
 That I have a cup and saucer, replies,—
 And she always smiles so when she says it,—
 “ 'Tis cambric tea,” and then looks wise.

So, the first thing, when I get to be
 A grown-up lady, you will see
 That the very littlest girl at my table
 Shall have *real* tea, not cambric tea.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



THE GARDEN BIRD.

IN New Guinea there is a bird which not only builds a house, but has a garden too. He is known by the name of the garden bird.

This is a strange habit for a bird, is it not? Perhaps our little ones would be pleased to see how the bird house and garden look. If so, here is a picture of them.

When he is going to build, the garden bird first looks for a level spot of ground which has a shrub in the centre. Then he covers the bottom of the stem of this shrub with a heap of moss. Why he does this, I cannot tell you. No doubt he thinks it looks fine.

Next he brings some long twigs from other plants. These he sticks into the ground, so that they lean against his shrub. On one side he leaves a place open for a door. The twigs keep on growing, so that his little cabin is like a bower.

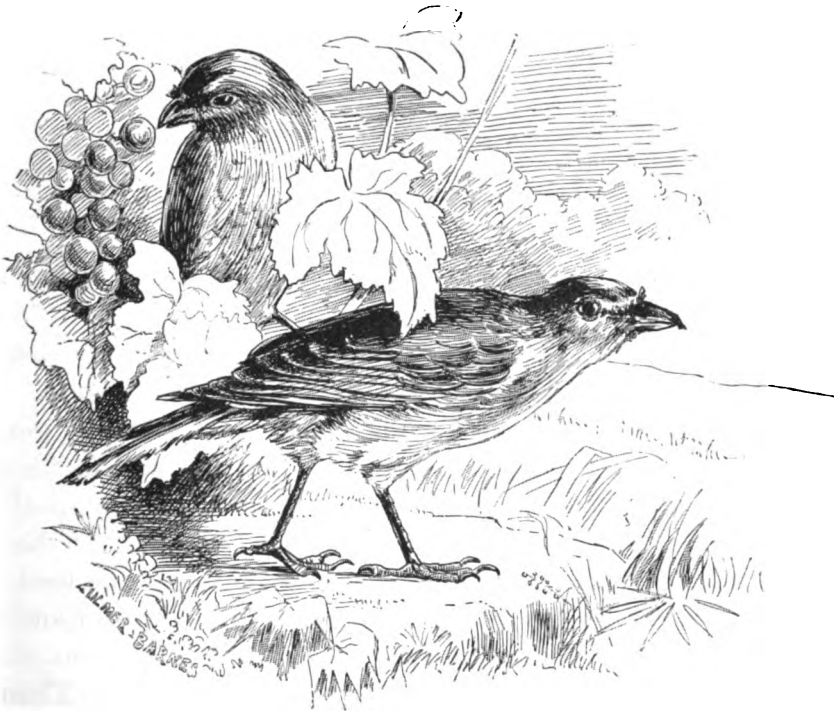
Last of all, in front of the door, this dainty bird makes a pretty lawn of moss. He carefully picks out every pebble and bit of straw.

Then, upon this lawn, he scatters purple berries and pink flowers. As soon as the flowers begin to wither he takes them away, and brings fresh ones.

Now this is quite a large house and garden for a bird. The little cabin is sometimes three feet wide, and half as high. There is plenty of room in it for two or three families, if need be; and the garden is larger than the house. So busy and tasty a bird as the garden bird ought to be a good example to idle children. The people of New Guinea think so much of him that they never molest his little dwelling.

You may like to know how this bird gardener is dressed. In modest colours, you may be sure. The top of his head, his back, his wings and tail are olive-brown, and beneath he is greenish red. He is about as large as a thrush or blackbird.

W. H. W. CAMPBELL.





“NOBODY’S CAT.”

“NOBODY’S CAT” had a white head, ears, neck, and paws, which made her look as though she wore a hood, cape, and mittens. She lived in the garden below my dining-room. She used to get the most that she ate from the tubs set for kitchen-scraps in the back yards. After breakfast, I used to throw down bits of meat and chicken. When she heard my window open or shut, if she was nowhere in sight, I was sure to see her running to get the food.

She used to curl up among the dry leaves, around the roots of a tree, to sleep. On cold mornings, when she saw any one sifting ashes, she waited until the person went into the house. Then she jumped into the ash-bin, and sat on the hot ashes to warm her toes.

One day I went down into the garden to pick up a napkin I had dropped. She had just caught a mouse, and started to run away, as if she thought I was going to drive her off. I said, "Nice puss, to catch the rogue that creeps into my closet and nibbles my cheese!" Then she lay down again, letting the mouse crawl a little way off. Catching it in her sharp teeth again, she made it squeak with pain. I said, "Ah, puss! you must not hurt the mouse so much, but eat it at once." Then she stopped playing with it, and ate it. She rubbed against me, as if to thank me for the bits of food I threw down to her. Since I have moved to another place, I have often wondered if the person who came to live there fed, as I did, "Nobody's Cat."

MRS. A. B. CONVERS.



COME to the fields, little laddies and lasses ;
Leave for a while all the lessons and books ;
Dance on the grass with the frolicsome breezes,
Swing on the tree-boughs, and play by the brooks.

Drive home the cows from the hillsides and hollows,
Where they are pasturing all the day through ;
Gather wild berries, that redden and ripen,
Fed on the sunshine, the rain, and the dew.

Watch the brisk bees, roving hither and thither,
Working, and storing their harvest of sweets ;
Follow the steps of the fleet-footed squirrels,
Hieing away to their woodland retreats.

Pluck the gold buttercups, pluck the white daisies,
Thick in the meadows as stars in the sky ;
Listen and hear the gay bobolinks carol,
Hear the soft notes of the thrush in reply.

Oh, come to the fields, little laddies and lasses ;
Leave for a while all the lessons and books ;
Dance on the grass with the frolicsome breezes,
Swing on the tree-boughs, and play by the brooks.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



POLLY AND PRINCE.

POLLY goes on two legs, and lives in a cage. Prince goes about on four legs, and lives all over the house. And the little parrot that can talk is very jealous of the black-and-tan terrier that can only



bark. Polly likes Prince well enough during the day ; then they are on the best of terms. Polly will call, "Here, Prince ! here, Prince !" if the dog is out of sight, and whistle for him just like a boy.

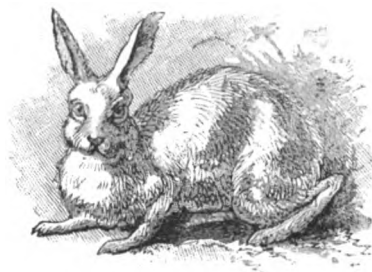
Polly doesn't like to be alone. When her mistress goes out of the room, the bird will listen first with one ear and then with the other. As soon as she hears her voice, she cries out, "Peek-a-boo!" and seems as happy as a child who has found its mother.

But the fun is when the master comes home at night. As soon as he sits down to his supper, Prince is at hand ready to receive all the attention. Sometimes he is on four legs, sometimes on two, and all the while keeping his ridiculous little tail going.

At this performance Polly turns all sorts of colours, principally green. She begins to whimper, and cry, "Take Polly! Polly's all alone! poor Polly!"—until the master opens the cage-door and lets the queer bird perch on his shoulder.

Then there is a regular dog-and-parrot time,—Prince barking and jumping up at one side, and Polly shrieking at the other, "Out, Prince! Out, Prince! Get down, sir! Get down, sir!" Between the noises, I wonder how the master manages to eat a mouthful. For I may as well tell you that neither Polly nor Prince is capable of learning good manners. I never heard of any parrot or black-and-tan terrier that was particularly well-behaved. But there is one thing to be said in Polly's favour,—she never says any bad words! And that is more than can be said of some parrots, and of some boys and girls I know about.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.





h! Those Wasps.

SCREAMING, running, tossing up their arms, Patty and Poppy and Fan and Margery Ann came into grandma's kitchen one day. Into a nest of "queer black and yellow flies," as she said, Patty poked her dainty foot when out in the field one day.

How the "flies" did chase them!

"O Katy, they're killing us—the flies!" shrieked Margery Ann at the kitchen door.



"The flies!" said Katy, drawing her stout, red arms out of a wash-tub. "They're wasps, and they are chasin' ye, the mane craturs! Out wid ye!" shouted Katy to the invaders.

Through the kitchen, into the dining-room, across it, along the hall, and upstairs to grandma dear, raced the screaming children, the wasps in hot pursuit.

"O grandma!" cried Poppy, "they're killing us!"

"Why, children, what is the matter?" said grandma, whose peaceful face and white cap had just been bending over the family Bible and its picture of Jacob and those angels on the ladder, like morning-glories on a vine. "Sit down on the lounge and tell me what the matter is.—Wasps, if I ever!"

Didn't grandma spring then?

"Oh, here comes Katy!" she said.

"Yes," cried Katy, swinging a broom in one hand, shaking a mop in the other, her eyes flashing like an express locomotive's light, "I'm jist a-goin' for 'em. I broom 'em, and then I mop 'em up and squaze 'em. Five quite dead in the kitchen. And here's bad luck to 'em up here!"

While Katy was driving like a tornado among the angry wasps, slaying in every direction, grandma was soothing the bitten arms and legs. There they were on the lounge in a row, eight bare little arms, and eight bare little legs also, for the wasps had put their needles through the children's stockings. Did they mean to darn any holes there?

When Major-General Katy had killed all the enemy with charges of broom and mop, grandma asked for an account of the accident. Then she said, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Let's put them in a pail of hot water," said Poppy.

"Pail of hot water! No; drown 'em in the freezing, freezing ocean," said Patty, shaking her head.

"No; let's go up just as easy as can be and pull their stingers out," said Margery Ann, who belonged to a Band of Mercy, and did not want to kill them.

"No; I'll tell you," exclaimed grandma, and she looked very wise and thoughtful. "I wouldn't go near them. That is the best way for children to treat wasps, and a good many other things in this world. Don't go near them, and then you will never have trouble. I'll get Patrick to go out some day with a lot of sulphur, a bunch of hay, and some matches, and he will take care of them.

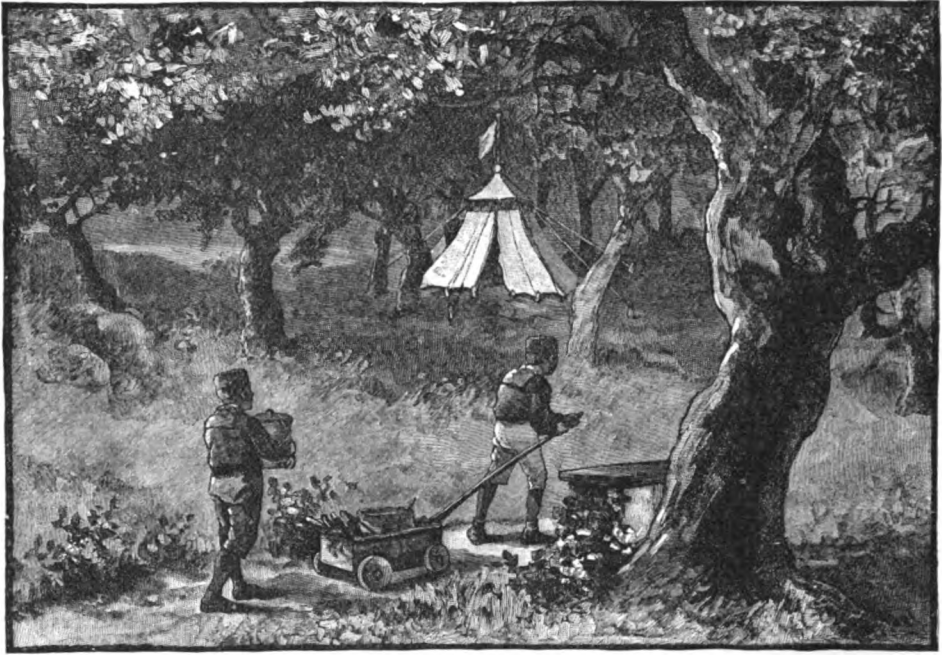
The best way for you to manage wasps is to keep away from them."

Patty and Poppy and Fan and Margery Ann thought it was queer



advice to give to such old children as they were. As they all lived in the city, and did not know much about the dangers of the country fields, grandma told them about a few of these dangers. They thought they would not again go near those "queer black and yellow flies."

EDWARD A. RAND.



ORCHARD CAMP.

UNCLE GEORGE was going to camp out, so Ted and Will wanted to try camping out too. Their mother said they were too small to go off to the woods by themselves, but they might have a little tent put up at the edge of the orchard. They thought that would be splendid, for they could play the orchard was a great forest.

Uncle George put up the tent for them before he left. They named it "Orchard Camp," and put up a flag over the tent.

They had a very busy time taking their things down to the camp, for they were to stay three days. They were to sleep there, too, but Uncle John was to stay with them at night. They hauled their things down in their cart. In the last load they took their provision.

Their mother had baked them some cunning little cakes and biscuit. They had crackers, dried beef, and cheese, a large bottle of milk, and a cup of butter.

The boys had a fine time that night. Uncle John came about dusk. He built a fire to keep off the mosquitoes, and they sat around it while he told them a story. It was about when he camped out and killed a bear.

They were so tired they had to go to bed early.

Their mother and Cousin Will made them a visit next day, and stayed to dinner. They brought some fresh milk and a basket of lunch. They had a merry time. After they had gone, Uncle John came and took them down to the creek to fish. They caught five fish. They cooked them for their supper.

The next day they had a grand surprise. Their mother invited their cousins Charlie, Fan, Millie, Rod, and Nora to spend the day with them. The boys did not know about it until they came. Then what laughing and talking there was! They had a picnic that lasted all day.

When Ted and Will broke up camp that night, they said they had had a splendid time.

AUNT FRANCES.



AN ALPHABET PARTY




However it happened, perhaps you can tell,
The letters last night had a curious spell:
The whole of the alphabet way down to Z,
Was dancing & playing as gay as could be.

O rolled like a hoop all over the ground,
And V like ^{a top} went spinning around,
Q ran for its tail like a ^{kitten} at play,
And L danced a polka ^{at} with little Miss J.


As if for ^{a circus} he meant to be clown,
S kept turning somersaults up hill & down,
In "Round a ring rosie" ^{RAO} did R lead the way,
And the very "best fellow" was high stepping K.


B bounced like a shuttle-cock ^R into the air
And when he came down, ^U to catch him ^{was} there;
X played ^{a fiddle} for F and for H, ^{FH}
Who waltzing together, in time floated by.

Copeland.

E sang till the echoes caught up the refrain,
 And made ^{the} whole valley repeat it again;
H danced in a hornpipe and gay highland fling,
Which **C** who was critic pronounced "just the thing."
Captain **A** played leap frog with **X** and **Z**,
And to wind up in style vaulted over big **G**;
And **D** dropped the handkerchief for some ^{small} fry,
Who made him run ^{lively} because they were spy.

And **W** stood upright ^W with **M** on his head,
Who there made the motion to "all go to bed";
But **N** shouted **No** until staid Mr. **T**
Held his arms up and ^{shook} them which meant "I agree!"

Then **P** who was proper proposed to explain.
What he said "a spectator  might study in vain
The cause of their antics: to this all agreed,
And there formed a sentence quite quickly indeed.

By which it appeared to my wondering eyes
The meaning of what I had viewed with surprise.
I read very plainly beneath the moon's rays
"We are only enjoying our Vacation Days."


THE COW THAT SAID "PLEASE."

FREDDIE was a sad little coward. He always wanted mamma to sit close beside him when he was going to sleep. One night, when he called for his usual go-to-bed story, mamma told him this one :

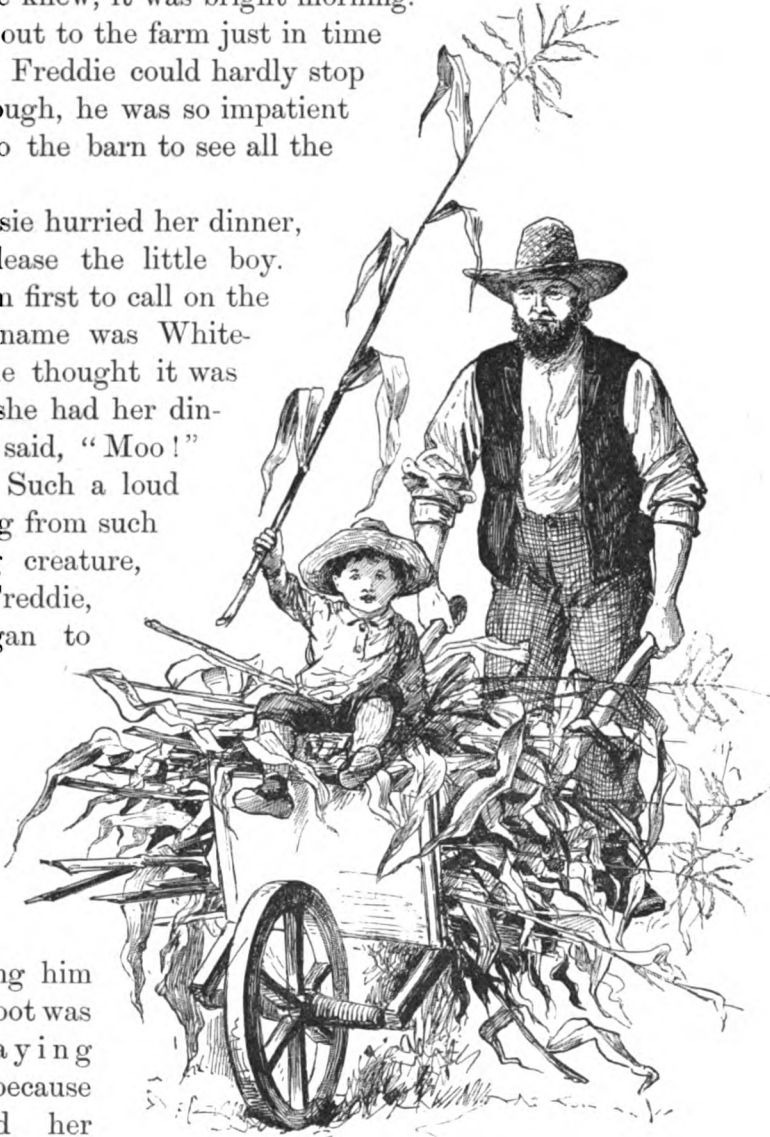


"Once upon a time there was a lady who had a little boy, and one night she said to him, 'Now if you will be brave and go to sleep all alone, I will pack a trunk, and to-morrow we will go out to see Uncle John and Aunt Bessie.'" That was the shortest story she had

ever told him ; but Freddie thought it the nicest, for he guessed in a minute who the lady was and who the little boy was. He thought so much of the good times coming, that he was not afraid, and the first thing he knew, it was bright morning.

They got out to the farm just in time for dinner. Freddie could hardly stop for that, though, he was so impatient to go out to the barn to see all the animals.

Aunt Bessie hurried her dinner, so as to please the little boy. She took him first to call on the cow. Her name was Whitefoot, and she thought it was about time she had her dinner, so she said, "Moo!" very loud. Such a loud noise, coming from such a great big creature, frightened Freddie, and he began to cry, making a great deal more noise than the cow did. Aunt Bessie tried to quiet him by telling him that Whitefoot was only saying "Please," because she wanted her dinner. Freddie told mamma afterwards that he would like that cow better if she wouldn't talk so loud.



Whitefoot seemed to be quite as much surprised at Freddie's big noise as Freddie was at hers, and she didn't talk any more. Aunt Bessie patted her nose and gave her some cornstalks. After a little while, Freddie grew brave enough to feed her with some of the longest stalks.

Every day Uncle John gave him a ride out to the garden in his wheelbarrow, and back again on the top of his load of cornstalks.

Whitefoot soon began to expect the little boy; and now, instead of being afraid of her talking, Freddie was very particular that she should be polite and say "Please" every time that she wanted her dinner.

J. A. M.



A GOOD-NATURED BEAR.

LITTLE Carl, his father, mother, and little sister, lived in the far West of America, where there were very few people or houses.

Near their house was a thick wood. One day Carl, though his mamma had often told him not to do so, thought he would take Allie into the woods to see if he could not find a hobby-horse. He knew a hobby-horse was made of wood, though he had never seen one. In a childlike way he reasoned that if they were made of wood, he could perhaps find one in the woods. His papa had promised to buy him one when he went to the village, but Carl felt that he could not wait.

They wandered hand-in-hand into the woods. They saw so many pretty flowers, and found such sweet berries, that they almost forgot the hobby-horse. Suddenly Carl shouted, "Here, Allie! Here is our hobby-horse at last, and a real live one, too! Isn't he cunning? Come quick, and hold him till I can get on."



Of course it was not a hobby-horse. It really was a good-natured little tame bear. He had wandered away from his home, like the children, and was as fond of roaming about. Allie tried to hold him by the ears till Carl could climb on his back, but the bear's hair was so soft and glossy that her little fat fingers slipped off. The bear, smelling some berries which Allie had in her hand, began licking them out with his tongue. In this way he remained quiet long enough for Carl to scramble on his back. He got seated, and was thinking what a nice ride he would have. Just then a loud scream from his mother, who had come in sight, caused the bear to scamper off in a fright. He went so fast that poor little Carl was tumbled upon the ground.

Mamma was so glad to get her children home safe that she did not punish Carl for his disobedience. If he had not disobeyed her, he would not have had that big lump on his forehead which he got by falling from the bear.

After that day, Allie always felt sad and worried when her papa went out to hunt, fearing lest he might shoot the runaway horse. She liked the bear because he was so nice and sleek, and "didn't mean to hurt Carl, after all."

C. B.



WHAT BECAME OF THE DOLLS.

A CERTAIN little dolly dear,
With hair as black as ink,
And eyes of painted blue, so clear,
You certainly would think
A bit of sky had tumbled down,
And lighted up her face.
She never had been known to frown,
And always kept her place,

Till one day a strange
 dolly came,—
 She had the blackest
 eyes,—
 And it was said, much to
 her shame,
 She told such dreadful
 lies.
 At all events, she paid
 no heed
 To what they both were
 told ;
 In naughty things she
 took the lead,
 She was so very bold.
 She coaxed the blue-eyed
 doll away,
 Far down a rocky shore ;



It grieves me much
 such things to
 say,—
 They never were
 seen more.
 But on the sands, at
 ebb of tide,
 Their little hats
 were found ;
 And so 'twas known
 how they had
 died,—
 The dollies both
 were drowned.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

A WISE DOG.

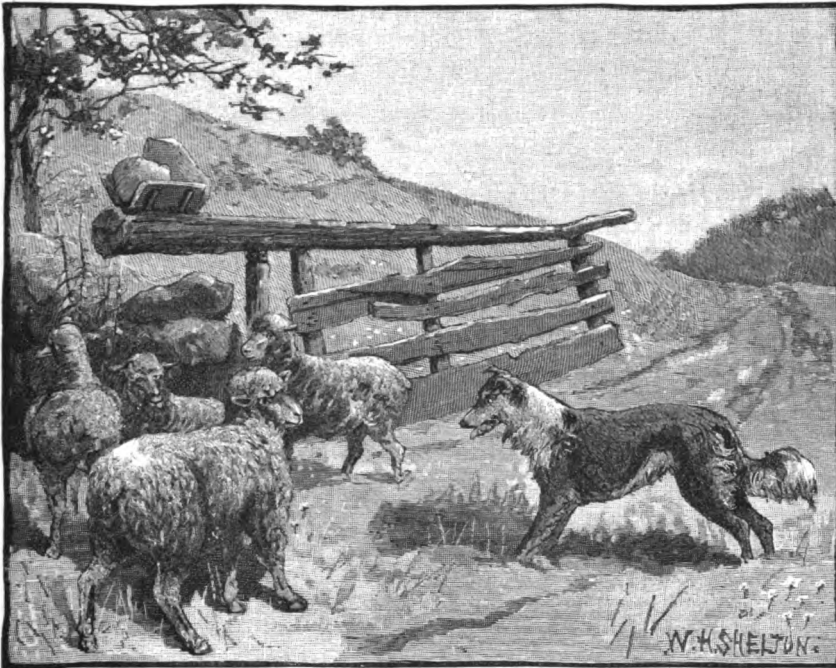
HARRY had gone to the country to make a visit. He was sitting on the porch, talking with Farmer Hughes, when the farmer said,



“Isn’t it about time you brought up those cows?” Harry was used to being called upon to help everybody at home; but as this was his first visit to the farm-house, he felt a little surprised at being

told to bring up the cows. However, he started to go; but the farmer kept on talking so busily to him that he could not get away without being impolite. He sat down to wait till the end of the farmer's story. Pretty soon Harry saw the cows coming up, and a gray shepherd dog driving them.

"Oh," said he; "I understand now! You told the dog to go for the cows. I thought you meant me."



Farmer Hughes laughed. "You must have thought we were in a hurry to set our visitors to work. Nero knew whom I meant. He was in the kitchen, and went out at the back door."

"Is his name Nero? It seems a shame to call a nice, innocent dog by that name."

Harry had been reading history, and had learned about a wicked emperor named Nero, who used to burn Christians to light his garden.

"Yes," said the farmer; "but he doesn't care. The dog is so intelligent and good, that it makes us quite like the name of Nero. He understands everything. Nero, bring up that lamb."

Nero walked quietly away, and soon came back driving a lamb before him.

"Now bring the sheep." And he brought them. In a little while the sheep started back to the fields. "You better hold those sheep, Nero," said the farmer. And Nero went out and placed himself in the gate, and kept the sheep in the yard.

"Do you believe a dog can tell one colour from another?" asked the farmer.

"Oh no!" replied Harry.

"Nero can. I have two red and two spotted oxen. And he will bring the one or the other, as I tell him.—Nero, bring up the red oxen."

Away went Nero, and soon came back driving a red ox and a spotted ox before him.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Harry. "I thought he couldn't tell colour."

"Nero," said the farmer sternly, "what did you bring that spotted ox for? I told you the red ones. Now take that spotted one back and bring the other red one."

Nero looked very much ashamed of his blunder. He hastened to take the spotted ox back to the field at a good canter, and quickly came back with the other red one.

MARY A. ALLEN.

THE MOUSE IN THE OYSTER.

It was such a funny thing that happened! Papa brought some oysters home in the shell one day, and placed them in the back shed. There they stayed till the next morning, when mamma used them.

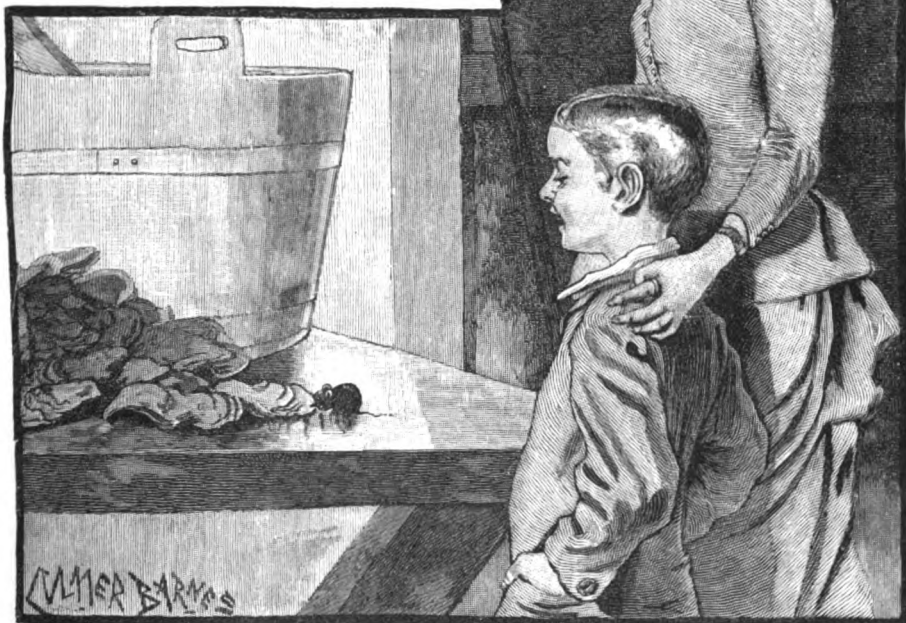
She laughed, and laughed at what she saw, and called Robbie to see. The oysters had opened their shells just a little, and a young mouse—a tiny one, not more than an inch long—had popped its head between the sharp edges of one. At once the oyster closed upon the poor fellow, and there he was, caught in a trap never set for mice.

The fat oyster nipped its little head so tight between the sharp edges of the shell that the mouse was choked in a few minutes.

When mamma called Robbie, there they were, oyster and mouse, fastened tight together. Robbie begged to keep them till papa came at night.

When papa had seen the wonder, and heard the story, he decided that it was too good to keep all to ourselves, and I have given it to the little folks.

Have they all seen an oyster in the shell, and do they know if its home is on the land or in the water?



And why was that little mousie stealing around at night? Why did he not mind his mother, and stay safe and happy in the nest with her?

JEANIE DEANS.

NINE YEARS OLD.

THE BABY-BROTHER.

AGAIN she sits and sings alone,
While red the lingering daylight dies.
The busy little hands are still,
And gravely sweet the downcast eyes.
"Oh, lulla-lullaby!"

But in the cradle at her side
No doll with cheeks of faded red
Lies, wrapped so soft in robes of snow,—
A baby hears the song instead.
"Oh, hush, oh, hushaby!"

A being strange and wonderful,
That knows but how to sleep and eat ;
With tiny fists, like rose-leaves curled,
Round, dimpled limbs and restless feet.
"Oh, lulla-lullaby!"

With happy wonder, ever new,
She watches all his baby ways.
Her books and toys unheeded lie,
While constant at his side she stays.
"Oh, hush, oh, hushaby!"

Her world has grown so very small,
It only holds her little king.
And, woman-like, she kneels to him.
He stirs! he wakes! Sing, Ethel, sing!
"Oh, lulla-lullaby!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.



nine·Years·Old·



WHAT WAS IN THE BARN.

LITTLE Blossom had been dreaming about the beautiful fairies. They are said to live in the flowers, and come out at night to dance together by the light of the bright moon. They are the dearest little tiny people! They are so kind and loving that they are



always ready to grant the requests of any good child who can find them; but the naughty child must ask in vain.

This morning Blossom woke early, and ran out to look at the wonderful flowers, which were the homes of the funny little fairies.

She ran gaily along the path till she came to the barn. In spite of the early morning, it looked so dark within the open door that she stopped, afraid to pass. Then she was startled by a soft noise. What could it be? All of a sudden a thought came to her. The fairies had gone in there to dance, and in the darkness of the barn did not know that the moon had gone and the sun had come up. Now was her chance. What should she ask? She stood quite still, hardly daring to breathe, lest she should startle the tiny creatures before she had asked her favour. She did not have to think long.

"Please, dear fairy, give me something alive, for my own, to play with," she said, in a very soft, timid voice. She crept silently to the door of the barn. Just then the sun sent a bright ray across the floor. In the middle of the barn was the dearest, darlingest little snow-white lamb!

Blossom stood still, so happy at first she could not speak or move. Then her joyful scream brought papa and mamma to her side. "It is mine!" she cried. "The fairies heard me because I was good, and gave me my beautiful lamb."

And papa said, "Yes, it shall be yours, to remind you that good little girls are loved by every one, even by the fairies."

KAY BEE.





Thistledown

"DEAR little Flyaway, may I
inquire

Whither so fast you are going?

See not before you the creek and the
mire?

What if the wind should stop blowing?

You cannot curb in the wind-steeds; and
though

Firm on their necks you're now lying,

If they should pause once, away you would go
Into the mud, and lie dying."

"Wee, winsome Troubleheart, can you not
see,

Home on these wind-steeds

I'm going,

There to sleep sweetly till

Spring calls to me?


Then a fair flower I shall
be growing.

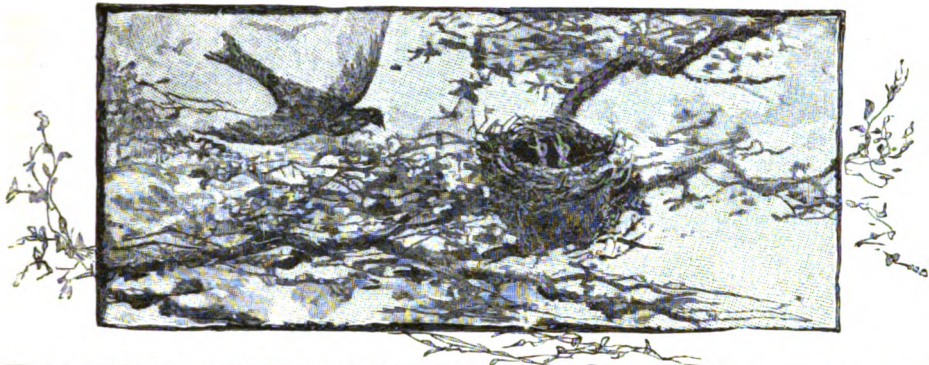
Though but a weak little
waif I appear,

Purposes wise I'm fulfill-
ing;

Nothing that God makes is helpless, my dear:
Speed, winds! go if you are willing."

JENNIE JOY.





TWO NESTS.



TWO NESTS.

Swing, birdies, swing !
 Over the green earth, and under the sky,
 Mother-bird hung up her cradle on high ;
 Wove it so deep, and wove it so strong,
 Birdies may rock in it all the day long.
 Swing, birdies, swing !

Swing, baby, swing !
 Under the old elm's fluttering leaves
 Mother for baby a brave cradle weaves ;
 Weaves it of silk, and lines it with down,
 Hangs it on threads soft as baby's white gown.
 Swing, baby, swing !

Swing, birdies, swing !
 Down from the tree-tops four little tongues call ;
 Baby coos back again, answering all :
 Oriole flutters in love o'er her nest ;
 Mother hugs baby, and thinks her the best.
 Swing, birdies, swing !

S. J. DOUGLASS.



MRS. HUMMING-BIRD.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE day grandpa said to Harry and Ida, "Children, if you will come out while I am picking peas to-morrow morning you will see something very pretty." That was all he would tell them.

They kept wondering about it every little while through the day, and made mamma promise to wake them early. I was a little curious myself to know what could be there at six o'clock in the morning, and at no other time.

The children were very wide awake at the appointed hour, and full of fun. Grandpa said they must be quiet, or they would frighten away his little pet.

"Won't you tell us what it is, grandpa?" cried Harry.

"Do tell us, grandpa!" chimed in Ida.

Grandpa smiled, with a teasing look in his eyes, and said, "Oh, you will soon find out for yourselves, if her royal highness favours us."

He had been at work only a few minutes, and was whistling softly to himself, when out flew the daintiest little humming-bird! Her nest was in a quince-tree just beyond the fence.

At first she was very shy, and did not alight; but her wings quivered in the sunshine, and showed the lovely colours. She flashed around like a bit of a rainbow, and the children were delighted.

Grandpa pretended not to see her, and soon she gained more courage. Then she flew back to her nest, and called her two young ones. They had just begun to use their wings, and the mother bird coaxed them along to the pea-vines.

The children had a good look at them then. They were about as large as a bumble-bee, only slimmer in the body. Their feathers had begun to grow, and they seemed like a mixture of red and green and gold.

The mother bird flew away, and left her little ones near grandpa, as if she knew he would keep them from harm. In a few minutes she was back again, her bill laden with sweets for her little ones.

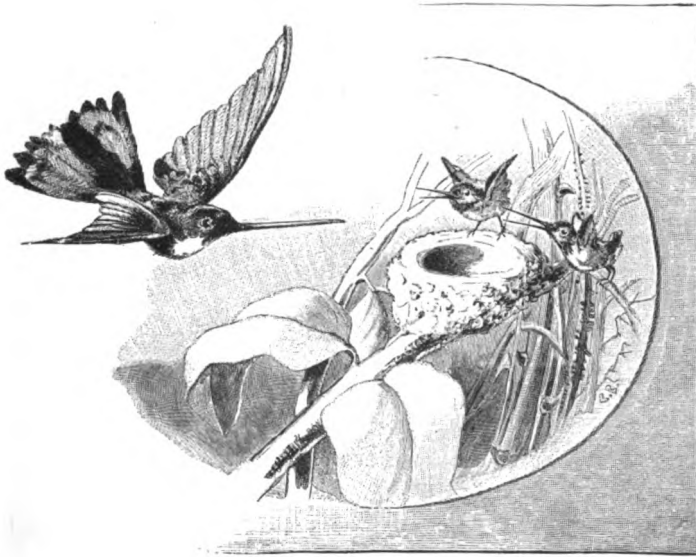
She did this several times. Then she gave a little call, and flew towards the nest. The birdies soon followed her.

Grandpa said she helped the little birds along with her bill the first morning she came.

The children were delighted with grandpa's pet. They had never seen a humming-bird before, and to have one so near was an inducement for them to wake up early.

Mrs. Humming-bird came every morning until the little ones were able to fly away, and grandpa's peas were all picked.

A. D. BELL.



TOMMY'S ENEMY.

HE is a harmless little boy,
A well-bred English child ;
His manners staid could ne'er annoy,
His voice is prim and mild.

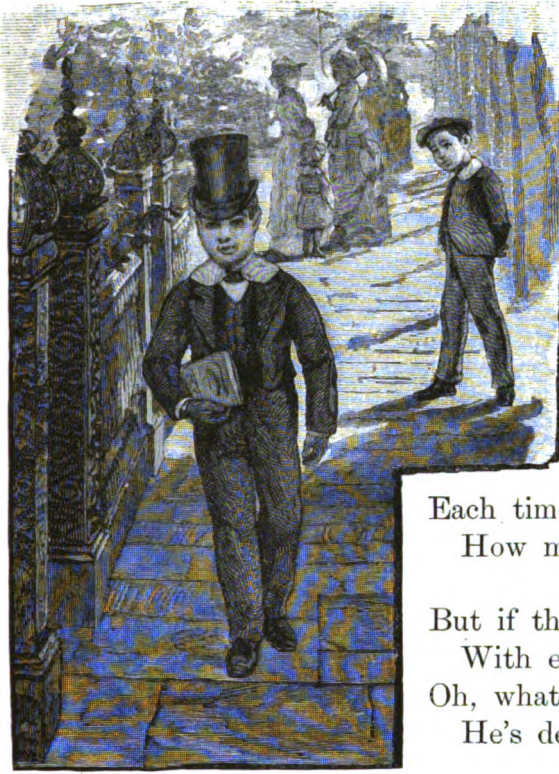
He always says, " Beg pardon, ma'am !"
And, " Yes, quite so, indeed !"
At table, he—unlike our Tom—
Shows neither haste nor greed.

I'm sure I cannot understand
Why Tommy should declare
He cannot see him, but his hand
Must twitch to pull his hair.

His jacket does, I own, look queer,
For he's extremely fat ;
And Tommy can't repress a jeer,
To see his stove-pipe hat.

He sings so well that all admire ;
He plays the violin ;
He dances, too, which swells the ire
Of Tommy's scornful grin.

Even his inoffensive name,
Of Charles Augustus Topps,
But makes our naughty boy exclaim
He "hates such stuck-up fops !"



Now, what can be the
reason why
He always must of-
fend?
Why is he Tommy's
enemy,
Who might be Tom-
my's friend?

Oh, dark suspicion! can
it be
That Tommy's anger
grows

Each time that he is forced to see
How much Augustus knows?

But if through life he disagrees
With every one that's higher,
Oh, what a world of enemies
He's destined to acquire!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

QUEEN.

A TRUE STORY.

QUEEN was an Irish setter dog. She was not at all proud of her "blood," though she had every reason to be; but she was very proud of her nine little baby doggies. Such cunning mites they were, too, and as blind as bats!

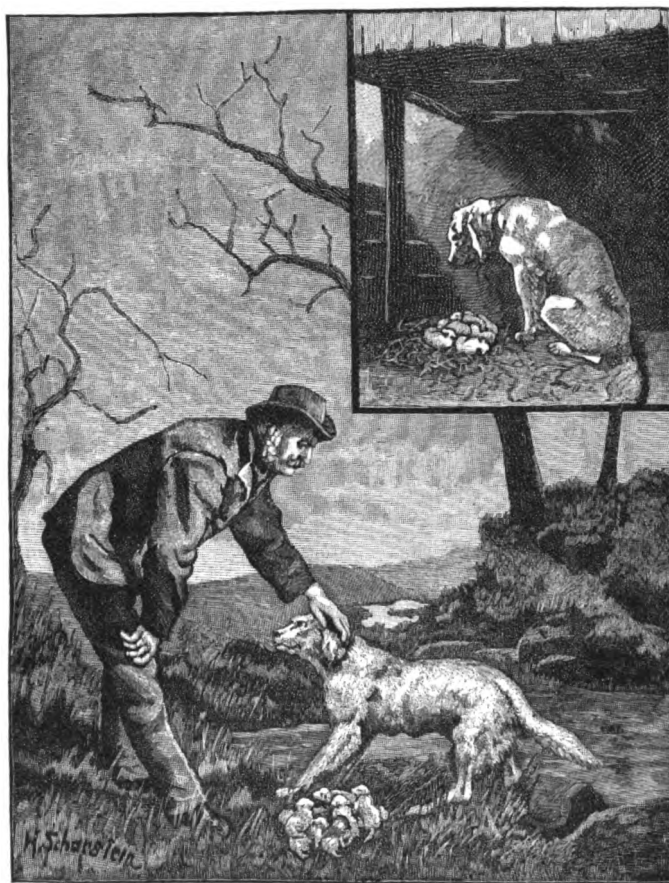
Baby doggies cannot see until they are nine days old, and these were not old at all; indeed, they were very new. Now Queen's master thought there were nine dogs too many, and he said, "These baby doggies must be drowned in the creek."

One day, when Queen's little family were all soundly sleeping, and she had gone off to search for a bone, something dreadful happened.

It was just this: the little blind doggies were carried to the creek, and all were dropped right into the water!

Drowned? You shall know.

Later in the day Queen trotted up to her master, and in her dumb way made him understand that she wished him to follow her. She



led him straight to the creek. There upon the mossy bank he saw—all cuddled up in a funny heap—the baby doggies!

Queen had scratched together in a snug pile some fallen leaves. Upon this pretty bed lay eight little doggies, sleeping as sweetly as if they had not been in the water at all. How did they get there? Queen had carried them there, to be sure. She had saved her babies, all but one.

Do you not think Queen was a royal mother? The master thought so, and told her, as she had saved her babies, she might keep them. How did Queen ever find out that the baby doggies were thrown into the creek? Ah! no one knows that but Queen, and she will not tell.

GEORGIEANNA LEE.

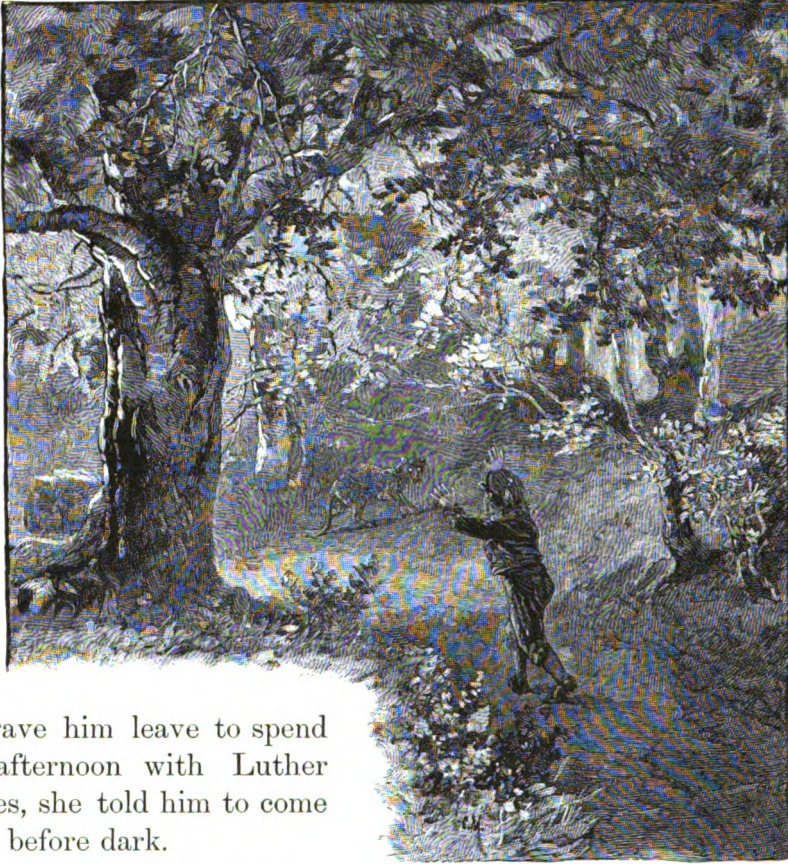
GEORGIEANNA LEE.



BRAVE ROBERT.

ROBERT BENTON's brother and sister called him a coward. He was afraid of the dark. He would scream at sight of a spider. He would go round the field where the cow was feeding, rather than pass her.

Robert loved his mother, and always tried to obey her. When



she gave him leave to spend the afternoon with Luther Barnes, she told him to come home before dark.

The boys had a fine time playing ; but when the sun went down Robert remembered what his mother had said, and started for home.

Fifty years ago there were not as many houses in the town where Robert lived as there are now. Luther was Robert's nearest neighbour, though their homes were more than half-a-mile apart. There were woods between the two houses.

Robert walked along through the woods whistling to himself, when

all at once he heard a growl, and in the path right before him he saw a pair of shining eyes that belonged to some kind of a large beast. His first thought was to turn and run back to Luther's: then he remembered his mother's words. He must go home.

Starting quickly towards the beast, he threw up his arms, and jumped, and screamed with all his might. Strange as it may seem, this little boy of seven years frightened the creature. It slunk into the bushes, and Robert ran home with all his might.

His brother and sister laughed when he told the story. They said it had been a long time since any wild beast had been seen in that region, and he had been scared by a shadow, or an old tree-trunk. But his father took a gun, and calling the hired man, went into the woods.

The next day everybody from far and near came to see the big wild cat that Mr. Benton had shot, and to hear the story about Robert.

The little boy was never again called a coward.

JULIA A. TIRRELL.





SUMMER.

THE lake in the woods,
And the lovely wild flowers,
The musical breeze,
And the cool shady bowers,
Have used up the long summer
day.

The little ones then
Rejoice in a rest
Beneath the old trees,
The sun in the west,
The sheep their companions
at play.

IN THE SPARE ROOM.

LITTLE Edith had a very nice nursery in which to play, and a great many pretty toys, which her parents and Santa Claus had given her ; but she was sometimes very naughty.

Her mamma had told her that she must never go into the spare chamber, for there were many things in there which might be easily broken. But one day, when no one was watching her, Edith slipped upstairs, unlocked the door of the spare chamber, and went in.

"I'll lock the door on the inside," she thought, "and then no one can get in."

She had some trouble in turning the key ; but at last the door was locked.

Then Edith felt safe, and she went around the room, looking at the ornaments on the mantle, bureau, and centre-table.

When she had looked at everything, she thought she would go out ; but she found she could not unlock the door. She worked at the key until her little fat fingers were tired, and then she began to cry.

She cried until she had no more tears left to shed, but no one heard her ; for her mamma had gone out driving, and the servants were in the kitchen.

At last she lay down on the floor and went to sleep. When she woke up the room was dark, and she knew it must be supper-time.



She began to cry again, and then she heard her mamma calling, "Edith! Edith!"

In a minute her mamma was at the door, but she could not open it. She had to send for a locksmith, and it was nearly an hour more before Edith could get out of the spare room.

But her mamma did not punish her, for she thought Edith had cried enough already.

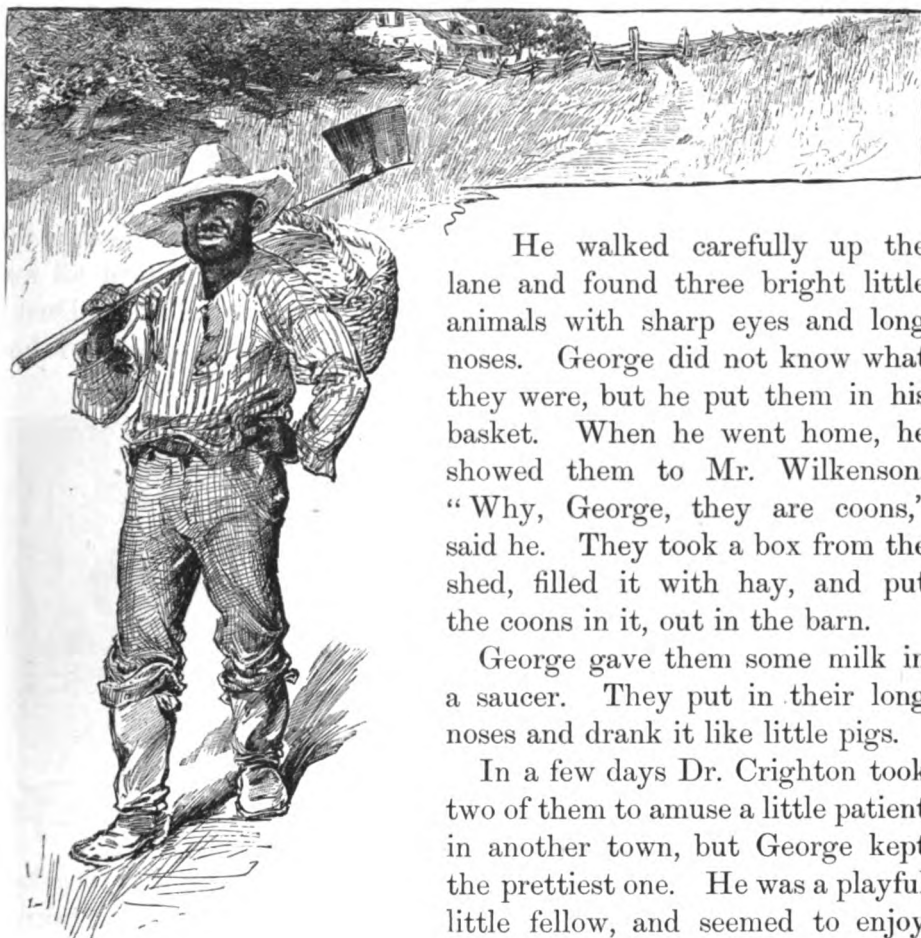
And you may be sure Edith never went alone into the spare room again.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



DUSKY GEORGE AND HIS COON.

MR. WILKENS ON had a coloured man called Dusky George. One day he sent him to the field at the back of the mill to dig some potatoes. George started with the hoe over his shoulder and the basket swinging on it. Just before he reached the field, he saw something moving in the grass. He said to himself, "That's a woodchuck." He wished he had his dog Sam.

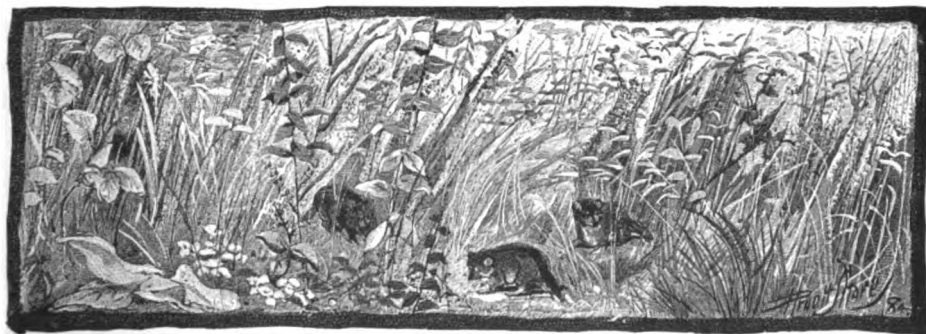


He walked carefully up the lane and found three bright little animals with sharp eyes and long noses. George did not know what they were, but he put them in his basket. When he went home, he showed them to Mr. Wilkenson. "Why, George, they are coons," said he. They took a box from the shed, filled it with hay, and put the coons in it, out in the barn.

George gave them some milk in a saucer. They put in their long noses and drank it like little pigs.

In a few days Dr. Crighton took two of them to amuse a little patient in another town, but George kept the prettiest one. He was a playful little fellow, and seemed to enjoy everything like a child. He did

not like strange dogs. When one came into the yard he would



back into a corner and spit like a cat, if he did not have time to hide. The dog Sam soon learned to protect the coon, and took him into his bed at night.

He had many friends among the neighbours, and one enemy. A lady set a custard pie on her doorstep to cool. Mr. Coon found it in his travels and ate it up. This lady did not like him.

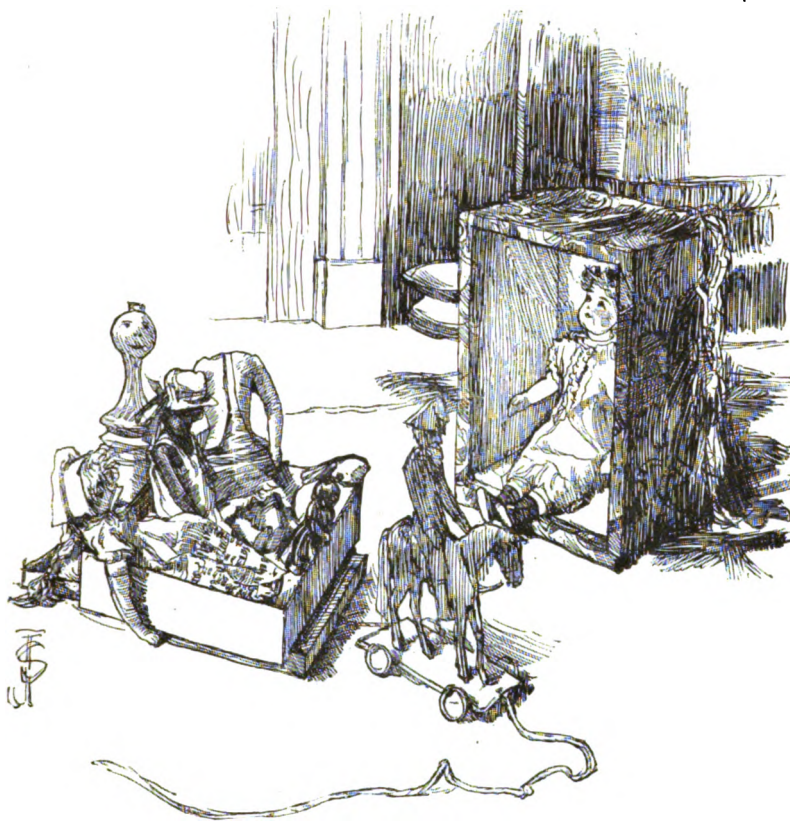
His greatest pleasure was to ride. If he saw them harnessing the horse, he would climb to the seat and wait patiently until all was ready. His most famous ride was when he went to the city. Dusky George harnessed the horse to the gig for Mr. Wilkenson. When



he was ready, the little coon was ready too. When they reached the principal street, Mr. Wilkenson went into a fur-shop, taking the coon under his arm. The man said, "Let us put him in the window." They did so; and as it was a bright, sunny day, the coon lay down on a bear-skin, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. A crowd soon gathered around, and it was amusing to hear the children wondering whether he was alive or not. There was quite a shout among them when, all at once, the coon yawned and turned over.

The longest day has an end, and the coon at last reached home. I believe he has never been to the city since.

UNCLE DANIEL.



DOLLY-TOWN

HAVE you ever been down to Dolly-Town?

The sight will do you good.

There the dollies walk,

And the dollies talk,

And they ride about

In a grand turn-out,

With a coachman thin

Who is made of tin,

And a footman made of wood.

There are very fine houses in Dolly-Town,
Red and green and blue ;
And a doctor grand,
Who is at command,
Just to mend their toes
And their arms and nose,
When they tumble down
And crack their crown :
His medicine is glue.



But the prettiest sight in Dolly-Town,—
That place of great renown,—
Is no dolly at all,
Though so neat and small.

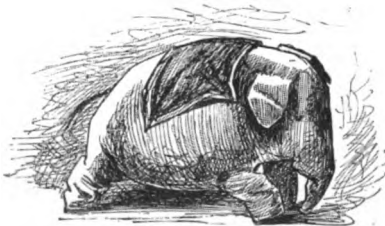
If you've time to spare,
Go on tiptoe there ;
See the wee, wee girl,
The rose, the pearl,
Who is Queen of Dolly-Town !

GEORGE COOPER.



CHARLIE'S JUMPING "JIM."

WHEN Charlie was nearly two years old, mamma made him an elephant out of gray cotton-flannel, and put a nice blue blanket over his back. Charlie was very much pleased with it. As he was not big enough to say "elephant," he called him "Jim." Whenever he saw elephants in pictures, or in the circus procession, he would say, "See the Jims!"



Charlie, papa, and Jim used to have fine frolics together. Every evening, after tea, Charlie would get Jim out of his barn behind the door and take him to papa. Then poor Jim would jump, and

roll over, and stand on his head, and try to get into a basket Charlie had. When he got into it he always went in head first, and his tail stuck straight up in the air.



During the cold winter days, when Charlie couldn't go out-doors to play, Jim would jump up and down stairs, but he never seemed to get tired. The little boy loved Jim just as well as if he had been alive. He used to talk to him just as little boys talk to their dogs.

Papa used to say it must hurt Jim to jump him so hard. Now all the jumping Jim did was great fun for Charlie and papa; but it was rather hard on Jim, and he began to show signs of age. He fell

down to the cellar and lost his eyes. He jumped so hard he hurt his legs, for they wouldn't stand straight. He laughed so hard in playing, that he split his throat and the cotton began to come out.

One morning, when Charlie woke, a new Jim stood at the foot of his little bed. His legs were straight, and he had bright eyes. He wore a bright red blanket. Charlie was very much pleased, and hugged the new Jim. When he was dressed, he ran out to show the



new Jim to the old Jim, but he couldn't find him anywhere. He wasn't in his barn. He ran and asked mamma, and she said the new Jim had eaten old Jim up; that was what made him so nice and fat. This pleased Charlie very much. That night the new Jim began to jump.

Mamma has made a good many Jims since then, for papa and Charlie are rather hard on them. Each time she makes one, Charlie asks if the new Jim has eaten the old one up. The last Jim has a

little bell on each corner of his blanket, and makes a fine noise every time he jumps.

E. A. V.



MARGARETTA.

MARGARETTA is two and a half years old, and just as full of fun as she can be.

One day Margaretta's mamma went to make a visit, and left the little girl in her papa's care. Margaretta's papa is a doctor, and has a great deal to think of, for there are many sick people in the place; but he did not forget that his little girl must be put to bed quite early. So he lifted her into her little crib, and tucked the bed-clothes all around so that she would be snug and warm, and he was just about to turn down the light, when he heard a funny little laugh. It came from the crib.

"Why, Margaretta," said the doctor, "what is the matter with you?"

Margaretta tried her best to speak, but she could not stop laughing for some time. Then she said in her comical way, with her eyes and her dimples dancing merrily, "Pa-pa! No-ee, no-ee night-ee!" and the *ee's* ran off into such a funny little giggle that papa-doctor had to join in the laugh himself. And what do you suppose he had done? Why, put his little girl to bed without her nightgown, which Margaretta thought was the funniest thing that had ever happened. She might have cried, and made a fuss about it; but she is such a merry little midget that it is far easier for her to laugh than to cry, which must be a great comfort to her mamma and papa.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



TEN YEARS OLD.

DAY-DREAMS.

I MEASURED myself by the wall in the garden;
The hollyhocks blossomed far over my head.
Oh, when I can touch, with the tips of my fingers,
The highest green bud, with its lining of red,

I shall not be a child any more, but a woman.
Dear hollyhock blossoms, how glad I shall be!
I wish they would hurry,—the years that are coming,
And bring the bright days that I dream of to me!

Oh, when I am grown, I shall know all my lessons,—
There's so much to learn when one's only just ten!—
I shall be very rich, very handsome and stately,
And good, too,—of course,—'twill be easier then!

There'll be many to love me, and nothing to vex me,
No knots in my sewing, no crusts to my bread;
My days will go by like the days in a story,—
The sweetest and gladdest that ever was read.

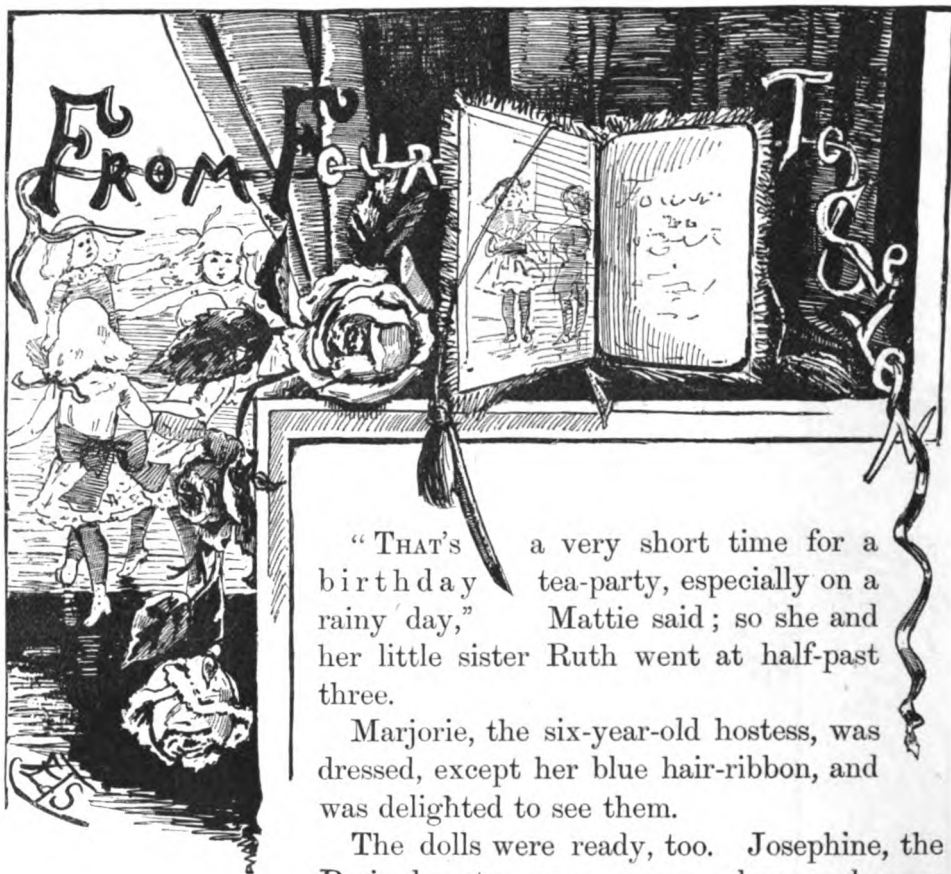
And then I shall come out some day to the garden
(For this little corner must always be mine);
I shall wear a white gown all embroidered with silver,
That trails in the grass with a rustle and shine.

And meeting some child here at play in the sunshine,
With gracious hands laid on her head, I shall say,
“I measured myself by these hollyhock blossoms
When I was no taller than you, dear, one day!”

She will smile in my face as I stoop low to kiss her,
And— Hark! they are calling me in to my tea!
O blossoms, I wish that the slow years would hurry!
When, when will they bring all I dream of to me?

MARGARET JOHNSON.





"THAT'S a very short time for a birthday tea-party, especially on a rainy day," Mattie said; so she and her little sister Ruth went at half-past three.

Marjorie, the six-year-old hostess, was dressed, except her blue hair-ribbon, and was delighted to see them.

The dolls were ready, too. Josephine, the Paris beauty, wore cream-colour and rose, with her best jewellery; Hans and Gretchen, the German brother and sister, wore funny peasant costumes; and old Ethel, dearest of all, had on a clean pink calico wrapper. Even the Maltese kitten had washed her face and breast and feet as white as snow.

By ten minutes past four the twelve little girls had come; and what fun they were having! There were ninepins and parlour-croquet, paints and puzzles, toy dishes and furniture, books and balls, all arranged in the sitting-room and parlour, to play with.

Kitty opened the game of ninepins. She rolled the balls about with her paws, and jumped after them. She knocked over the men

and boxed their ears till all the children declared there never, no, never, was such a cunning kitten.

Well, they played "drop the handkerchief," and "button, button," and "hide the thimble," and "post-office."

Now Ruth was a stranger to most of the children, and the quietest one of all. When they were playing "post-office," she was called into the parlour, and was to guess which one sent for her, or be "spatted out." But the shy little child was afraid. She stood quite still, and dared not speak a word. They all talked to her at once: "Who is it?" "Why don't you play?" "Guess quick!" By-and-by the blue eyes began to look hazy, and the plump cheeks grew very red.



"Go to Mattie, dear," said thoughtful Hattie. "No fair! No fair to tell!" shouted the children; but Hattie took Ruth's hand and led her up to Mattie. Mattie kissed her first, and there was no dreadful "spatting" at all; and nobody said again that it wasn't fair. So the sunshine came quickly back into Ruth's face, and the game went merrily on.

Mamma made buttonhole bouquets of dainty blue forget-me-nots, and pinned one on each little girl's dress.

By-and-by, when they were all very hungry, the dining-room doors were thrown open and the children went in in pairs. The long table looked very gay. The shutters were closed, and the gas was lighted. How red the strawberries looked! The tall dishes of pop-corn and candy, and the baskets of frosted cookies and currant cake seemed very tempting. A merrier group never gathered around a tea-table; but every little head was bowed while papa asked God to bless them.

There were many jokes and stories and conundrums. They all laughed at Nell when she found a cracker pig on her plate. It was very "amusable," they thought.

But with all the chatter, the biscuit and lemonade and berries disappeared before—something happened that Marjorie herself did not know about. What do you think it was? Laura the maid came walking in with a beautiful birthday cake! She set it down in front of Marjorie's plate, and the dear little girl just said, "O—h!"

It was round, with white frosting trimmed with pink scallops, and Marjorie's name and age in pink letters. Around the cake were burning brightly six wax tapers above a wreath of smilax and roses,—one taper for each year of her life.

Then the ice-cream was served, and all the children ate till they could eat no more.

Supper was early, so there was time for one more game of forfeits before the door-bell began to ring, and messengers came for the little ladies. Every one said good-night with a happy face.

They did not look like the same children, with waterproof cloaks over their pretty white dresses and over-shoes covering their dainty



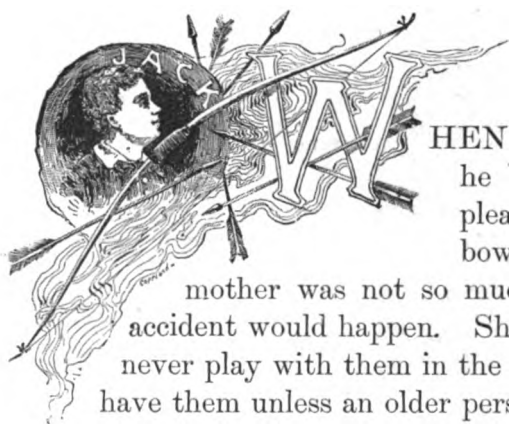
slippers. The grass was wet, and it was raining heavily.

"Oh, mamma!" said Marjorie, "didn't we have a lovely time? It was just heaps of fun! And didn't we shout as if quite wild? You had to stop your ears, didn't you, mamma?"

ELLEN S. CARHART.



WHAT JACK SHOT.



WHEN Jack's uncle came to see him, he brought him a present which pleased him greatly. It was a bow and six arrows. Jack's

mother was not so much pleased. She feared some accident would happen. She made a rule that Jack must never play with them in the house, and that he must never have them unless an older person was with him. After this she felt more at ease.

This rule did not seem very hard to Jack while his uncle was with him, for he was always ready to teach him to shoot with his bow. After his uncle went away, it was different. As there were not many older people to be with him, he was seldom able to play with his favourite toy.

One day Jack's mother went out, and left him playing with his friend Henry, who was a year older than he. Jack began to talk of his bow and arrows, and Henry wanted to see them. As Jack ran to get them, he remembered his mother's rule. "But Henry is an older person," he thought,—“a whole year older.” This was wrong; but Jack did not stop to think about it.

Soon he returned, bringing the bow and arrows with him. Henry

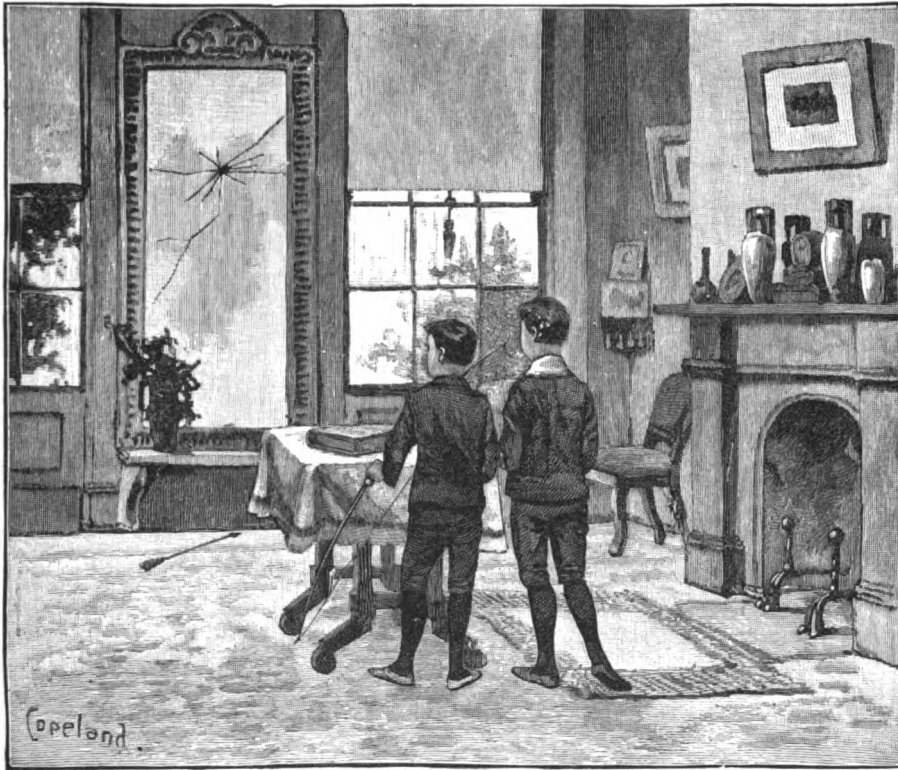
was delighted with them. After they had looked at them for some time, Henry asked Jack if he could hit anything with them.

"Oh yes, it is very easy," said Jack.

Henry thought it would be hard to take aim with so large a bow.

"Easy enough," said Jack. "Look!"

He placed an arrow in the bow, raised it to the right position, and pulled the string. But his hand slipped. The arrow flew through



the room, and crashed into a large mirror which hung between the windows. Just then his mother came into the room.

Jack was never allowed to have his bow and arrows again. He got a whipping, besides; but his greatest punishment was in seeing the broken mirror whenever he went into the parlour. It was a long time before his father could afford to buy a new one.

A. M. TALCOTT.

A Word Picture

By Arthur Day.

illustrated by E. S. Cope and.



L is for Lady with book in hand.



Antelope

A is for pretty & grand.

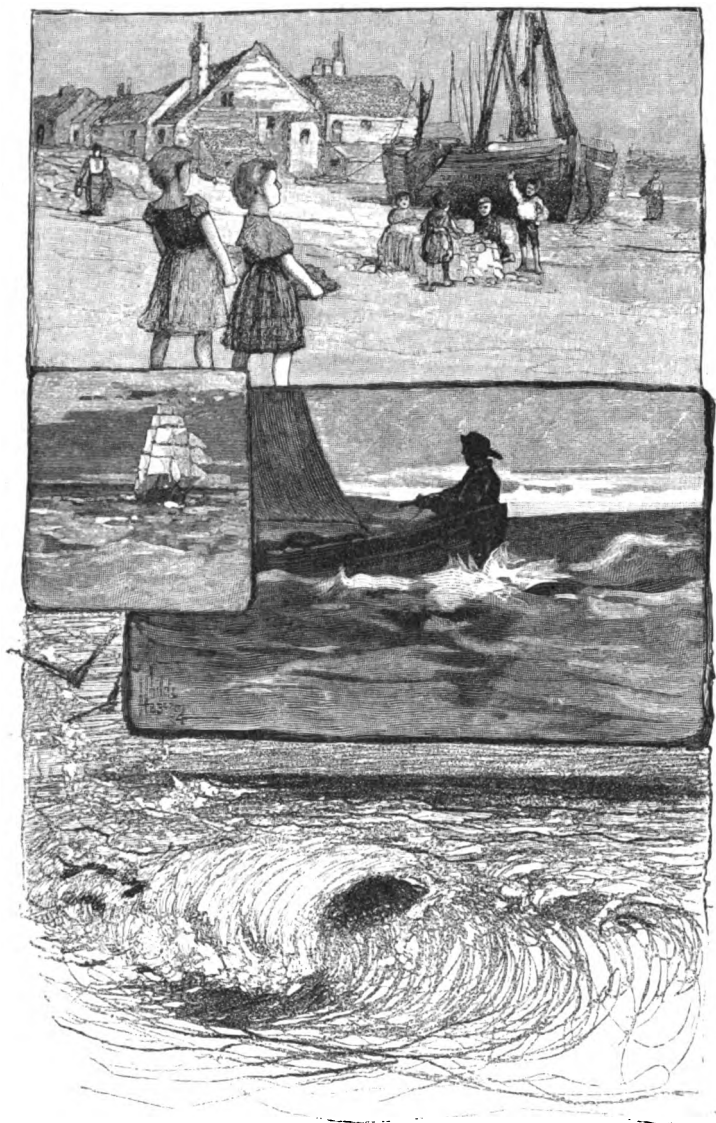


K is for King who is mighty to rule.



E is for Ewe that is covered with wool.

Now Lady and King each other's hands take,
And with the two animals walk to the LAKE.



A SEA-SONG.



A SEA-SONG.

MATTIE and Margery, Frankie and Fred,
 Shaping with shovel and tiny hand
 Wonderful castles and loaves of bread
 Out of the shining sand,—

Finding a beauty-stone, spying a shell,
 Running to lay it on mother's knee,—
 Full of a joy that no song can tell,
 Play by the sounding sea.

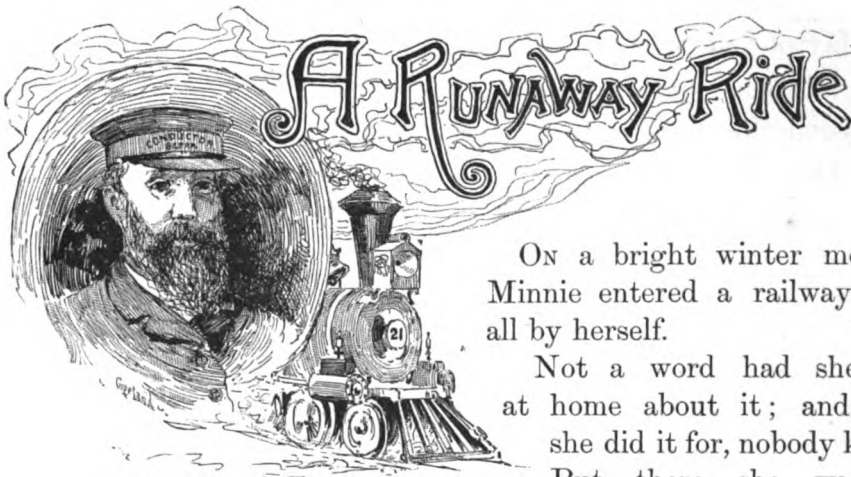
Tremulous flood-tide of sunset light
 Bathes the glad earth and the ocean too;
 Purple and rosy and amber light
 Melt into heights of blue.

Ships, flaunting plumes of radiant mist,—
 Ships, with their sails drenched in golden glow,—
 Pleasure-boats white that the sun has kissed,
 Phantom-like come and go.

Music of laughter ; rustle of wing ;
Sweep of a sea-gull over the waves ;
Echoes of carols the mermaids sing
Rise from their ocean caves.

Come, little children, the song is sung ;
Fair is the picture it leaves with me,—
Lives so tender and hearts so young,
Glad with the old, old sea !

ELLEN S. CARHART.



On a bright winter morning
Minnie entered a railway train
all by herself.

Not a word had she said
at home about it ; and what
she did it for, nobody knows.

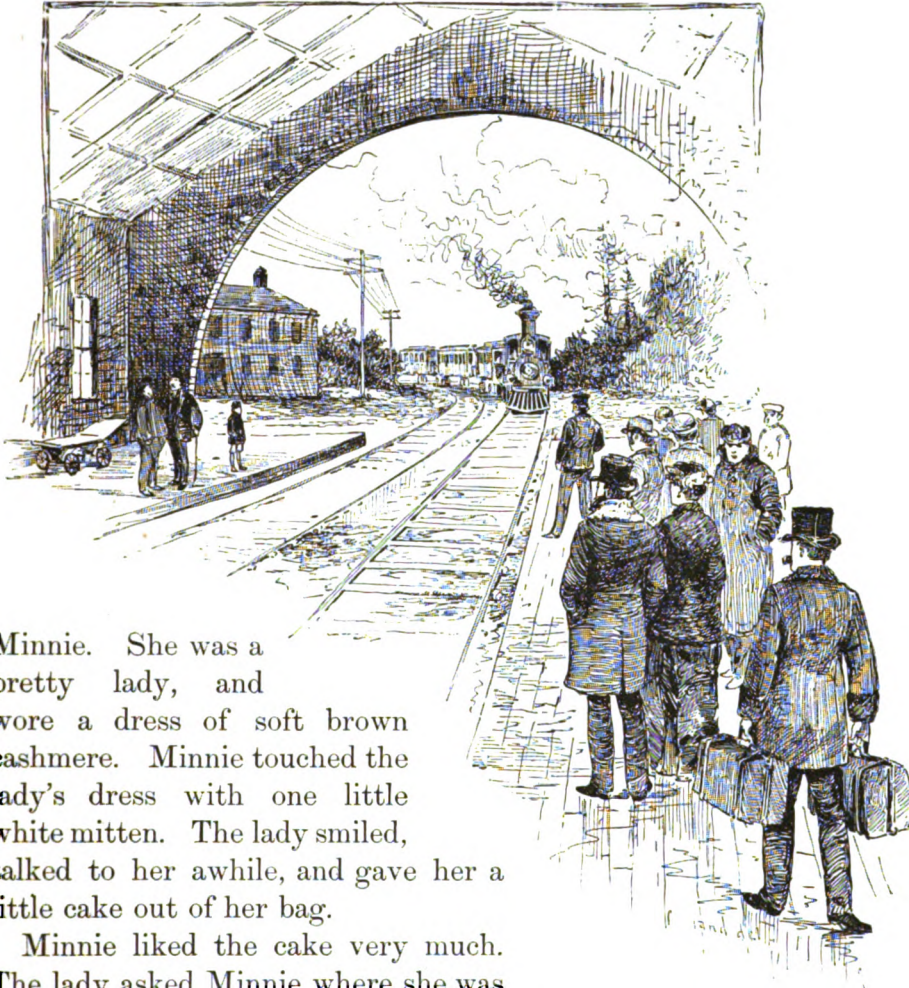
But there she was, all
wrapped up in her pretty gray coat and white mittens. She had
a blue bow under her chin, and looked very pretty as she climbed
into the carriage.

People looked at her with some surprise as she passed between
them. But she moved very quietly, only humming a little song to
herself, and did not seem at all afraid. So they thought maybe she
was used to going alone.

Pretty soon the conductor came by ; but in some way he missed
Minnie, and did not ask for her ticket. What she would have done,
if he had, she didn't know. She had neither ticket nor money.

She curled herself up on one of the soft crimson cushions, and looked out of the window. The train went rumbling on, with Minnie, in high feather, enjoying her stolen ride.

When the train stopped, a lady came in, and took the seat by



Minnie. She was a pretty lady, and wore a dress of soft brown cashmere. Minnie touched the lady's dress with one little white mitten. The lady smiled, talked to her awhile, and gave her a little cake out of her bag.

Minnie liked the cake very much. The lady asked Minnie where she was going, but she couldn't tell.

"The conductor knows, I suppose," thought the lady. "Perhaps she belongs to him."

Rumble, rumble went the train, and Minnie grew drowsy. Soon she was fast asleep. Then another station was reached. In came a

gentleman, in a great hurry, looking about him, right and left. The first thing Minnie knew, he picked her up and carried her into the station.

The gentleman looked kind, and patted her head ; but he did not tell her what he was going to do. Minnie had half a mind to cry, but concluded she wouldn't.

When the down-train came along, he gave her to another gentleman ; and this one carried her into a carriage. He took care of her all the way back. Do you think Minnie thanked him ? Not a bit !

Do you wonder how he knew where she lived ? Just this way. She was missed from home, and word was sent to the station by telegraph.

Do you think she was a very naughty little girl, and was sent to bed ?

She was not a little girl at all ; only a gray pussy. But this is a true story.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

AN UNLUCKY SAIL.

WHEN little Sam was six years old he began to go to school. His teacher gave him a merit card whenever he was good all day. But sometimes he whispered, or made a noise in school, and then he did not get one.

"I will give you a penny whenever you bring home a card," said Sam's father.

After that Sam was very good, and brought home a card almost every day. He saved up his pennies, and when he was seven years old he bought a pretty toy boat.

Sam's sister Hattie went with him to the duck-pond to see him sail the boat. But soon she grew tired, and went back to the house.

"I wish I had something to put into my boat," thought Sam.

He looked around and saw Hattie's doll under a tree. Hattie had forgotten it when she went to the house. It was a pretty wax doll, with long flaxen hair, and blue eyes that would open and shut. It

was dressed in pink silk, and had a little straw hat with a pink feather.

"I will give Miss Dolly a sail," thought Sam.

He put the doll in the boat, and pushed it out on the water.



"Hattie, Hattie!" he cried, "come and see your doll taking a sail."

Just as he spoke an old duck swam against the boat, and gave it such a push that Miss Dolly fell off into the water. Before Sam.

could reach her with a long stick she sank to the bottom of the pond.

Hattie cried until she had no tears left to shed, and Sam felt like crying too. He knew he ought not to have taken his sister's doll.

He went on saving his pennies just as he had done before he bought the boat. And when he opened his tin bank on his next birthday he found that he had nearly three shillings. What do you think he bought? I am afraid you would never guess, so I will tell you. He bought a new doll for Hattie, and it was even prettier than the one he had drowned in the duck-pond.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



IF.

“ IF I were only a kitten,
How jolly and nice 'twould be
To play about in the sunshine
And run up the tallest tree !

“ I never should hem the towels,
Nor sew any buttons on ;
I never should have to stay in school
Till the brightest hours were gone.



“ Sometimes, though, I should be busy
Making a marble roll ;
Or sitting, if I were hungry,
To watch by a mouse's hole.

“ But if I were feeling lazy,
I'd curl myself in a ball,
And lie all day by the fire
With nothing to do at all.

"But, dear! I had 'most forgotten,—
 If I were only a cat,
 I couldn't be mamma's girlye.
 Now, what do you think of that?"

"I'll work and I'll study bravely
 Always, to hear her say :
 'My own little darling daughter,
 You have been good to-day.'"

SYDNEY DAYRE

Hoppy's First Egg.



LITTLE Emma came running home from school one day. "Oh, do look, mamma!" she cried, holding out her hands. She had something hidden in them.

"What have you there?" asked her mother.

"Guess," replied little Emma.

But just then a speckled feathery head peeped out between Emma's fingers.

"Oh, what a pretty chicken!" cried Mrs. Long.

"Where did you get it?"

"Some boys gave it to me. They were going to kill the poor thing. It is lame, and I want to keep it for my own. May I, mamma?"

Papa looked in at the door at that moment, and asked, "Keep what?"

When he saw the chicken, he laughed, and said he had never been in the hen business, but he would begin with Hoppy. Hoppy was the name that Emma had given the chicken.

A fine house was made out of a soap box, and Hoppy was put to bed. Papa Long showed the little girl how to feed and care for her pet. By-and-by Hoppy grew to be a large hen. She was very



handsome, but she always limped. Emma was very fond of her, and never neglected her.

One day Hoppy was heard singing very loud in the garden, and Mr. Long said, "Emma, I guess you had better look in the nest."

Emma ran out, and soon returned in great glee, bringing a fine large egg. "Oh, do see Hoppy's beautiful egg!" she cried. "May I have it to eat all myself?"

Mamma thought it quite right that Emma should have her chicken's first egg, and the little girl put it carefully away for dinner.

When she returned from the pantry, Emma found her mother talking with a poor old woman. She was spreading some bread and butter for her. "What do you think, Emma?" she asked; "this poor woman has nothing at home to eat." Emma stood a few moments, while the old woman was telling her story; then she ran suddenly out of the room.

When she came back she went timidly up to the stranger. "Do you like eggs?" she asked. "Because here is one. It is all my own, and you may have it."

"You precious dear!" cried the woman, "you have a good heart, like your mamma. I am very thankful indeed for the egg."

Mrs. Long was much pleased by Emma's kind conduct. So was Hoppy, I guess, for she laid a much finer egg the next day.

C. BELL.





MOVING THE PETS.

WHAT a jolly time we had when we moved into the new house ! We had looked forward to the event and had talked about it for weeks.

The men who drove the waggons loaded with our furniture looked so funny. Each of them had on a high hat, and one of them had on two—a black one and a white one. They were papa's old hats, that were not worth taking away ; but the carters thought they were quite nice.

The things we children felt most anxious about were our pets. The men offered to take them up on the front of the cart, but we were fearful that something might happen to them ; and as the new house was not far off, we concluded that we would take them ourselves.

Baby has a neat little velocipede ; and as he could not carry anything and steer his velocipede too, we said he might go ahead of us

and play he was "captain." I came next with my dollies, Mabel and Maggie, in their little carriage, on the front of which was Dicky, the canary bird, whom Mabel and Maggie seemed to be talking and laughing about. Hardy came last, with his box of plump white rabbits with such large pink eyes. Bunny, the largest



one, kept putting his head out between the bars as if to see that we were going in the right direction.

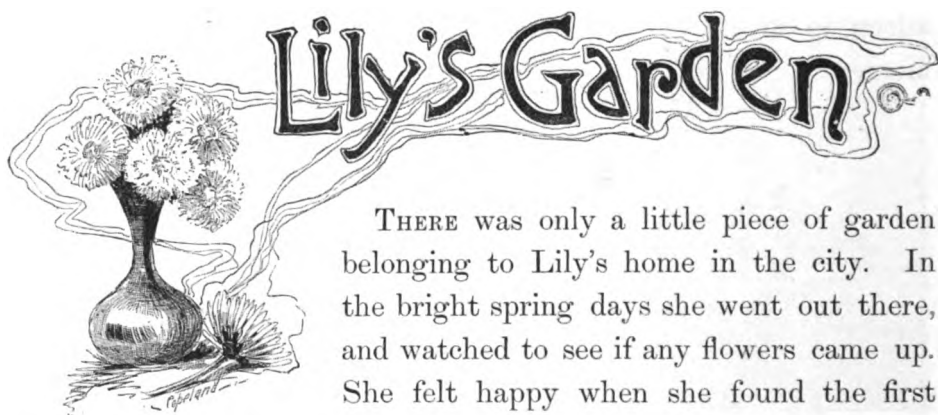
We had not gone far when Hardy noticed that the little gray kitten had been forgotten. He rushed back and found her on the front steps, crying at a great rate, as much as to say, "Ain't I going too?"

We arrived safely at the new house. The rabbits ran around the yard as though they were delighted with the new place. Kitty soon found the warm spot in front of the kitchen range; and Dicky, the canary, showed his joy by singing one of his best songs.

How hungry we all were, and how good the first meal in the new house tasted!—though we had no table-cloth, and mamma couldn't find the salt or more than half the things we wanted. We were not sorry when night came, for we were all tired out, and soon dropped asleep to dream of what splendid times we would have on the morrow.

JESSIE RODMAN.





THERE was only a little piece of garden belonging to Lily's home in the city. In the bright spring days she went out there, and watched to see if any flowers came up. She felt happy when she found the first blades of grass.

A poet sings that "his heart dances with the daffodils." Lily's heart danced one morning when she found a dandelion among the grass in her yard,—a real yellow dandelion, with all its golden petals spread out.

Just then one of her playmates looked over the fence, and put out her hand.

"Do give it to me," she said. "I shan't like you a bit if you don't; I shall think you are just as stingy—"

"But it's all I have," said Lily; "I can't give it away. I can't. Wait till to-morrow, and there'll be some more out. They're growing. There'll be some all round to-morrow or next week."

"To-morrow! I want it now, to-day," said her friend; "to-day's better than to-morrow."

Lily looked at the child, and then at the dandelion. "I suppose

it would be mean to keep it," she said ; "but it is so lovely—*can't* you wait?"

"Oh, well, keep it, you stingy girl!"



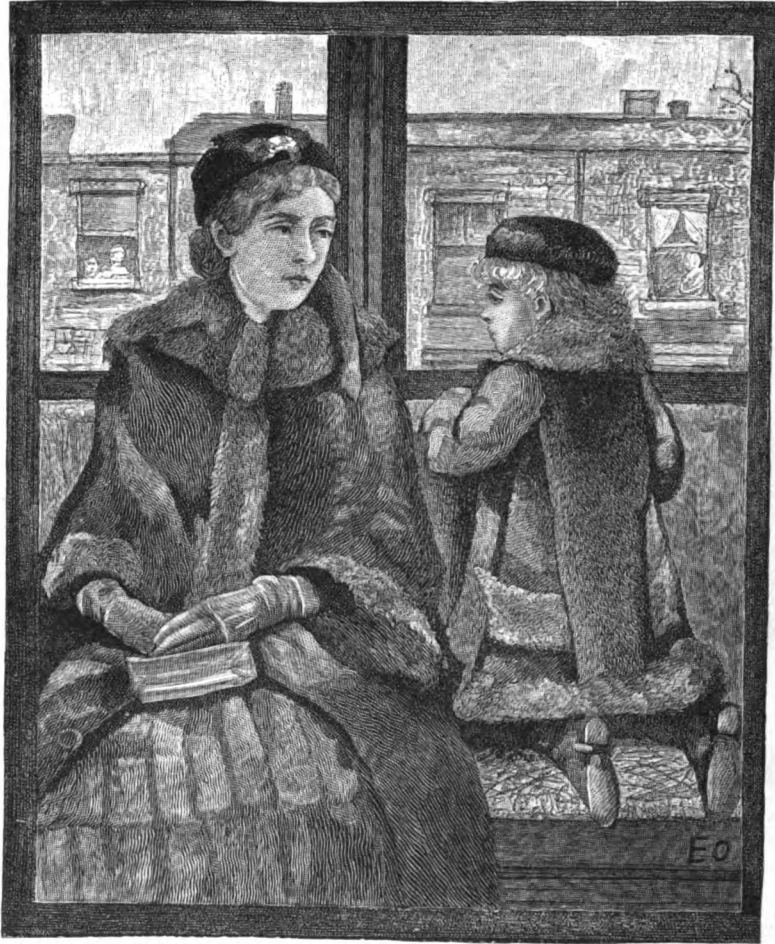
"Come and pick it yourself, then," said Lily, with tears in her eyes.

The next day, when Lily went into the yard, there were a dozen golden dandelions, like stars in the grass, and a little blue violet was blooming all alone by itself.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

A RIDE ON THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

WHEN Johnny's mamma told him she was going to take him with her to New York, he was a very happy little boy. He asked a great many questions as to how they would go, and what he would see in the great city.

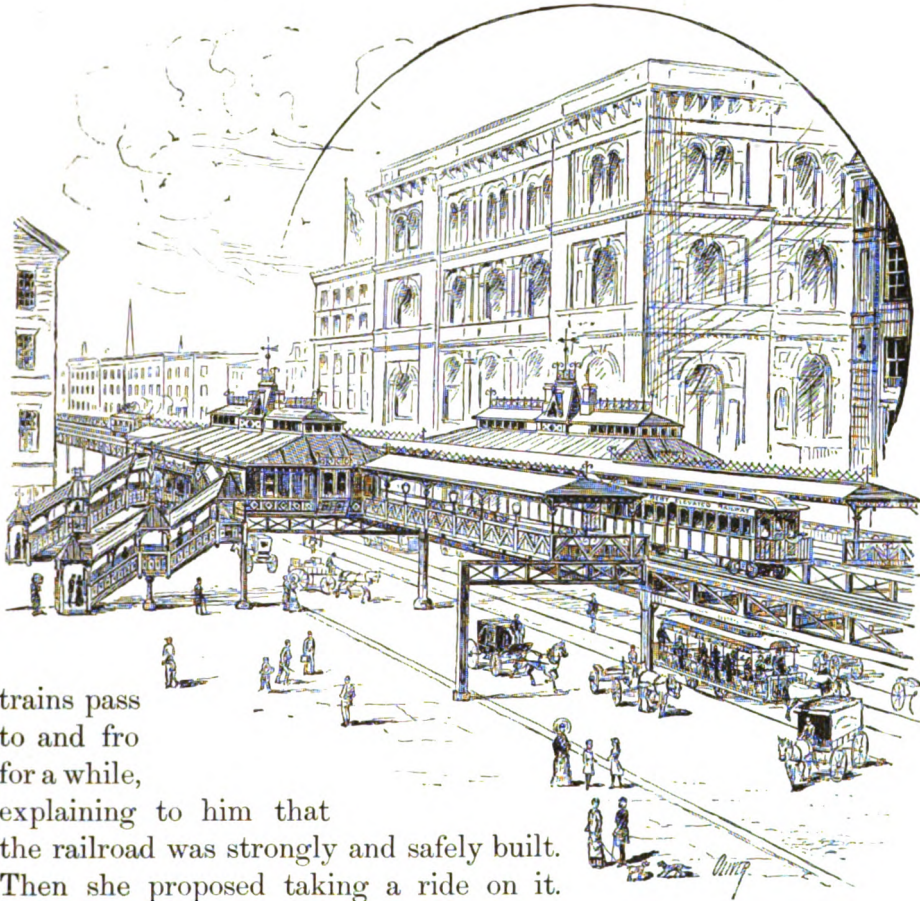


Mamma told him about the great steamer, and the cunning little bed in which he would sleep on the passage. Then she described New York, and its great Central Park, with its beautiful walks and drives, and the museum, and wild animals; but there was one curious thing she forgot to say a word about. So when Johnny

was walking about one day and saw a train on the elevated railway, the little boy was frightened and clung to his mamma, exclaiming,—

“O mamma, mamma! see that train way up in the air! Suppose it should fall down!”

But his mother took him into a shop, and let him watch the little



trains pass
to and fro
for a while,
explaining to him that
the railroad was strongly and safely built.
Then she proposed taking a ride on it.

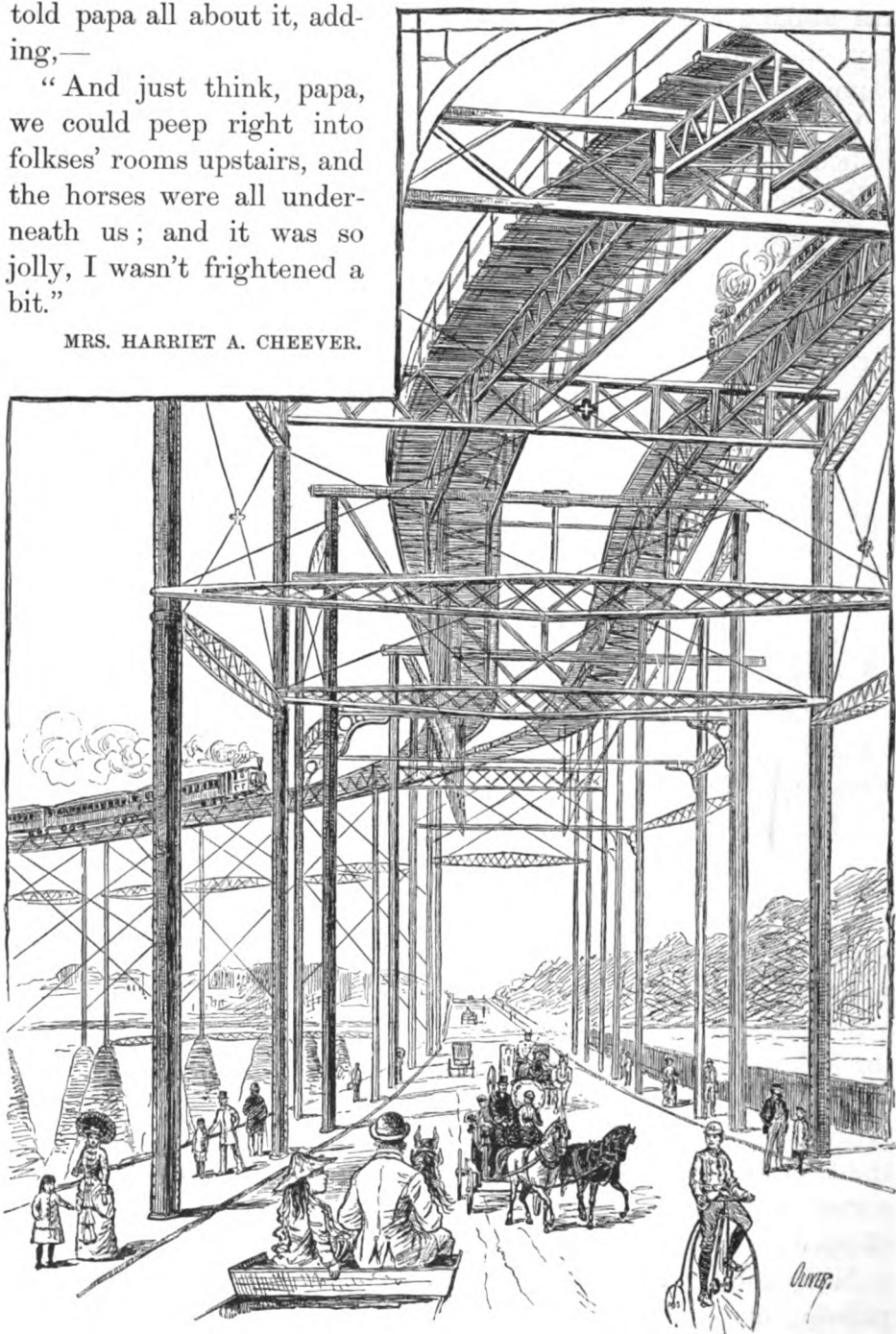
At first Johnny objected; then he began thinking it must be fun to ride up so high. When he was once seated in the cars, and gliding swiftly along above the street, he clapped his hands with delight.

Every day after that Johnny wanted to ride on the elevated railway, and did so several times. When he returned home he

told papa all about it, adding,—

“And just think, papa, we could peep right into folkses’ rooms upstairs, and the horses were all underneath us; and it was so jolly, I wasn’t frightened a bit.”

MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.





A MILKING SONG.

JUMP every idler out of bed
 And away with Jane to the
 milking-shed,
 Where, standing deep in balmy
 thyme,
 We'll find the patient waiting
 kine ;
 And, as we briskly move along,
 Our Jane shall sing her milk-
 ing song ;—

“ Coming, coming, coming,
 I'll not make ye wait,
 For the sun has risen,
 And 'tis getting late.
 Daisy white and Ruby red,
 Come o'er here to me.

“Coming, coming, coming,
’Tis no ye’d have to wait,
But see! I’m here already
A-standing by the gate;
Daisy white, my heart’s delight,
Just hearken now to me.

“Dreaming, sleeping, eating,
Through the quiet night,
Yet ye keep me waiting
Now I’m full in sight.
Ruby red, and Daisy white,
I call ye all to me.

“Going, going, going,
I’ve stayed here far too long;
’Tis little use my singing
When you’re deaf to all my song.
But though you graze in pastures green,
Ye’ll want me back ere long, I ween;
And then ye’ll low for me.

“Going, going, going,
’Tis growing far too late:
I vow I’ll stay no longer.
Ah! *Now* they’re through the gate.
But, Daisy, Duchess, Ruby, May,
I’ll pay ye out another day
For making fun o’ me!”

MRS. A. M. GOODHART.

HOW THE PIGS WERE RAISED.

A FAMILY of ten little pigs were suddenly left motherless. What a misfortune!

Farmer Clough had raised a great many pigs, but he wondered what was to become of those wee grunters. Their mother would have known just what to do with them. The man almost wished her babies had died with her.



He would try to take care of them. Farmer Clough turned down a barrel on its side. Then he filled it half full of clean straw. The ten piggies sank out of sight in their bed. They cuddled all in a heap and went to sleep. A pretty good beginning.

When Farmer Clough went to the barn with some warm milk to feed them, he called, "Piggy, piggy, piggy!"

The straw in the barrel began to move. The ten little fellows came scampering out.

The pigs were so eager for the milk that they tumbled over one another. Each little pig said, "Awo-hoo, awo-hoo!" The farmer thought that meant, "Hurry up my dinner."

He placed the pan of milk on the floor. He tried to teach the little things to drink. Every one seemed afraid it would not get its share. They were piggish, you see.

Some fell head-foremost into the pan of milk. It was funny. Their owner told them to behave themselves, but they did not. Soon they were running over his feet and crying for more.

He told them more at that time was not good for them; so they crept back into the nest contented, and went to sleep again.

They grew fast, just like pigs. With their warm milk and their fresh straw they fared well. By-and-by they outgrew their barrel. Farmer Clough said that every barrel of pork he ever had before grew less and less till it was empty; but this one grew more and more till it was more than full.

MRS. J. A. MELVIN.



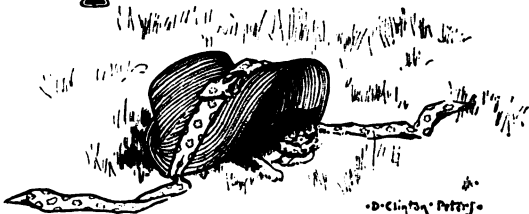
A Summer Resort.

I gave my kittie up for lost,

I hunted here and there,

And surely she was lost—in dreams,

You never could guess where.





TWENTY LITTLE POULTICES.

It never would have happened if mother had not gone away, and the twins had not been left by themselves because Hannah was "preserving," and if that grindstone had not been left out in the yard.

But mother had gone, Hannah was busy, the grindstone was there, and it did happen,—this naughty thing!

The twins were sitting on the doorstep, eating bread and “’serves” that Hannah had given them. It was very warm and quiet, and



there was not a thing to do. The bees were busy enough out there in the clover; but then they were bees, and did not know any better fun than to work all day.

It was Dell who began it. She always did begin things, and Bell had to follow. She finished her bread first, and sat trying to think of something to play. Then she saw that grindstone, and said, “O Bell, let’s grind!”

Bell swallowed her last bite quickly, and followed Dell to the grindstone.

Now they did not seem to remember that some one, mamma perhaps, had said, “Never touch the grindstone, little girls.” Bell did begin to remember, when, suddenly, there was Dell turning that

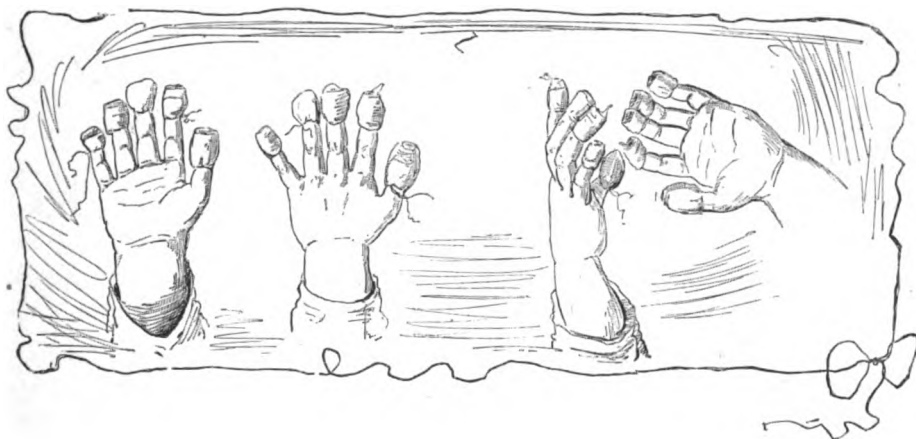
lovely stone with both hands. Of course Bell had to get a knife and hold it to grind.

They ground two knives, which they got from the kitchen when Hannah's back was turned. Then they ground the hoe till it was "awful sharp," and some of the points off the handsaw. Then Bell said, "Let's grind our fingernails!" They turned the stone, and held their fingers on it; and at first it felt funny and "ticklish." When they stopped, oh dear!—the tips of every one of those poor little fingers were sore indeed, for they had ground the skin right off, and the blood came.

They ran crying to Hannah; and what do you think she did? Why, she put a little poultice of bread and milk on every one of those fingers and thumbs on each naughty hand.

The twins were so ashamed to have mamma see those hands, when they had promised to be so good! When she came home at night, two sorry little girls met her, with their hands behind their backs; and when she asked "what was the matter with her birdies," they sorrowfully held up those ten—no, twenty little poultices.

E. S. TUCKER.



ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

IN THE HAYFIELD.

“ETHEL! Baby!” softly calling,
When the shadows cool were falling,
Searched I all the meadows over,
Sweet with new-mown grass and clover,
When the evening dews were falling,
And the evening skies were gay
With the sunset yesterday.

Twittered sweet the swallows flocking;
Faintly rang the echoes mocking;
Crickets chirped and winds were sighing.
Came no little voice replying,
Only echoes faintly mocking,
Calling softly, far away.

“Ethel! Baby!” Where the meadow,
Flecked with morning light and shadow,
Slopes to meet the little river,
Something seemed to stir and quiver,—
Something neither sun nor shadow,
In the fragrant heaps of hay.

Crept I nearer, looking, listening.
Ah, my rogues, I saw the glistening
Yellow curls among the clover,
Eyes with laughter brimming over,
Through the tangled grasses glistening,
Where my hidden treasures lay!

Then their fortress I invaded,
Tossed aside the grasses faded,
Took them prisoners where I found them.
With my clasping arms I bound them,
And as daylight slowly faded,
Homeward through the gathering gray,
Bore my happy prize away.

MARGARET JOHNSON.





BEL'S BARGAIN.

ONE morning little Bel was sent by her mamma to a small-wares shop to match a spool of silk. She had often been trusted on such errands, though only four years old; and very proud she used to feel as she trudged along, "helping mamma."

"Be sure and get just that shade of blue, and come right back, little daughter," said mamma, as she kissed her good-bye. "Yes, ma'am," was the sturdy answer.

Now on the way to the shop there was a fruit-stand, which Bel used to look at with longing eyes whenever she passed it. This morning she saw something she had not seen for a long time,—great, beautiful, red bananas! If Bel liked anything in this world, it was a banana. She wondered how much they would

cost. Then she thought she would ask. "Twopence." Why, she had just twopence in her fat fingers that very minute! Before you could think, she hadn't twopence at all, but had the banana instead.

Do you think she went right home? Not she. She marched straight to the small-wares shop, and standing on tiptoe reached her sample above the counter, saying, "My mother wants a spool of silk like this." The lady smiled down at the mite, matched the silk carefully, and handed it to her.

"Fank you," said Bel: she never forgot her manners.

"But, little girl," called the lady, "didn't your mamma send any money for the silk?"

"Yes'm; but I buyed a banana." And before the lady could stop laughing, Bel was on the street, hurrying home.

If you will believe it, it was a long time before mamma could convince her little girl that she had been naughty in buying the banana. Yes, though she talked to her all the way to the small-wares shop and back.



If bananas were not to be bought, why were they right out in sight? Hadn't her mamma told her to match the silk?

Papa thought it was a good thing for the world that Bel could never become a business man. Mamma thinks she will never make such a sharp bargain again, even though she should become a business woman.

K. L. S.







A QUARTET OF LITTLE ONES.

Mac and Janet, Ted and Nell ;
What a merry, sweet quartet !
Which are fairer, can you tell,—
Eyes of blue, or eyes of jet ?

Six and five, and three and two,
Are the ages of the set :
Mac so bright, and Jan so true,
Laughing Ted, and Nell the pet.

Soft azure eyes and hair of floss
Are beautiful to me ; but yet
So are brown curls with silken gloss,
And dark eyes in deep fringes set.

Mac, Nell ; Ted, Jan : two dark, two fair.
Dear, dear ! how puzzled one does get,
To know which is the sweeter pair,
Those with the blue eyes, or the jet.

JEANNIE S. JUDSON.



A QUEER PIN-BOX.

TROTTY kept house in the closet of her papa's library. She had all her dolls in there, and a little tin tea-set her uncle had given her. The dolls were all of rubber, except one; this was of wood. It had been sent to Trotty by an aunt who lived in America, very near a settlement of Chippewa Indians. The doll had been dressed by an Indian woman, and its clothes were covered with beads. Trotty called it her little Indian boy. She loved him very dearly, in spite of the fact that she was obliged to whip him a dozen times a day.

But she loved Fanny, her big rubber doll, best of all. Fanny had lost an arm, and there was a hole where her nose ought to have been; but Trotty thought her beautiful, and always gave her the best seat and the best bed in the baby-house.

One evening Trotty was watching her mother dress for a party.

"I can't find a pin anywhere," said Mrs. Ray. "It is strange what becomes of them. I've bought paper after paper of them; but can never find any when I dress."



"Perhaps Fanny takes them," said Trotty. "She may have them in her pin-box."

Mrs. Ray laughed. "I think not," she said. "Fanny is too good a child to take my pins."

But that night, when Mrs. Ray took Fanny out of Trotty's arms,



after the little girl was sound asleep, she thought the doll seemed very heavy about the head. She looked, and found that the head was full of pins. Trotty had dropped them in through the hole where the nose ought to have been.

Wasn't that a queer pin-box?

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



JOE'S JACK-O'-LANTERN.

"Oh! mamma, mamma! come here quick!" said little Ned, looking out of the window one dark night. "I see the funniest-looking man! He has great holes where his eyes and nose and mouth should be, and it is all light shining out of them. I guess he has a fire inside of his head."

"Don't you know what that is?" asked his big brother Joe. "That's a jack-o'-lantern. Harry Desmond has been to his grandfather's in the country, and he gave him a pumpkin. Harry cut holes for nose and mouth and eyes, and put a candle inside. He has lots of fun with it."

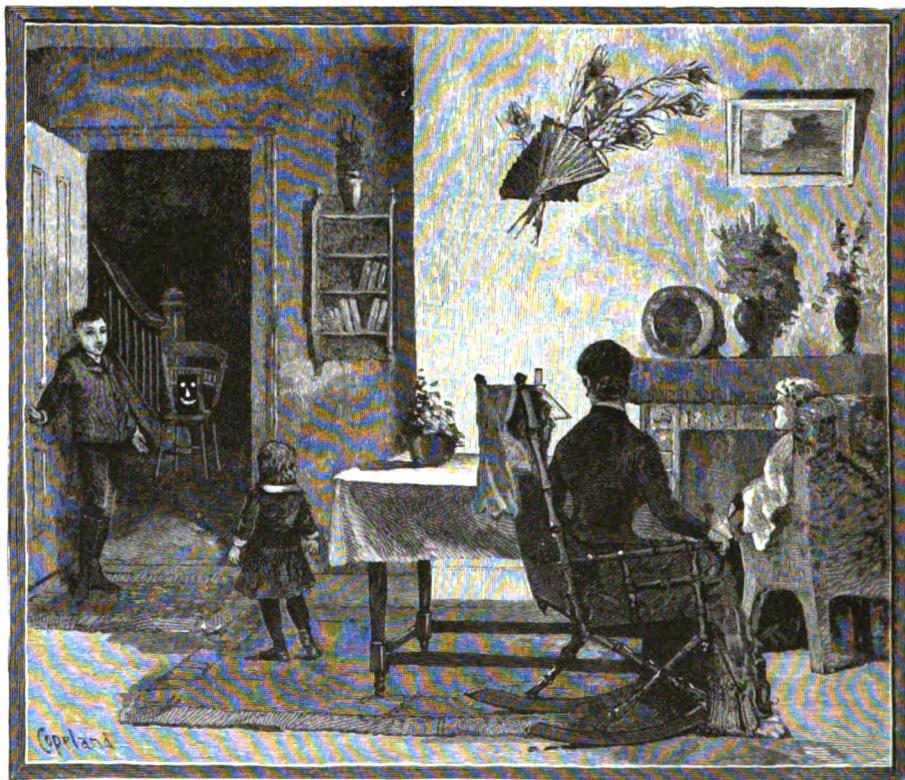
"I wish our grandfather lived in the country, so we could get a pumpkin."

"I'll have a jack-o'-lantern, any way," said Joe.

For a little while Joe sat very still, thinking. Suddenly he started up, went to the attic, and no more was seen of him till nearly bedtime.

Then he came in and said, "Now, mamma, if you will give me a penny to buy a candle with, I will show you as good a jack-o'-lantern as ever was made."

In about ten minutes Joe opened the sitting-room door and asked everybody to come into the hall. There sat Mr. Jack-o'-lantern looking as bright and smiling as you please.



Joe had taken an old cigar-box, and cut eyes and a nose and a mouth in the bottom. Standing it on one end, he could open the cover and set his candle inside. It made a very fine-looking jack.

So you see, little city boys, even if you haven't a pumpkin, you can have a jack-o'-lantern.

ADA FEE.

A BEAR-STORY.

“ I know a new bear-story,”
I said to the little folks,
Who surely as the twilight falls,
Begin to tease and coax.



“ And did they live in the forest,
In a den all deep and dark ?
And were there three ? ” — “ Yes, three,” I said,
“ But they lived in the Park.

“ Let’s see ! Old Jack, the grizzly,
With great white claws, was there ;
And a mother bear with thick brown coat ;
And Betty, the little bear !

“ And Silver-Locks went strolling
One day, in that pretty wood,
With Ninny, the nurse, and all at once
They came where the bears’ house stood.

“ And without so much as knocking
To see who was at home,
She cried out in a happy voice,
‘ Old Grizzly, here I come !’

“ And thereupon old Grizzly
Began to gaze about ;
And the mother bear sniffed at the bars ;
And the baby bear peeped out.

“ And they thought she must be a fairy,
Though, instead of a golden wand,
She carried a bulky paper bag
Of peanuts in her hand.

“ Old Grizzly his red mouth opened
As though they tasted good ;
And the brown bear opened her red mouth
To catch one when she could ;

“ And Betty, the greedy baby,
Followed the big bears’ style,
And held her little fire-red mouth
Wide open all the while.

“ And Silver-Locks laughed delighted,
And thought it wondrous fun,
And gave them peanuts from the bag
Till she hadn’t another one.”

“ And is that all ? ” sighed Gold-Locks.

“ Pshaw, is that all ? ” cried Ted.

“ No—one thing more ! ’Tis quite, quite time
That little folks were in bed ! ”

CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE JAPANESE DOLL.

THE dollies were all up in arms,
 And this was the reason why :
 A Japanese dolly,
 So plump and so jolly,
 In the play-house they happened to spy.
 " Oh, dear !
 Such a fright ! " said they ; " how came she here ? "

Miss China cried, " What a queer dress ! "
 " What funny eyes ! " sneered Miss Rag.
 " She hasn't a curl
 On her head, like a girl,
 Nor a feature of which she can brag."
 " That's so,"
 Laughed Miss Wax ; " we must snub her, you know."

" How awkward she is ! " said Miss French ;
 " Her speech, too, is most absurd.
 She is quite out of place
 Among dollies of grace ;
 And her ears are like wings of a bird,
 Wide-spread,
 Just as if they'd fly off with her head ! "

Just then little Alma popped in.
 " Fie, dollies ! for shame ! " she cried.
 " Your manners are bad,
 They make me feel sad ;
 Have I taught you to act so ? " she sighed.
 " Be kind,
 Though her ways are not just to your mind ! "

The dollies all looked quite ashamed ;
This lesson they never forgot :
That kindness is best ;
And now their odd guest
Is the happiest doll of the lot.
Though small,
She has never been homesick at all.

GEORGE COOPER.



THE DOG THAT EARNED A MEDAL.



JUNO is a red setter dog. She belongs to a regiment of British soldiers, the brave Gordon Highlanders. This regiment went to Egypt to fight against the Arabs, and took Juno with them.

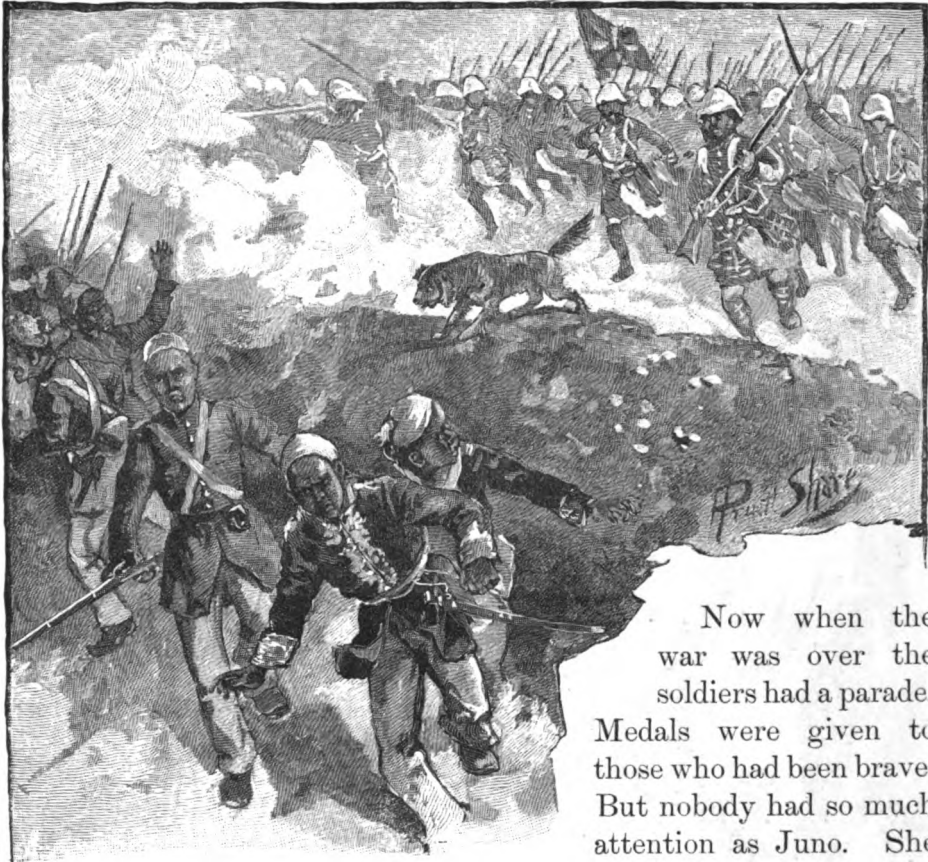
One day there was a great battle at a place called Tel-el-Kebir. The Highlanders were ordered to charge upon the enemy. The Arabs were hidden behind great banks of sand, waiting for the attack.

Then the drums beat and the trumpets blew. The Highlanders came up at a run. But ahead of them was brave Juno. She leaped over the banks of sand, barking with all her might.

This frightened the ignorant Arabs; for they had been told that the Highlanders had fierce bloodhounds with them. The Arabs thought Juno must be one of these fearful beasts. They began running away as fast as they could. This was fine play for Juno.

She raced after them, snapping at their heels and barking with delight ; and the more she yelped, the faster did the Arabs scamper.

The Highlanders did not have much fighting to do that day. The poor Arabs ran themselves quite out of breath. They never stopped till they were miles away, in a safe place. How proud the soldiers were of Juno !



Now when the war was over the soldiers had a parade. Medals were given to those who had been brave. But nobody had so much attention as Juno. She marched proudly with

her regiment, and all the people praised and petted her.

Perhaps Juno was contented with caresses ; yet many people said she ought to have had a medal too, as well as the men. The playful dog really scared the enemy more than the soldiers did ; and besides, she did not hurt any of the poor Arabs.

KHAM.

TABBY AND JOSEY.

PAPA was in the back porch smoking a cigar. Little John was playing near by with a pretty wind-wheel papa had made for him. Across the way two children were holding a yellow-and-white kitten by the tail. Kitty struggled to get away. By-and-by she did get away, and ran to Johnnie's papa, who stroked her gently, saying, "Poor kitty! poor kitty!" Johnnie gave her a saucer of milk, and she ran up and down the piazza for a bit of beef tied to a string. She lay down to rest after she had swallowed the meat—and part of the string, which mamma had to pull out of her throat.

"She is such a homely cat, I don't want her here," said mamma.

"She is a beauty," replied papa. "Let her stay."

"She is Tabby Wilson," said John. Nobody could tell why our six-year-old called the new cat "Tabby Wilson," but she goes by that name. Tabby Wilson said John's house was good enough for her to live in, so she thought she would stay.

When Tabby Wilson had been with John a few days, in walked a dirty little black-and-white kitten. She was very thin and sick-looking, and Tabby Wilson flew at her, growling and spitting, with her paw raised to strike her.

"Let Josey Brooks alone, Tabby Wilson!" screamed John, taking up the poor little kitten and stroking her.

"I shall not," mewed Tabby Wilson, and she flew at her. But John took the new kitten into the kitchen and gave her some milk. So Josey Brooks and Tabby Wilson became our cats.

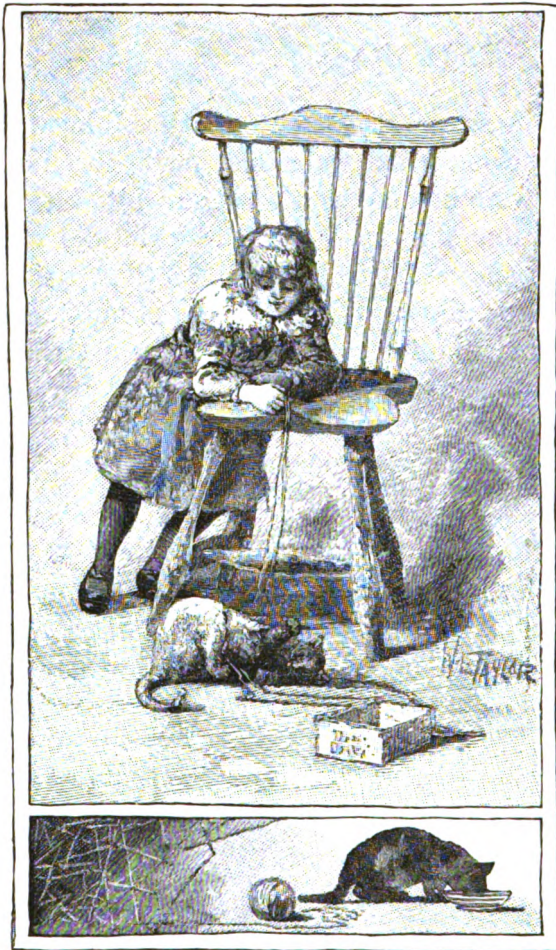
After a while Tab and Jo became quite good friends, and played together. John harnessed them to a pasteboard box. "Get up," he cried. "I shall not," spit Tabby. "Nor I either," growled Josey. They ran under a chair and crouched close together.

"They won't drive, mamma," whined little John, coming close to mamma.

"They are ungrateful quadrupeds then," said mamma.

"Quadrupeds, mamma. What are they?" asked John, stopping his whining at once.

"How many feet has Tabby Wilson?" asked mamma.



John seized Tabby and counted, "One, two, three, four."

"Very well," said mamma; "if she has four feet she is a quadruped."

"And is Josey Brooks a quadruped too?"

"Count her feet and see."

"Yes, she has four; so she is a quadruped. But what am I, mamma? I have but two feet."

"You are a biped, dear; so is papa."

John threw himself on the floor and kicked his heels in the air, holding Tabby Wilson and singing, "My kitty is a quadruped, quadruped, quadruped; but I am a biped, biped, biped."

MRS. G. I. HOPKINS.

BOWSER.

BOWSER is only a horse, but he knows how to behave when he wears his Sunday suit. That is more than some children know. There are little ones who make mud-pies when they have on their best clothes. Bowser never does.

Bowser drags a cart on week-days; on Sunday he goes to church with a buggy. When John puts the heavy harness upon Bowser,

the horse goes to the cart and backs in. When he is dressed in the nice buggy-harness, he steps off proudly and gets into the shafts of the buggy. He does this all alone. He never makes a mistake.

One day Bowser had a set of new shoes. When the blacksmith put them on, he drove a nail into one of Bowser's feet. John did not notice it till they were almost home. When he saw that Bowser limped a little, he said, "I must lead the poor fellow back when I get him out of the cart."

They reached home, and John took off Bowser's harness. As soon as he was free, the horse turned about and trotted off. When John called him, he did not mind. He went straight back to the blacksmith.

"Hallo, Bowser!" cried the blacksmith.

The poor horse said nothing, but he walked up to the man and held out his aching foot.

Then the blacksmith put the shoe on all right; and he patted Bowser kindly, and said, "You know a great deal for a horse."

C. BELL.



TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Soft wind, what shall we sing ; what happy song
For Ethel, little Ethel, twelve years old ?
A song of sweet wild roses, faintly blowing,
In rain and dew and sun and shadow growing ;
Of lilies, blooming day by day more fair,
And daisies, opening to the wooing air
 Brave hearts of sunny gold.

A song of all glad living, growing things,
Of all things true and beautiful and free ;
A song of rainbows, gilding cloudy sorrows,
Of stormy nights that dawn in fair to-morrows ;
A song of laughter and a song of tears,
A song of changing skies and flying years,
 Of wind and stars and sea.

A little song about a little child
Just stepping softly into womanhood ;
Of happy eyes their faith and sweetness holding,
Of eager hands the leaves of life unfolding,
Of gentle thoughts and innocent, pure prayers,
And tender feet that climb the endless stairs
 Of wisdom, truth, and good.

A little song about a little life,
We do not know it all,—the wind and I,
But Ethel's happy heart to her shall sing it,
As day by day the flitting moments bring it.
We only pray, dear, may the song begun
Grow sweeter to its end, as, one by one,
 The wingèd years go by !

MARGARET JOHNSON.



A PEEP.

“WHERE did you come from? I didn't know
They had a baby in there;
Well! what pretty blue eyes you have,
And nice little curls of hair!



“One, two, three, four—four little teeth;
I have as many as you.
Do you ever try a wee little bite,
And make people say, ‘Oh! oh!’?”

"How did you get that scratch like mine—
Have you a pussy cat?
Did you pull her tail? I did!—Oo-oo!
But you needn't cry for that.

"Do you knock over the little stand,
And laugh to see how it goes?
Can you pull off your stockings and shoes
And find some dear little toes?

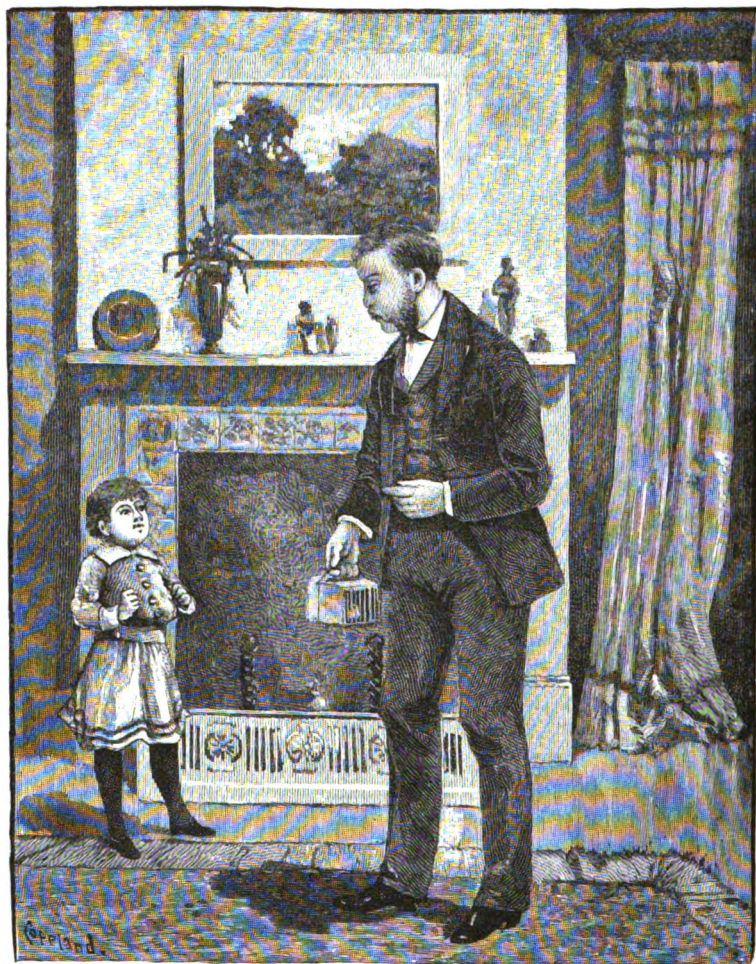
"I took three little steps alone!
Can you go as far as that?
Have you a papa? What does he say
When you sit on his shiny hat?

"Does ever your mamma snatch you up,
And kiss you, and kiss, and kiss,
And say, 'There's nothing in all the world
So bonny and sweet as this'?

"I wish you'd come here and play with me;
I can't hold on any more—
I wonder if he went down so hard,
When he sat back on the floor."

SYDNEY DAYRE.





THE WHITE MOUSE.

ONE evening, when Mr. Forrest came home from his office, he brought a small wooden box.

"Guess what is in it, Charlie," he said to his little boy. "It is something alive."

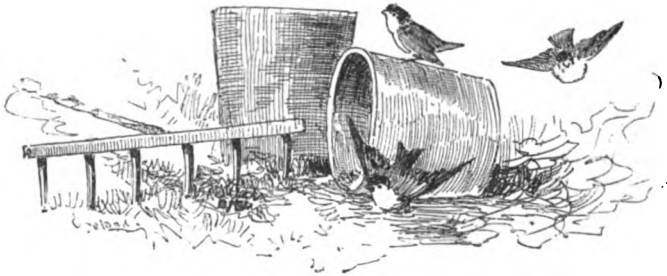
Charlie guessed it was a rabbit, a bird, and a squirrel; but his father said "No," to all three.

It was a little white mouse. Charlie had never seen one before. He fed it with bread, and it soon grew very tame, and would eat from his hand. He often took it out walking, in his pocket. He called it Fanny, and grew very fond of it.

One night after Charlie had gone to bed Mr. and Mrs. Forrest were sitting down-stairs. They were both reading, and it was very still. Suddenly Mrs. Forrest heard a little thump in the hall. She ran out, and there lay the little white mouse with its neck broken. It had come out of its box and had fallen over the stairs.

Charlie buried Fanny under a rose-bush in his mother's garden, and planted a verbena on the little grave. His father offered to buy him another mouse; but Charlie said he could never love another mouse as he had loved Fanny.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



THE "WEED AND WORM GARDEN."

ETHEL, Lyman, and Douglas went into the country one summer with their aunt. She had a very large garden full of beautiful flowers.

"Oh!" they cried when they saw it, "if we could only have a garden!"

"You may have gardens," said their aunt, "if you will take care of them, and not let the weeds grow."

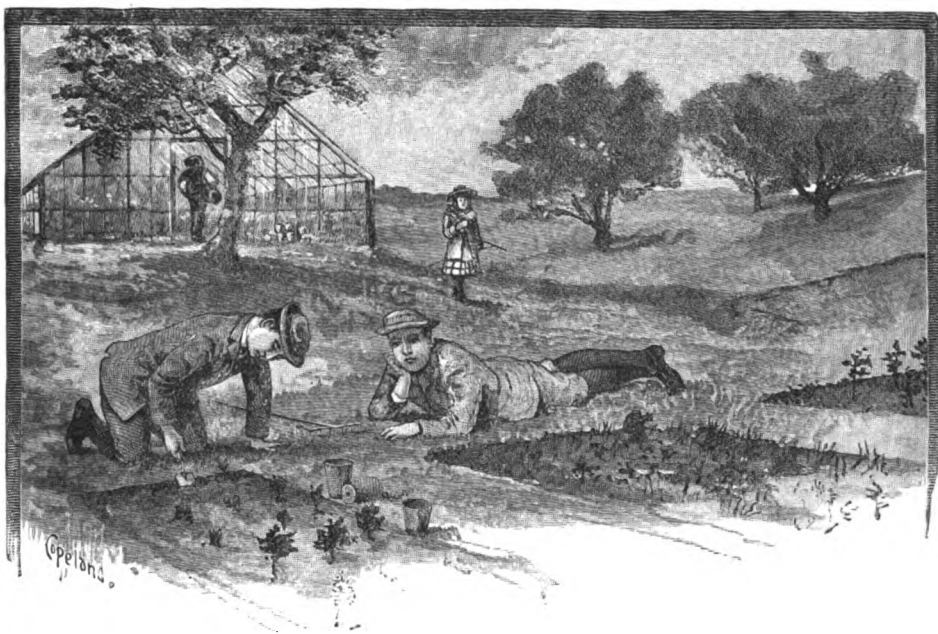
They promised that they would, and she gave them three little

plots of ground, side by side. Then she told them they must hoe or spade them up.

They said they could not, because they had no tools. So she took them to a shop, and bought them each a hoe, a rake, a spade, and a fork.

They worked hard for a day or two, and got the ground very nice and fine. Their aunt was pleased, and said they might choose what flowers they would have.

Douglas said he wanted corn-flowers, because he remembered the



story about the little boy and girl who took the corn-flowers to the king. Ethel said she should prefer scarlet geraniums, for her mamma wore them when she went to see the Queen. But Lyman thought they ought to be alike, and so the others agreed.

Aunt gave them each two choice roses, a heliotrope, plenty of geraniums, pinks, verbenas, corn-flowers, and many others that they fancied.

The little gardens looked lovely when the plants were all set out,

and the seeds began to come up. But the weeds came up also, and the children were puzzled to know the weeds from the flowers.

Aunt showed them, and they worked faithfully, until one morning Lyman went out and found an army of worms eating up his roses. He picked off a few, but more came; and the weeds were so thick he grew quite discouraged.

"I'll have a weed and worm garden," said he; "it's so much easier."

"Very well," replied his aunt. "Do you think weeds and worms would make a nice bouquet for mamma's birthday?"

He hung his head and looked as though he didn't care. After that the worms and the weeds had it all their own way.

The very last of August came, and papa said the children must be at home on the 5th of September to celebrate mamma's birthday. Then Lyman felt very badly; for while Ethel and Douglas had lovely flowers to carry her, he had scarcely a single blossom fit to offer.

The gardener pitied him so much that he said he would give the little boy a bouquet from his green-house. But Lyman's aunt would not allow it. She said he must learn not to be so lazy again. And Lyman himself says that when he has another garden it shall grow something besides weeds and worms.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

Two little friends trot side by side
Over the meadow green and wide;
On, and on, to the pasture gate,
Where Flossy and Bossy stand and wait.
Two little friends: one wears a hat,
Its broad brim hiding his cheeks so fat;
His eyes are blue, and his hair is gold,
And he's mamma's little man, five years old.

The other,—only a dog is he,
But honest and trusty as dogs should be.
Without him Johnny could never go
After the “great, big cows,” you know.
On, and on, o’er the fields so wide,
Johnny and Rover, side by side,
Hasten on to the pasture gate,
Where Flossy and Bossy stand and wait.



And now the pasture is reached at last,
And doggie Rover barks loud and fast;
But Johnny—mamma’s scared little man—
Goes scampering off as fast as he can.
For the cows are big, and Johnny’s afraid;
And Rover can drive them without *his* aid.
And that’s always the way that Rover and he
Together go after the cows, you see.

MARY D. BRINE.

THE END.





